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FAMILIAR
LETTERS
OF

Gallantry and Friendship,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH,

And translated into English.

LETTER.

From Count Buffy to Madam. . . .

The Ink, you made Use of, to write to me, was so white, that I could read but ten or twelve Words here and there in your Letter; and 'twas only your good Sense and mine, that made me guess at the rest. This is the best Ink in the World, to write Promises with, that one has not a Mind to keep; for by this Time, 'tis all blotted out; but however I remember, you wrote to me some very obliging Things. I hope those

Tom. II.

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Civilities have made a deeper Impression on your Heart, than on your Paper; else you'd be the most fickle Creature in the whole World. As for that Affection, Madam, which I have sworn to you, 'tis written in my Heart with such Characters, as nothing shall ever be able to deface.

L E T T E R A

From the same to Madam. - -

I was so uneasie about you, Madam, that I am over-joy'd to hear, you were only sick, 'twas so long, since I had heard from you; and I so much depend upon your Friendship, that I had Reason to fear, you were dead: but as long as 'tis nothing but Choler, that you are troubled with, I hope, you'll get rid of it, as I have done. 'Tis not to be imagin'd, what a perfect Health I enjoy. God allmighty, sure, makes me Amends by this, for all the other Blessings, he has taken from me. Whilst I was at Court, I was continually toss'd betwixt Hope and Fear, which so heated my Blood, that I was often oblig'd to have Part of it let out; that is to say, compounded for one half of my Life, to save the other; but at present my ill Fortune puts me in an admirable Temper. You cannot imagine, Madam, how much a Dose of Adversity is sometimes beneficial. I own, that Potion tastes somewhat bitter, and one must have a strong Head, not to turn giddy with the Vapours, it sends up to the Brain; but, with a little Trouble at first, one may use one's Palate to it, and then this Remedy works wonderfull Effects. You, that live in the World, will call me a Quack, and I'm sure, you'd rather take a Vomit,

Vomit, than my Medicine; in Truth, few People ever us'd it, but upon a forc'd Put. I am sorry for the ill Treatment, our Friend meets with at Court, and I had rather, any other Man of Merit should contribute to comfort me, for the Usage, I have receiv'd these three Years past, by the Example of his Sufferings.

Before I conclude I must desire you, not to shew my Letters to any Body, except Mr. - - - You know, Men in my Condition can say nothing, but what will be found Fault with: If we are merry, we exasperate our Enemies; and if sullen and peevish, People are afraid of our Resentment. As for me, they would not allow me to be sufficiently cast down, and tho' I have Resolution to spare, yet I shall be glad, to have no fresh Occasions given me of exercising that Virtue.

LETTER.

From the same to Madam. - - -

There's a Time, Madam, when 'tis to be construed a Neglect, not to write to our Friends, and there are others, where 'tis Discretion. Methinks, it becomes a Man in Disgrace, rather to be silent, than to speak; for either he is troublesome, if he talks of his Misfortunes, or ridiculous, if he pretends to be merry. For my Part, Madam, I have not hitherto done my self the Honour of writing to you, for Fear of falling into either of these Inconveniencies. I have more Respect for you, than to fatigue you with my Sorrows, and I am wiser, than to laugh at them. I know very well, Madam, there's a Medium between those Extreams; but nevertheless the Converſing
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with the Unfortunate is ever unpleasant, especially to those in Prosperity. Which obliges me to conclude, by assuring you, that no Man in the World esteems and honours you more than I do.

LETTER.

From Madam S. . . . to Count Buffy.

I wonder, dear Cousin, that it should be precisely in our little Sister of St. Mary's (*a Nunnery so call'd*) Chamber, where the Fancy takes me, to write to you. One would be apt to think, our Friendship were grounded on our Grand-Mother's Devotion; else how comes it to pass, that so many other Places, where I have seen you, do not put me so much in Mind of you, as this, where I never saw you in my Life. You have here a Daughter, that contributes to that Miracle. She's as witty, as if she convers'd with you every Day, and as modest, as if she had never stirr'd from Saint Mary's. Indeed, she's a young Person of very strict Christian Principles, adorn'd with certain Graces, inseparable from the House of Rabutin, which render her wonderfully charming. I doubt, whether any of your other Children are better than she; but let this suffice to make her proud. I have been eight Months in Britany, during which Time I never could find my self witty enough, to write to you. At my Return I was willing to renew our accustomed Intercourse, and I begin with this: The better Day, the better Deed. I send you no News, either private or publick; you know all that passes, at least I will think so; for I fancy, 'tis not safe to write about some Things. There are new Pla-

Plays, on which, I have the Vanity to believe, you will pass the same Censure, as my self have done. Farewell, dear Cousin; you cannot imagine, how much I covet the Honour of your Friendship.

LETTER.

Count Buffy's Answer to Madam S. . . .

Do you know the Reason, Madam, why you write to me from a Place, where you ner'e saw me, rather than from many others, where you have seen me a thousand Times? 'Tis because my Daughter puts you in Mind of me, and growing soon weary of the common Discourse of a Nunnery, you pass away Part of the Time of your Visit in writing to her Father. Thus, Madam, as far as I can perceive, you choose rather to converse with the World, than with me; but then you had rather converse with me, than with a Nun. This you will own, if you are sincere. When I perus'd that Part of your Letter, wherein you say, that my Daughter is as witty; as if she convers'd with me every Day, and as modest, as if she never stir'd from Saint Mary's, I thought, you had written, as modest, as if she had never convers'd with me. For indeed a young Lady may become agreeable by conversing with me, but she can hardly grow a Saint that Way. My Daughter proves such, as I have been told by a great many, besides your self, she would do; and the Testimony, you give me of the Charms of her Wit, is what we call the Approbation of the Judicious. Her Sisters have also their Merit; and if, by my Disgrace, they have lost some Advantages, as to their Fortune, they have gain'd others, with Respect to their good Education, and their im-

proving of their Judgment. You should have written to me from Brittany: Both of us are Losers by your Silence: 'Tis a jest to tell me, you did not find your self witty enough. What! do you delign to write fine Letters to me? In my Opinion they can never be such, when written with Design and Study. I confess, I know what passes at Court; but I should be ignorant of it, if all my Friends were as cautious as your self.

LETTER

From Madam - - - to Count Bussy.

I am so seldom at Paris, that it has never been yet in my Power, to obey your Lordship's Commands; however I am very sorry for't, because I LOVE you very much. Were I some few Years younger, that Word Love, in Capitals, would look very terrible to me; but since it goes for no more, than Friendship between us, I speak it boldly. I send you here enclosed the Ballads, which Monsieur Benserade sent lately to the Duke and Dutchess of Orleans; you'll judge of them better than any Body else. The Countess D. - - - will not follow the Court, because she goes to drink the Waters. For my Part, I use my self so much to Solitude, that, were I at my own Disposal, I should certainly turn Anachorete for good and all. I know not, whether you can conceive, that one may sometimes grow weary of one's self, as well as of other People; but, for my Part, I experience it to such a Degree, that I grow very singular in that Respect, not to say mad.

Count

Count Buffy's Answer.

T'is to no Purpose, Madam, for you to exaggerate your Age: For when you tell me, you love me, I account it as a very great Favour, and do heartily rejoyce at it. But, without pretending to lessen my Obligation to you, I dare assure your Ladyship, that, let your Sentiments towards me be what they will, yet they can amount to no more, than Gratitude, since I began to love you first.

The Ballads, you sent me, have been very entertaining: No Man, but Benferade, can write Trifles so genteely.

I can conceive, how People may grow weary of themselves, as well as of other People. This proceeds from Idleness; for if you kept your self employ'd, you would not be uneasy, as you say, you are. You mention Solitude as a Remedy against Melancholy, whereas in Reality 'tis the true Cause of it.

Would you not think it very strange, to see Madam C---- marry the Abbot L----? But would you not be more surpriz'd, if, after that, she did not cuckold him?

L E T T E R.

From count Buffy to Madam M-----.

I receiv'd your Ladyship's Letter but yesterday; by which you very obligingly expostulate with me concerning my long Silence. This, by your Favour, is an odd Way of proceeding, for you know very well, you ow'd me an Answer, which, perhaps, I would patiently have expected a little longer.

I find, you want to know what I do: I must tell you, I never was so well in Health, so merry, nor so desirous of seeing you, as I am at present. As for the Lady, you speak of, who was like to die in the Country, I heard the extream Danger, she was in, with as much Resolution, as she receiv'd the News of my being a Prisoner in the Bastille; and, for all, you are pleas'd to say in your Letter, you know very well, I have reason to have no better Sentiments towards her.

I know not what to think of my Return, at least at this present Time. If I reflect upon my Faults only, I should be recall'd to morrow; but then if I think, how unlucky I am, I find, it cannot be so soon. However that Day must come; and I do assure you, that, when ever 'tis, I shall be very glad of it, merely upon Account of my Friends; for you know well enough, I am not such a Fool, as to have any ambitious Thoughts in Prospect. Then I shall be intirely at my Friend's Service, and Fortune shall no more divide my Heart. You need not ask, what Share both you and my little Cousin shall have in it, for I can assure you, 'tis so much your own, that you may dispose of it at Pleasure,

LETTER.

*Madam Scarron, now Madam Maintenon, to
Count Bufff.*

I write to you, my Lord, as soon as I am able: For I have been troubled, these twelve days, with a continual Feaver, attended with such a Head-ach, that I was ready to run distracted. As soon as I receiv'd your Letter to the Duke of St. A. I dispatch'd it to him. I have
not

not heard from him this long while; but I know how to awake him, if he should chance to be asleep. He is a very good Man, and one, who is ever ready to oblige his Friends to the utmost of his Power. I have been alone this Fortnight, which is the Reason, I have no News to send you. I am so silly, whilst I am sick, that I am well-enough pleas'd to have no Visitors. What do you think of Madam, and her great Affliction on the Death of the Abbot of---. For my Part, I commended her for it; tho' he were a Friend or Gallant: For after all, when a Woman is infatuated by either of these, and that he proves faithful, if she loses him, her Loss is certainly very great. Do you not think it a very grave Business for Madam R. to be a Widow the three first Months? Afterwards she will like it well enough; for of all Conditions that's the most free: And indeed the Opportunities, one might have, of doing ill, is apt to lessen the Desire of being dishonest. Adieu, Dear Count, my Head turns giddy, and were it not, that I have a great Esteem for you, and that I cannot live easy without your Letters, which are become a necessary Good to me, I had not been able to write at all.

Count Buffy's Answer to Madam Scarron.

Your Reason, Madam, does not seem to me, impair'd in the least by your Head-ach, and I believe that Proof against the severest Megrim; however I am extreme glad, you are in better Health. Our Friend's Fault is not to be wanting in serving his Friends, when 'tis in his Power; but only not to own his Inability of serving them, upon some Occasions. I wonder,

you have been a whole Fortnight, without receiving any News from your Friends; they might have thought, something, or other, had happen'd to you, which deserv'd their enquiring after, since they did not hear from you all that While. Madam has reason to grieve at the Death of the Abbot of - and not to conceal her Affliction, for she expected to marry him. I know not, whether she is to be condol'd with, upon this Occasion, and desir'd Madam to inform me. I do not think, as you say, that Madam can keep up, with Dignity, the Gravity of a Widow for three Months together. Nay, I doubt, whether she can forbear laughing at those, who shall offer to comfort her. I agree with you, that Widow hood is a pleasant Condition, especially to the Women; because they recover their Liberty, and without injuring the Memory of your poor deceased Husband, I believe (betwixt you and I) you would not be willing, to see him come to Life again.

LETTER.

From Madam Scarron to Count Buffy, with Father Rapin's Character.

I have a Book to send to your Lordship from Father Rapin, a Jesuit, who, tho' a Stranger to you, is one of the best Heads of that Society, and a Man of exemplary Virtue. Knowing the World so well as you do, you may easily imagine, he has Abundance of Friends among Persons of Quality. I once shew'd him one of your Letters; and to shew you his good Taste, I can assure your Lordship, he was so charm'd with it, that, from that Moment, he has had a strong

strong Desire, to settle a Correspondence of Letters with you, and be admitted amongst your Friends. Therefore, my Lord, I think, you ought kindly to accept his Present, and honour him with an Answer to his Letter. I promis'd him to give you his Character, and I am going to make my Word good. His Physiognomy discovers a great deal of his good Nature, and mild Temper: His Manners and Behaviour are free from that Affectation, which is remarkable in the Generality of those, that wear a Religious Habit: He is contented to keep up a Decorum, and have that prudent Reserve, which becomes a Man of his Age and Profession. He not only is morally good, but also very religious; his Devotion puts him upon performing good Works, but never renders him a Persecutor of his Neighbour's Defects; for he is so far persuaded, that the turning from Evil to Good must be owing to God's Grace, that he rather chuses to pray for Sinners, than to preach to them, when he finds, his Sermons would only serve to exasperate their Minds. Thus he shews no more of his Devotion, than is just necessary, to edify others by it, and convince 'em, that a polite, accomplish'd Man may be a very good Christian. He has a Quality, which, in my Opinion, argues the Greatness of his Mind; which is, that he can raise, and lower it at Pleasure. Amongst Scholars he is accounted the best Scholar of the Age, and yet his Knowledge is so well digested, that one discovers nothing in his ordinary Conversation, besides Reason and good Sense. Methinks, that Man deserves the highest Commendations, who, being able to say a thousand fine Things, yet condescends to say indifferent ones, only to adapt

apt himself to the Capacity of those, with whom he speaks. This is Father Rapin's Talent; for no Man knows better than he, how to talk with all People of what they understand best, and pleases them most; which, in my Opinion, is the most difficult Knowledge, and such, as is most to be admired in a Religious Man. He is courted and belov'd by the greatest Men in the Kingdom, and yet he is neither pufft up with being acquainted with Persons of great Quality and Wit; nor does he despise those of an inferior Merit. He is as upright and just, as 'tis possible for any Man; neither Greatness, Favour, Rank nor Wit, can seduce him, or so much as tempt him. He is the best natur'd Man alive; kind, obliging to every Body, but to his particular Friends without any Reserve; still endeavouring to serve them to the utmost of his Power, without any private Consideration. I must acquaint your Lordship, that, besides the great Esteem, he has already for you, he also desires to be your Friend, that, in Time, he may have Occasion to be serviceable to you; for, even thro' all the Stories, your Enemies spread abroad, he has perceiv'd, that you are a good Man. However 'tis upon the Score of your Wit, he now sends you his Book, and begs you, to correct what you'll find amiss in it, because he will reprint it with some other Compositions of his. Now what is most true, and yet very uncommon in an Author, is, that your Corrections, if the Book admits of any, will oblige him more, than your Commendations. He has writ lately an other Treatise, concerning Eloquence, which he will send you as soon, as he knows your Opinion of this. In the mean Time, if you do not kindly receive both the
Friend,

Friend, I give you, and the Books, he presents you with, I shall be very much dissatisfied. I pity you, my Lord, that must take the Trouble to read so long a Letter; but then consider, I have been at the Pains of writing it; but I do assure you, were I not your very humble Servant, you'd never catch me at it again.

L E T T E R.

*From the Reverend Father Rapin, to Count
Bussy.*

I confess, my Lord, that, Madam Scarron having shewn me some of your Letters, I was so touch'd with your Way of writing, and began to have so great an Esteem for your Lordship, that I desir'd her to send you a Book, I had lately written concerning Eloquence and Oratory, that I might, in some Measure, merit a Share in your good Graces, and have a Correspondence with you. Nevertheless I would not be thought so vain, as to court this Intercourse merely, because 'tis honourable and glorious, but rather, because I thought, it might be profitable to me. I am, my Lord, so far acquainted with the Ancients, as to find, you are Master of a true Stile, and that you are the only Man, that knows how to be plain, without being flat. This Talent is so very rare, that it has created the great Esteem, I have for your Lordship, and the Desire of being one of your Friends. If what you say in some of your Letters be true, that your good Nature surpasses your Wit, you will easily grant the Favour, I beg of your Lordship, which is to take the Pains, to peruse the Book, I now send you,
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and to write your Remarks in it, that I may either add, or retrench what you shall think fit. I am about to print three Comparisons of six of the most learned Men among the Antients, viz. of Plato and Aristotle, Demosthenes and Cicero, Homer and Virgil, to gather in the same Volume a historical Philosophy, Rhetorick, and Art of Poetry. Now because the Treatise, I send you, is the most imperfect of the three; a Ray of your sublime Wit, which, I hope, you will let flow on it, will much contribute to the mending it's Faults. This is the Favour, I beg of your Lordship, and I presume, you will not be sorry to oblige a Man, who is already so much inclined to honour you; who has so great a Value for your Merit, and who may teach others, how to value you. Pardon, my Lord, my free Way of writing, which I have pitched upon, for Fear of being mistaken in the Forms, wherein Persons of your Quality must be address'd to. I am, with all the Respect imaginable.

Count Buffy's Answer to Father Rapin.

I was highly pleas'd with the Civilities, I receiv'd from you, thro' Madam Scarron's Hands, and your Letter has made me completely yours. Tho' I see in the main, you flatter me, yet you do it so nicely, that you almost persuade me, you speak nothing but the Truth; for let the Esteem, that others have for us, be never so ill grounded, you know, Reverend Father, we always take it in good Part. You say, you will be my Friend, and I passionately desire to be yours; you write, you are prompted to court a Correspondence with me, because
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it may be useful to you; I wish with all my heart it may; nay, I will endeavour to render it agreeable and entertaining. You ask my Judgment about your Comparison of Tully and Demosthenes. I protest, I was charm'd with it, and never saw any thing so clear, so well demonstrated, so natural a Style, nor an Exactness so artfully manag'd. All, I dislike, is its being in Print; I wish, none, but such, as are able to know its Beauties, should have it in Manuscript; for after all, when I consider, that a Thousand Blockheads may read it, without knowing its Worth, I cannot but be uneasy at it. You tell me, I shall not be sorry to oblige a Person, who has already so great an Esteem for me, and may teach others, how to value me: I do assure you, my Reverend Father, that both to you, and to any Man, whose Esteem and Friendship you may procure me, I shall ever approve my self most sensibly grateful; Pray inculcate this often to your self and to others.

LETTER.

To the Duke of Vivonne.

MY LORD.

The surest Way to prevent a Man's being pleasant, is, to bid him be so; Since you laid your Commands upon me not to be serious, I never found my self so grave; and all I say is sententious. Besides, your last Action has something in it so noble, that I should make it matter of Conscience, to write in any thing less, than an Heroick Style. However, My Lord, I cannot presume to disobey you in the least Article of your Commands. So that, in the Humour, I now find my self, I tremble equally at the Apprehension of fatiguing you with some
serious

serious Infipidity, or tiring you with some stupid Pleasantry. At last, Apollo came kindly to my Aid; and when I the least dreamt of it, he put upon my Pillow two Letters, which, upon Failure of my own, may serve to entertain you. They come from the Elysian Fields: One is Balzac's, the other Voiture's; who both, transported at the News of your last Combat, write from the other World, purposely to congratulate you. I present you in the first Place with Balzac's. You will easily find him out by his Style, who cannot express Things simply, nor abate any thing of his sublime Manner.

From the Elysian Fields, the 20th. June.

MYLORD.

The Noise of your Actions raise the Dead. It awakens People, who have been these Thirty Years asleep, and condemn'd to an Eternal Slumber. It makes even Silence Speak. O the noble, splendid, glorious Victory, which you have gain'd over the Enemies of France! You have restor'd Bread to that Town, which us'd to supply all others with the same; you have nurs'd the Nursing Mother of Italy. The Thunderings of that Fleet, which barracaded the Mouth of Messina's Port, did only in a civil manner salute your Entrance. The Resistance, it made, detain'd you but little longer, than was necessary to the Formality of a well-bred Reception. So far was it from retarding the Rapidity of your Conquest, that it did not so much as interrupt the Order of your March. You oblig'd, in its very Sight, the South and the North Winds to obey you. Without chastising the Sea, like Xerxes, you have taught
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it Discipline ; nay you have done more ; you have made the Spaniards humble. After this, what may we not pronounce of you? No, Nature, I say Nature, in her full Bloom and Vigour, when she brought forth Alexanders, and Cæsars, never produc'd any thing so great, as under the Reign of Lewis XIV. She has given the French, in her declining Years, what Rome never obtain'd at her hands, in her greatest Maturity. She has, in your Age, expos'd to the Eyes of the World the Body and Soul of perfect Valour, of which before it had but imperfect Glimpsies in Romances, and Heroic Poetry. By one of our Poet's leave, he had no sort of colour for asserting, that Merit did not reach our Ears, on the other side Cocytus. Your's, My Lord, is here extoll'd with a general Voice, on both sides of Styx. It does incessantly revive the Memory of your Person, in the very Mansions of Oblivion. It meets with Zealous Partisans in the confines of Indifferency. It has brought Acheron into the interest of the Sein. We farther add, that there is not a single Shade amongst us so prepossess'd with the Portic Philosophy, so harden'd in the Schools of Zeno, so fortify'd against Joy, and Grief, which does not attend to your Encomiums with delight : All clap their Hands ; at the Sound of your Name they cry a Miracle ; and are eager with your Malherb to exclaim,

His Silence then sufficiently is great,

Who dares presume on such a Theme to speak.

As for my part, My Lord, who am able to conceive you still much better, I meditate upon you in my Solitude without ceasing. I entertain my self with the Idea of your Exploits, in my

Tom. II.

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long

long Intervals of Leisure. I cry continually, O the prodigious Man! And if I wish to return to the Land of the Living, it is less to behold the Sun, than to enjoy the sovereign Felicity of your Conversation, and to tell you by Word of Mouth, with how great Respect I am, in the whole Extent of my Soul,

My Lord,

Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant;

BALZAC.

I can't tell, my Lord, whether or no these violent exaggerations will please you, or whether Balzac's Style will not appear a little corrupted in the other World. Howsoever this matter stands, he never in his Life lavish'd Hyperbole's more seasonably. You are best able to judge. But, in the first place, I beseech you, give Mr. Voiture's Letter a Reading.

From the Elysian Fields, June 20.
MY LORD,

Altho' we Ghosts do not much interest our selves in the Affairs of the Living, and are not much inclin'd to Mirth; I cannot however, refrain being overjoy'd at the great things you perform over our Heads; your last Combat makes a devilish Noise in Hell, It has found a way to be heard where God's Thunder never was, and has proclaimed your Glory in a Country, where the Sun never shin'd. Here are just now arriv'd a competent Number of Spaniards, who were in the Action, and have given us a full and true account. I can't imagine, why these poor People have the Name of Braggadocio's; they are, I assure you, a good sort of People, and our King has of late dispatched
some

some hither extreamly tame and well bred. You have made, my Lord, most certainly a world of them your most humble Servants. To see with what an Air you sail over the Mediterranean Sea, one would swear it was yours in Propriety. There is not at present in it's whole Extent, a single Corsair safe; and if you continue your Triumphs never so little longer, I cannot conceive, how you would have Algiers and Tunis sublist. We have here your Cæsars, Pompeys, and Alexanders. They all agree, that you have got their Air to Perfection; in your ridding out of your way every thing, that dares oppose you. But especially Cæsar deems you in a superlative Sense Cæsar. There is not so much as the Alericks, Theodoricks, and all those Conquerors in Icks, who do not speak advantageously of this Action. And, in Tartarus it self, if you have any knowledge of that Place, there is not a Devil, who does not confess ingenuously, that at the Head of an Army you are much more a Devil, than he. This is a Truth, that your very Enemies acquiesce in. Yet to consider the good, you have done at Messina, I conclude, for my part, that you participate more of the Angel, than the Devil; only the Angels are some small matter slenderer about the Waist, and don't, like you, carry one Arm ty'd up in a Scarf. Raillery a part, Hell has distinguish'd it self mightily in your Favour: they have but one thing to object against your Conduct; that is, the little care, you sometimes take of your Life. They love you so well here, as to wish never to see you within their Confines. Take my Word for it, my Lord, and I often said the same thing in the other World, a Demi-God, when

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Dead,

Dead, makes but a very sorry Figure: there is nothing like being alive: And as for my part, I know experimentally what it is to be no more. I put the best Face upon the Matter I can; but to conceal nothing from you, I dye with Impatience to return to the World, were it for no other reason than that of making you a visit. In pursuance of this intended Voyage, I have already sent several times in quest of the Particles of my Body, in order to a general Rendezvous; but I could never hear Tidings of my Heart, which, upon taking my leave, I left in the Custody of seven Mistresses, whom I serv'd so faithfully, as you know, all at once. As to my Soul, unless you possess it, they assure me, there is no remains of it in the World. To be plain with you, I very much suspected your having my pleasant Faculty; because five or six Expressions, in your manner, have been convey'd hither, which I wish my self the Author of with all my Heart; and for the which I would willingly make a present of my Panegyrick upon Pliny, and two of my best Letters. Supposing it then to be in your Possession, I beg you would send it back the first Opportunity; for indeed you can't imagine, how inconvenient it is not to have all our Wits about us, especially upon the occasion of Writing to a Person of your Penetration: This is the Reason, why my Style is so chang'd, had it not so happen'd, you should see me as jocose as formerly, with my Gossip the Pike, and I should not be under a necessity of finishing my Letter so trivially as I do, by saying, that I am.

My Lord,

Your most humble and
most obedient Servant.

VOITURE.

You have the two Letters just as I received them. I send them copy'd in my own Hand, because you would have found too great a trouble in reading the Characters of the other World, had I sent you the Originals. Don't then, my Lord, go about to imagine, that there are only the Sports of Fancy, and an Imitation of those two great Masters of Style. You know that Balzac and Voiture are inimitable: But supposing it were true, that I had recourse to this Artifice, purely to divert you, should I be much to blame? And might I not, on the contrary, pretend to some little esteem, for having contriv'd a way to make you read those Praises, which you would not, by any other means, have allowed of. In a Word, could I better express the Sincerity and Respect, with which I am,

MY LORD,

Your most obedient, and
most humble Servant.

DESPREAUX.

To Mr. Moulin.

*Cæsar explains what Conduct is to be observ'd
with Ministers of State.*

Your Prudence and Moderation, Sir, are Qualities, which will contribute to your Rise at Court, provided this Prudence do not prove bashful and timorous, and that your Moderation be attended with a well temper'd Ardor, and prove neither unactive, or idle. The Proverb says: To have serv'd well is to ask sufficiently. This Sentiment would be true, were the Great men just; or would the Impudent and the Im-

portunate allow them the Liberty of dealing their Favours according to their Inclinations and their Interests. But since it fares quite otherwise, it is frequently convenient, we should take upon us to reconduct their Favours, so subject to lose their way, into the right road; and as Opportunities serve, put them in mind of those Supplies, which are necessary to subsist us in their Service. These Admonitions are requisite, and they are oblig'd to resent them kindly. You may possibly remember the saying of the Philosopher to Pericles, who did nothing without his Advice, and yet forgot to relieve his extream Poverty: he, who wants the Light of a Lamp, must take care to supply it with Oil. This Memento sav'd the Philosopher's Life, who would have perish'd with Hunger, and the Prince's Honour, who was upon the point of aspersing his Life with a foul blot, which neither the number of his Victories, nor the Wisdom of his Administration would have been ever able to efface. Cardinal Ximenes, who govern'd Castille with almost a Sovereign Authority, affected never to give the Revenues and Dignities of the Church to such, as ask'd them, and in the mean time never thought of advancing one of his Almoners, a Person of Merit, and who, without ever having importun'd him, pent the best part of his Life in his Service. This Gentleman having Notice given him of a vacant Benefice, and which was for his purpose, thought fit to address his Master in these Terms: Sir, such a Benefice is vacant, if I ask it, you will deny me, if I do not ask it, you will forget me according to your wholesome custom. You, Sir, who have a Genius the most fruitfull in the World with Expedients, do me the Favour, I beseech

befeech you, to furnish me with one at this time; by which I may obtain what I desire from your Goodness. The Cardinal commended this Gallant Man's Contrivance, and indulg'd him in his Wishes. It does not suffice to deserve some Consideration, there is sometimes a necessity for asking it with Address and with Modesty, without presuming too much upon your Abilities, without setting too high a value upon your Services, and suffering your self to be hurri'd away blindfold by an excess of Self-Love. As the Violent take the Favours of Heaven by force, so do the dexterous those upon Earth. But if the discreet, and such as are modest, have not always the Success, which they promise themselves, they acquire at least the good Will of their Superiors, whereas others draw upon themselves their Aversion. Not but that I have heard a Courtier say, whogot an Estate in the last Reign, that he had gain'd his point only by tiring out the Patience of Ministers, and by persecuting them without intermission. I would, by no means, advise you either to pursue this Method, or to mutiny, should you not compass what you had room to expect. You should make it your Business, to dive into your Patron's Sentiments, to weigh his interests, and knowing human Frailty, suffer patiently a Great Man, ever cherish'd in the Bosom of Prosperity, to be more strongly bent to indulge his Inclinations, than to act up to his Duty, and to promote those, who please him preferably to those, that serve him. You must have such a share of Patience, as is able to support you, till Opportunities offer, and of Resolution to convert them to the best Purposes. But if, at last, you find there is no Prospect of

succeeding, an artful Retreat is to be made, and you may conform your self, if you please, to this Sentence of a great Wit, to the stoutest Archbishop of the Church Militant. If I ever follow you (says he) it shall be only in Procession, and if I serve you, it shall be only at Mass. Or lastly, you may copy after that honest Ecclesiastick, who being equally disoblig'd by his Prince, to whose Fortune he had long adher'd, and by the Parliament, which had done him an Injustice, went and shut himself up in a Priory, and put this Inscription over his Chimney in Gold Letters: Out of Court and out of Law.

I am

Sir

Your most &c.

ENGLISH LETTERS

BY

SEVERAL PERSONS

OF NOTE.

From Mr. B---r to Diana.

CHARMING DIANA.

I Know not, whether I ought to thank, or curse Fortune, for conducting me yesterday to the Fair; but this I am sure of, that I never paid dearer for my Curiosity of being acquainted with Masks; since I purchas'd that Plea-

Pleasure with, what I ever valu'd most, my Liberty. I had hitherto kept a strict Guard over my Heart, but I am afraid, it will now beforc'd to yield, when so many Forces combine to attack it. Your personal Accomplishments I might perhaps have resisted, had my Desire of being free been supported by some Defects in your Mind; and likewise, I might have disputed the Victory to your Wit, had I found some Flaw in your Beauty; but the Union of the Charms of your Person, with the Endearments of your Conversation, seems to threaten my total Ruin; and I must needs tell you, that I am so far gone, that it lies in your Power, to make me absolutely yours. I will not trouble you with the Story of all the Symptoms, I felt, since I saw you; for Truth it self, upon this Occasion, wou'd look like a Romance, and I desire nothing more earnestly, than to be, and appear sincere. I shall wait with Impatience for an Answer, which will, in some measure, alleviate my Misfortune, in being depriv'd of your Conversation. But, my dear Diana, why would you deny me that Blessing? And what can you apprehend from a Man, over whom you have so intire a Command? However in this, as in any thing else, I will submit to your Will and Pleasure, as being, &c.

Diana's Answer to Mr. B---r.

I have been in Dispute with my self, ever since I parted from you, whether I should adhere to my usual Reservedness, or comply with the Promise, your extraordinary Civility forc'd from me; But my Word once given I cannot but think my self oblig'd to perform. There-

fore I take a Liberty, I never before was acquainted with, in answering an unknown Hand: Tho I believe, the Insipidness of this will be no Inducement to a farther Correspondence. However, flat as it is, it must stand the Test of your sharper Wit, and elder Judgment; and if all, you have said, be not wholly Fiction, 'twill force some Indulgence from you. Do pity, at least, one, who earnestly wishes, she could merit more your Favour. Could I but boast of robbing you of that Liberty, you have so long enjoy'd, and of a Heart so intirely your own, I should esteem my self the most fortunate of my Sex: But I cannot entertain an Opinion so vain, nor can I be flatter'd to believe, I merit the least Part of the Character, you are pleas'd to give me. However I must own, you have so much the Ascendant over my Heart, that I dare confidently affirm, half an Hours Conversation never gain'd so peculiar an Esteem, as I own you; and I would confirm it by a second Interview, were I priviledg'd so to do; for I can apprehend nothing ill from one, who has already exprest so much of Worth and Generosity. But my Confinement is unspeakable, and I have no Opportunity to proceed farther than a Letter, which if you favour me with, 'twill be extream obliging, and highly valued by your sincere unalterable

DIANA.

LET.

LETTERS.

27

LETTER.

From Mr. B---r. to Diana.

CHARMING DIANA.

I never was so put to it in my Life, as I am now in answering your ingenious Letter, and I freely own, 'tis with trembling I take Pen in Hand to perform that Task. I wonder, you should beg for Indulgence, when every Line, you write, bespeaks Admiration. We Men are so apt to engross all Sense to our selves, that I could be tempted to doubt, whether you be a Woman; for I cannot find so much as a false Spelling, to prove you such. Your Wit will stand the severest Test, and therefore the only Thing, you ought to fear from my Judgment, is, that it be too narrow, to apprehend all the Beauties of what you write. However, my Heart will make up the Defects of my Mind, and if the one can not sufficiently admire, the other will love with Excess; if there can be an Excess in loving a Person, who rather deserves to be ador'd. You may judge of the Strength of my Passion by the following Verses, which Cupid has taught me to scribble; for I never could boast of the least Acquaintance with your Brother Apollo.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

As I was walking in the Fair,
Free from Love, free from Care,
Pust up with my Felicity,
That, whilst most Men 'felt Cupid's power,
I still enjoy'd, each hour,
My Books and Sports in pleasing Liberty.
Cupid,

Cupid, that malicious Boy,
 Who makes our Woes his Toy,
 Enrag'd, to find his sway contemn'd,
 Draws strait his surest Bow, and flies
 To Cinthia's conquering Eyes,
 Resolv'd to see his Deity reveng'd.

And, as he meant, he shot my Heart
 With such a fiery Dart,
 As quite destroy'd my Liberty;
 Then, with a smile, that cut me most,
 Go Fool, said he, now boast
 Thy Books, thy Sports and thy Felicity.

If you can be so good as to excuse these Rhymes; you must suppose, I made them half asleep and half awake; yet by them you may see, that at all times I am thinking on you, and that's the only reason, that makes me venture, to submit them to your discerning View. I return you a thousand Thanks for your kind Expressions, infinitely beyond what those trifling Civilities, you mention, have merited from you. But, my Dearest Diana, shall I believe, you have a real Esteem for me? Oh! no: I cannot entertain so flattering a Thought, as long as you deny me an other Interview. Let your Confinement be never so strict, yet we may find a thousand Ways to see one another, unknown to any body else. Were you recluse in a Nunnery, I would gladly put on a Priest's Habit, to receive from your divine Mouth that Confession, which you disdain not to commit to writing; and can you imagine, I will decline to do any thing, that can procure me your endearing Company? Letters do very much soften the Hardships of separated Lovers,
 and

and 'tis principally for that End, that they were first invented: but as they are but a dumb Picture of our Thoughts, so they want that Life, which animates Conversation. Let us therefore make a proper Use of Letters, that is, employ them, as long as we are absent; but at the same time let us endeavour to make our Separation cease. I will not pretend to tell you how, and when we can meet, but leave it intirely to your Management; and if you be but willing, I despair not of Opportunities.

Diana's Answer.

S I R.

'Tis great Charity and Condescention in you, to submit your Eloquence to so mean and to so weak a Capacity as mine; and to seem pleas'd with what rather deserves your Contempt. It shews, you are Master of an extraordinary Temper. I was captivated enough with your Person, Parts, and Breeding; but to have so exceeding a good Humour joyn'd to all your other Perfections, hurries me on to an Excess of Love and Admiration. For 'tis very rare to find these in Conjunction, and therefore cannot sufficiently be admir'd, especially by me, who have only the Apprehension to know my own Imperfections: And nothing but Almighty Love can plead my Excuse for my first and rash Attempt of putting Pen to Paper, to answer to peculiar a Genius as yours. And now my Ambition to continue a Correspondence so divinely improving, will not allow me to desist. My sullen Stars will not permit me the Satisfaction of seeing you yet; for my Aunt, who

who is my Confinement, is at present so very ill, that I dare not make the least Pretence to go any where; but as soon as I have an Opportunity, my desire of seeing you will not let me be wanting on my part. I shall then own, tho' with great Confusion, that what I have writ are the real Sentiments of

Your vanquish'd

DIANA.

LETTER.

From Mr. B-----r. to Diana.

DEAREST DIANA:

I burn already with Impatience to see you; and your last Letter has added so much Fuel to the Fire, that I am now in a violent Flame. I earnestly wish, I had some Influence upon Æsculapius, to engage his Skill in Favour of the sick Lady, who occasions our Separation. But my Diana, (for you are mine, tho' it be but in Conceit) is all your Letter real, or only a pleasing Fable? Excuse my Doubts and Fears: I have been so us'd to be unfortunate, that I can scarcely believe what I read. What you mention about my Merit, I 'm sure exceeds the Opinion, which even Self-love could suggest to me; yet that I might, in some measure, reconcile, if I could satisfy my self, that your Affection to me were sincere; for Love ever magnifies to a prodigious Degree all the Perfections of the Object lov'd. If you have a true Esteem for me, pray manage it so, that I
may

may believe it. Those excessive Expressions of Love I could hear with Delight and Transport in your Conversation ; but in a Letter they want an Air of Truth, which your sweet Lips only can give them. If therefore you will convince me, that I am the happiest Man living, endeavour, I beseech you, to conquer all Difficulties, and bless me with your endearing Company, in spite of all the Oppositions, that keep us asunder. I wait your Answer with the greatest Impatience. &c.

L E T T E R

Diana's Answer.

S I R.

Your unkind Distrust of me gives me but just Occasion to suspect you : and were not my Word sacred to me, I should not dare to rely on his Honour, who does not confide in mine.

You have absolutely forbid me to express what Sincerity dictates to me. As for your Misfortunes, 'tis impossible for me to make a true Construction of them ; they will admit of various Notions, whether deservedly or not, my own Innocence keeps me from accusing others. What Treatment you have met with, I know not ; but 'tis natural to believe, what has been, may be again. I own, my free Expressions of Love deserv'd a Check ; but I did not expect it from you. Notwithstanding I shall endeavour to moderate them to your liking ; but I beg the Justice to believe, that my Thoughts were as pure as free ; for Diana herself had not greater Chastity, than I can boast of. But since my Appearance can only
establ-

establiſh my Reputation with you, I am obliged to perform my firſt Reſolve, which ſhall be to morrow in St. James's Park in the green Walk at four preciſely. I ſhall be in Diſguiſe to every Body, but your ſelf. Till then, Adieu.

LETTER.

From Mr. B----r. to Diana.

I own my ſelf very much in the wrong, and my Letter, in a manner, ſacrilegious, that durſt to clip the Wings of ſo pure a Love, as that of my charming Diana. If the Torments, I have endur'd, ſince I receiv'd your laſt, could any ways atone for my Fault, I might have a Claim to your Forgiveness; but I wave any Juſtification, that is not entirely owing to your Goodneſs. I'll impatiently wait for the Hour, you are pleas'd to appoint, that I may throw my ſelf at your Feet, and beg that Pardon, without which I never can be happy: for 'tis but a repeated Death to live under the Diſpleaſure of angry Diana. I remain.

Your moſt faithful and

Penitent Adorer.

LETTER.

From Mr. B--- to Lucilla.

You ſee by this, Madam, that Men are not always worſe than their Words: Tho', to tell you Truth, I was ſomewhat doubtfull, whether I ſhould keep my Promise or no. The reading of St. Evremont will certainly enlarge your fine Notions, and you have already more Wit, than I know how to deal withal. But 'tis not

not about Wit, that I design to contend with you : I challenge you upon the Score of Love, and defie you to shew so tender, so true, and so constant a Heart, as mine. I saw this morning my Kinsmann, the Poet (as you call him) who presents his humble Respects to you: if you should chance to meet us together, have a Care, you mistake not one for th'other, for we are extreemly like.

L E T T E R.

From Lucilia to Mr. B.

There's not, in my Opinion, a more convincing Argument of a Man's Sense and Breeding, than his keeping his Word; and had you, by any Pretence whatsoever, broke your Promise, assure your self, I should never have had a tolerable Thought of Mr. B. I received with Pleasure St. Evremont's Works, as the greatest Obligation, you can lay upon me. I have already read some of them, and find every thing, he writes, so agreeable to my Humour, that I am resolv'd to make him my perpetual Study. Not that I have Vanity to believe, I shall ever attain to those fine Notions, which he, and only he, can think and write; but, like most Readers, I shall have the Pleasure of passing some agreeable Hours in his Company. And tho', perhaps, I shall not be happy in a Memory, as to retain the quarter Part of his Maxims; yet I'll endeavour to do him this Justice, to praise him, as far as my Want of Eloquence will permit me. As for Wit, I shall never pretend, to contend with you upon that score, for we know, that's your Talent: And for Love, I hope never to be tortur'd

Tom. II.

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with

with that Passion. No, I am for a Tranquillity, which Cupid can never give. As I am of Opinion, that *les Roses ne sont jamais sans epines*, so this Thought renders me incapable of Love; and I am resolv'd never to entertain any Passion beyond a Friendship. Therefore take my Advice, and return your constant Heart, as you call it, to the Shrine, from whence it came; I mean, lay it at fair Diana's Feet: for she has had it, and she alone deserves it, if the Character, you gave of her, has not too much of the Dedication in it.

LETTER.

From Mr. B. to Lucilla.

MADAM.

Your Letter confirms me in the Opinion, I had of your Wit: and I think St. Evremont very happy in being fallen into so good Hands. You will make him Amends for being often read by Abundance of Fools, who can never relish the Delicacy of his sublime Notions. I have done you Injustice, by suspecting, your Wit should improve upon the reading of this Author; for your Thoughts, and your Way of expressing them, are both arriv'd at that Perfection, as renders'em incapable of Addition. If St. Evremont can not enlighten your Mind, I hope, he will affect your Heart, and make you sensible, that Love's the most noble, as 'tis the most pleasing Passion of the Soul. Friendship, I confess, has it's Charms; but these are dull and insipid in Comparison of those of Love. You say very right, that there's no Rose without Thorns: But who would refuse
to

to venture a pricking, to gather that Queen of Flowers, whose Fragrancy fills us with Delight? St - Evremont will tell you, that the very Torments of Love are Pleasures: Judge then, how exquisite it's Sweets must be. Not that I would have Love exclude Friendship neither: On the contrary, I would have Friendship to be the Basis of Love: for I account that Passion brutish and irrational, that is not founded on Esteem. But then I would have Friendship keep within its Bounds, without intrenching upon the Dominions of Love. To Friendship I would assign all the empty Intervals of Absence, and those tedious Conversations, which a loving Couple are often oblig'd to share with Impertinents. But when a happy, long expected Minute has joyn'd two Lovers in a delicious *Tete - a - tete*, I would then have Friendship keep its Distance, and resign the Place to a more entertaining Passion. Pray, weigh my Sentiments with Candor: and either agree with me, if you think 'em reasonable, or rectifie my Notions, where you find 'em wrong. I say nothing about Diana; be satisfied, that I admire you above all other Women: what need you trouble your self any further? Adieu my ingenious Charmer.

L E T T E R.

From Lucilia to Mr. B--r,

'T will be impossible for a poor Cottager, who lives in the remotest Part of England, to do you Iustice, either in answering your Letter with Acknowledgement, due to your good Breeding, or giving your Wit the

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Enco.

Encomiums, it deserves. I could wish my self bred up in Courts, that I might get your Art of Flattery, and pay you in your own Coin. Really you do it with so good a Grace, that, had I not a thousand Times read my own Imperfections, I should run the Risk of growing very proud; especially where you tell me, St. Evremont's Notions can add nothing to my Wit. I am malicious enoug to wish, he knew the Complement, you make him, that he might return you Thanks. You advise me to consult St. Evremont's Opinion upon the Affairs of Love: you have chosen but an ill Patron to plead your Cause; for, by what I have read of him, I find, he does not think Love so noble a Passion, particularly where he tells you, that, when every day he breaks a Chain, and every day puts on a new one, he calls it nothing but a Bagatelle. A little farther he tells you, that Friendship is the only Sweetness, he ever enjoy'd without a Mixture of Gall --- and that, if Man could refuse himself lasting Passions, and only admit some others, he would live without Fear, without Melancholly, without Hate, without Jealousy, and Suspensions; he would desire without Ardour, hope without Inquietude, and be merry without Transports: These good Qualities only attend Friendship, whereas Love is incumbred with all the Contraries. I shall never be of your Opinion, when you tell me, the Torments of Love are Pleasures. I have try'd the Experiment, and by the uneasy Hours, it cost me, I believe, no Sweets of Love, tho' rais'd to the greatest Height, can ever counterbalance the Torments, which attend that unaccountable Passion. Therefore if the Ladies would be of my
Opinion,

Opinion, and consult the various Humours of Mankind, they would rather chuse to live all their Lives depriv'd of the Pleasures of gathering Roses, than be so often prick't with Thorns. I must confess, your Explanations upon the Subject of Love are soft and engaging; and am perswaded would have a mighty Influence on any Heart not preingag'd, or prejudic'd against that Passion: the latter is my Misfortune, and I now say with Cowley:

That, if my Heart would to my Breast return,
It never more should wander out,
Tho' thousand Beauties call'd it out.

A Lover, burnt like me, for ever dreads the Fire: These are my Sentiments; tho' I must acknowledge, you have Merit enough to expect, and hope all you could wish; and if ever I break my Resolution, perhaps it shall be upon your Account. You desire me to weigh your Sentiments with Candor - - I'll do you this Justice, that you write the genteelst Stile in the World, and did you speak upon any other Subject, but Love, I should think you the most reasonable Man, that ever writ. Adieu. If this finds you, I desire you to be in the Park this Afternoon about five a Clock, by Rosamond's Pond, the long Walk.

LETTER.

From Captain Ayloffe, to his sick Friend,
Mr. ----- to comfort him under the Apprehensions of Death.

S I R:

I heard of your Indisposition with a great deal of Regret. All your Friends are extreemly

concern'd at your desperate Condition, but most of all, to find this last Scene of your Life, not only dissonant from, but a little unworthy of, the rest. 'Tis a Misery of Nature to be neither exempt from Pain, nor easy under it; but your Distemper has nothing in it, but Danger. I grant, it is essential to Humanity, to dread a Dissolution; and that few were found so miserable, but, upon very indifferent Terms, would compound to live: but these are Men, absolute Slaves to the Mechanism of their Existence, and who have not Philosophy enough to raise 'em above the Condition of animated Clay. You, Sir, have tasted all the Blandishments, that Life affords, and, long ago, might have been thought tir'd with the nauseous Revolution of the same Delights. You were never imperious in Authority, nor supercilious to your Inferiours; you drank without quarrelling, and play'd without swearing; you repay'd what you borrow'd, and lent sometimes more, than you could conveniently spare; you laugh'd at no Religion, though you never declar'd your own: Every one, by this Discretion, thought you of this, because your Morality shew'd you of the best. If you have not improv'd your Estate, you have spent it not ill, and have left enough to bury you. Methinks these Reflections might make your Mind more easy under your approaching Disunion. That you should chuse to live, (if it were in your Power) I don't wonder at; since your Life was a Pleasure to your Friends, and never a Trouble to your self: But since Necessity seems to have determin'd your Fate, the radical Moisture quite exhausted, and the Glass, in fine, run out; why should you be anxious at the closing of a Period, you have

have so gloriously protracted to a good old Age? Why can't you calmly suffer, what it is impossible to avoid? And not, by any Regrets, and Reluctances, seem too delirious of what must not, cannot be: this were, by one Action, to tarnish the Glories of fifty odd Years. I can't see a Blessing on Earth, worth your staying for: the eternal Vicissitude of Things confirms you, that they were made to be chang'd, and that the Law of Succession would be violated, if you did not, in your Turn, make Way for a new Part to be acted. Shew the World, you believ'd what you practis'd, since to dye is the Consequence of being born; let the Scene be quietly shifted, and go calmly off the Stage. As you liv'd honourably, die so, and then you may expect to rest happily, and leave a good Name behind you.

L E T T E R.

To Mr. THO. ROWE.

I should be too vain, if I believ'd, any thing, I can write, could give you half the Satisfaction, your letter gave me. Tho' you have so often assur'd me of the Constancy of your Affection, I always hear the tender Protestation with new Pleasure. I read your Letter over and over, and grow proud to find, I have secur'd the Heart of a Man of your Sense and Merit. I shall make it the Business of my Life to fix your Esteem, and think that Reward worth all my Care.

'Tis with great Reason I am more impatient of your Absence, than you can be of mine. I hope not to be disappointed of hearing from you the next Post; nothing but that can give me
any

any Pleasure at this Distance from you. Pray
be here as soon as you can; till then adieu.
May every watchful Angel guard you!

LETTER.

To the same.

I could not content myself with sending my
Service to you by Mr. ; there was something
in that so cold and formal, and so unequal to
the Tenderness, I would express, that I resolv'd
to write to you, and send you all my Soul;
but Words cannot paint that sincere Affection,
that Amity and just Esteem, that such Merit as
yours has inspir'd. However, I would flatter
myself, that your own Heart will dictate some-
thing of what I would speak, and inform
you with what Impatience you are expected
by

Your PHILOMELA.

LETTER.

To the same.

I find by your Letter that you got well to
the End of your Journey: in this my Prayers
were answer'd, and may the heavenly Guardians
still protect, and return you again to my
Wishes.

In the mean time I shall give nobody Occasion
to make Panegyries on my Wit, or good Humour;
that little Share, I have of either, is owing to the
Ambition, I have to please you. This gives a
Serenity to my Thoughts, and a Vivacity to my
Conversation. If I endeavour to say a fine
Thing, 'tis only to gain your Applause; and
when you are absent, 'tis indifferent to me,
whether

whether I speak common Sense or not; all Society grows insipid, and I hear nothing, that deserves the least Attention; even the rural Scenes fail to please me; the verdant Shades and flowery Fields, since you are gone, have lost their Charms.

You flatter my Vanity in writing with so much Gallantry and Politeness; and if making it the Business of my Life to be agreeable to the Man, I love, can engage your Heart, my Happiness is secure. Nor is it possible, such Merit, as yours should ever suffer me to grow indifferent,

While life and breath remain; and when, at last,

I feel the icy hand of death prevail,

My heart-strings crack, and all my senses fail;

I'll fix thy image in my closing eye,

Sigh thy dear name, then lay me down and die.

The Reverend Dean *Berkley* to *Mr. Pope*.

Leghorn. May 1. 1714.

As I take Ingratitude to be a greater Crime, than Impertinence, I chuse rather to run the Risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my Thanks for a very agreeable Entertainment, you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Stile, Painting, Judgment, Spirit, I had already admired in others of your Writings; but in this I am charm'd with the Magick of your Invention, with all those Images, Allusions,

and inexplicable Beauties, which you raise so surprizingly, and at the same Time so naturally, out of a Trifle. And yet I cannot say, that I was more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am with the Pretext, it gives me, to renew in your Thoughts the Remembrance of one, who values no Happiness beyond the Friendship of Men of Wit, Learning, and good Nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half form'd Design of coming to *Italy*. What might we not expect from a Muse, that sings so well in the bleak Climate of England; if she felt the same warm Sun, and breath'd the same Air with *Virgil* and *Horace*?

There are here an incredible Number of Poëts, that have all the Inclination, but want the Genius, or perhaps the Art, of the Ancients. Some among them, who understand English, begin to relish our Authors; and I am inform'd, that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian Verse. If one, who knows so well how to write like the old Latin Poëts, came among them; it wou'd probably be a Means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial Conceits, to an imitation of their Predecessors.

As Merchants, Antiquaries, Men of Pleasure, etc. have all different Views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's While, to travel, in order to store his Mind with strong Images of Nature.

Green Fields and Groves, flow'ry Meadows and purling Streams are no where in such Perfection, as in England: but if you would know lightsome Days, warm Suns, and blue Skys, you must come to *Italy*: and to enable a Man to describe Rocks and Precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the *Alps*.

You

You will easily perceive, that it is Self-interest makes me so fond of giving Advice to one, who has no Need of it. If you came into these Parts, I shou'd fly to see you. I am here (by the Favour of my good friend the Dean of *St. Patrick's*) in Quality of Chaplain to the Earl of *Peterborough*; who about three Months since left the greatest Part of his Family in this Town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am Your etc.

The Revd. Dean *Berckley*, to *Mr. Pope*.

Naples, Oct. 22. N. S. 1717.

I have long had it in my Thoughts, to trouble you with a Letter, but was discouraged for Want of something, that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred Miles. Italy is such an exhausted Subject, that, I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the Imagination of a Poet is a Thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy Matter, to find out Images, capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character.

I am nevertheless lately return'd from an Island, where I passed three or four Months, which, were it set out in it's true Colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a Minute or two.

The Island *Inarime* is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing, within the Compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful Variety of Hills, Vales, rugged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic Confusion. The Air is in the
hottest

hottest Season constantly refreshed by cool Breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and Indian Corn, but are mostly covered with Vineyards, intermixt with Fruit - trees. Besides the common Kinds, as Cherries, Apricoks, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water-melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climates, which lie every where open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater Part covered to the Top with Vines, some with Chestnut-groves, and others with Thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields in the northern Side are divided by Hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is likewise set off by the Variety of some barren Spots, and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, rising out of the middle of the Island (once a terrible *Volcano*, by the Ancients called *Mons Epomeus*) it's lower Parts are adorned with Vines, and other Fruits, the Middle affords pasture to Flocks of Goats and Sheep, and the Top is a sandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying, at one View, besides several pleasant Islands, lying at your Feet, a Tract of *Italy*, about three hundred Miles in Length, from the Promontory of *Antium* to the Cape of *Palinurus*: The greater Part of which hath been sung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a considerable Part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands *Caprea*, *Prochyta*, and *Partenope*, together with *Gajeta*, *Cumæ*, *Monte Miseno*, the habitations of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Lestrygonæ*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of

of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campagna felice*, make but a Part of this noble Landscape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and Numbers as flowing, as your own, to describe it.

The Inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without Riches und Honours, so are they without the Vices and Follies, that attend them; and were they but as much Strangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice and Ambition, they might, in fact, answer the poetical Notions of the golden Age. But they have got, as an Allay to their Happiness, an ill Habit of murdering one another on slight Offences. We had an Instance of this the second Night after our Arrival, a Youth of eighteen being shot dead by our Door: and yet by the sole Secret of minding our own Business, we found a Means of living securely among these dangerous People.

Would you know how we pass the Time at Naples? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours: besides the Gayety of their Churches (were Folks go to see what they call *una bella Devotione* (i. e.) a sort of religious Opera) they make Fire-works almost every Week, out of Devotion: and (what is still more strange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houses, and treat them with Musick and Sweet-meats, out of Devotion; in a Word, were it not for this Devotion of it's Inhabitants, *Naples* would have little else to recommend it, beside the Air and Situation.

Learning is in no very thriving State here, as indeed no where else in *Italy*; however, among many Pretenders, some Men of Taste are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit *Salvini* at
Florence

Florence, he found him reading your *Homer*: he liked the Notes extremely, and could find no other Fault with the Version, but that he thought, it approached too near a Paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wish you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have that, I need not wish you Success: You will do me the Justice to believe, that whatever relates to your Wellfare is sincerely wished by

Your &c.

Mr. *Pope* to the Earl of *Oxford*.

Oct. 21. 1721.

My LORD.

Your Lordship may be surpriz'd at the Liberty, I take in writing to you; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that Honour, in Conjunction with some others, who better deserv'd it. I hope, you will not wonder, I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful Servant; but I own I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the Occasion, I give your Lordship the trouble of this. Poor *Parnell*, before he dyed, left me the Charge of publishing these few Remains of his: I have a strong Desire to make them, their Author, and their Publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating 'em all to you. There is a Pleasure in bearing Testimony to Truth, and a Vanity perhaps, which, at least, is as excusable, as any Vanity can be. I beg
you

you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this Paper of honest Verses to the Book. I send the Book it self, which, I dare say, you'll receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the Subject of your self. Therefore I am a good deal in Doubt, whither you will care for such an Addition to it? All I shall say for it is, that 'tis the only Dedication, I ever writ, and shall be the only one whither you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less Man, than my Lord *Oxford*; and I expect to see no greater in my Time.

After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley, that I must not do this, you may depend upon a Suppression of these Verses; (the only Copy whereof I send you) but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire Respect, with which I am always,

My Lord, your, &c.

The Earl of Oxford to Mr. Pope.

Bramton Castle, Nov. 6. 1721.

SIR

I received your Packet, which could not but give me great Pleasure, to see you preserve an old Friend in your Memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by those, we highly value. But then how much Shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine Verses enclos'd? my Mind reproach'd me how far short I came of what your great Friendship and delicate Pen would partially describe me.

You

You ask my Consent to publish it. To what Straights doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those Evenings, I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnel, Dean Swift the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the World knew You admitted me to your Friendship; and since your Affection is too hard for your Judgment, I am contented to let the World know, how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren Subject. I return you an exact Copy of the Verses, that I may keep the Original, as a Testimony of the only Error, you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular Esteem and Friendship, wherewith I am.

Your, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Blount.

Febr. 10. 1715. 16.

I am just return'd from the Country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and pass'd a Week in the Forest. I need not tell you, how much a Man of his Turn entertain'd me; but I must acquaint you, there is a Vivacity and Gaiety of Disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that Uneasiness; which generally succeeds all our Pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary Walk by Moon-shine, full of Reflections on the transitory Nature of all human Delights; and giving my Thoughts a Loose in the Contemplation of those Satisfactions, which probably we may hereafter taste in the Company of

of separate Spirits, when we shall range the Walks above, and perhaps gaze on this World at as vast a Distance, as we now do on those Worlds. The Pleasures, we are to enjoy in that Conversation, must undoubtedly be of a nobler Kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the Discoveries, each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the Happiness of Minds can surely be nothing but Knowledge.

The highest Gratification, we receive here from Company, is Mirth, which, at the best, is but a fluttering unquiet Motion, that beats about the Breast for a few Moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good Company, even the best, is but a less shameful Art of losing Time. What we here call Science and Study, are little better: the greater Number of Arts, to which we apply ourselves, are meer groping in the dark; and even the Search of our most important Concerns in a future Being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain Haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what, without all this Sollicitude, we shall know a little later. We are but curious Impertinents in the Case of Futurity. 'Tis not our Business to be guessing, what the State of Souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own State happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my Notion of a great Part of that high Science, Divinity, you will be so civil, as to imagine, I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling Poetry I really make no other Use, than Hories of the Bells, that gingle about their Ears (tho' now and then they toss their Heads, as if they were proud of 'em) only to jogg on a little more merrily.

Tom. II.

D

Your

Your Observations on the narrow Conceptions of Mankind in the Point of Friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate, as, at my first Knowledge of you, to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent Pride and Dignity upon me, as to tell you, that, but for Opinions, like these, which I discover'd in your Mind, I had never made the Trial, I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and I believe not less to your Satisfaction: for if I know you right, your Pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my Part, till it falls in my Power to oblige you.

Your Remark, that the Variety of Opinions in Politicks, or Religion, is often rather a Gratification, than an Objection to People, who have Sense enough, to consider the beautiful Order of Nature in her Variations, makes me think, you have not construed *Johannes Secundus* wrong, in the Verse, which precedes that, which you quote: *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic Religion, tho' *Secundus* was of it. I think it was a generous Thought, and one, that flow'd from an exalted Mind, that it was not improbable, but God might be delighted with the various Methods of worshiping him, which divided the whole World. I am pretty sure, you and I should no more make good Inquisitors to the modern Tyrants in Faith, than we could have been qualify'd for Lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory Members with the Rack. In a Word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly said; that I as little fear, God will damn a Man, who has Charity, as I hope, that any Priest can save him without it.

Mr.

LETTERS.

31

Mr. Pope to Mr. Dygby.

April 21. 1726.

Dear Sir

I have a great Inclination to write to you; tho' I cannot, by writing, any more than I could by Words, express what Part I bear in your, Sufferings. Nature and Esteem in you are join'd to aggravate your Affliction: the latter I have in a Degree equal even to yours, and a Tye of Friendship approaches near to the Tenderness of Nature; yet God knows, no Man living is less fit to comfort you, as no Man is more deeply sensible, than my self, of the Greatness of the Loss. That very Virtue, which secures his present State from all the Sorrows, incident to ours, does but aggrandise our Sensation of it's being remov'd from our Sight, from our Affection, and from our Imitation; for the Friendship and Society of good Men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their Death does but compleat their Felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arriv'd to that Degree of Perfection, which merits an immediate Reward. That your dear Brother and my dear Friend was so, I take his very Removal to be a Proof. Providence would certainly lend virtuous Men to a World, that so much wants them, as long as, in its justice to them, it could spare them to us. May my Soul be with those, who have meant well, and have acted well to that Meaning! and I doubt not, if this Prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his Memory in the Way, he would best like, by recollecting what his Behaviour would have been, in every Incident of our Lives to come, and doing in each just as

D

we

we think, he would have done; so we shall have him always before our Eyes, and in our Minds, and (what is more) in our Lives and Manners. I hope, when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a Piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one Word, that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a Part of us is gone; it is to beg you, to accept, as yours by Inheritance, of the Vacancy, he has left in a Heart, which (while he could fill it with such Hopes, Wishes, and Affections for him, as suited a mortal Creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the Sincerity of Sorrow for my own Loss) be faithfully at your Service, while I continue to love his Memory, that is, while I continue to be my self.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

May. 1713.

My Lord,

Once more I write to you as I promis'd, and this once, I fear, will be the last! the Curtain will soon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good Night. May you enjoy a State of Repose in this Life, not unlike that Sleep of the Soul, which some have believ'd, is to succeed it, where we lye utterly forgetfull of that World, from which we are gone, and ripening for that, to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you best; sometimes pretent a Dream of an absent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable

agreeable Conversation. But, upon the Whole, I hope you will think less of the Time past, than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you, than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the World your Studies; they will tend to the Benefit of Men, against whom you can have no Complaint, I mean of all Posterity; and perhaps at your Time of Life, nothing else is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wise Man's Life, but a Censure, or Critique on the past? Those, whose date is the shortest, live long enough, to laugh at one half of it: the Boy despises the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think, your Manhood was too much a Puerility; and you'll never suffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than those Toys of our riper and of our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society, and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents, not to serve a Party, or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius should mount above that Mist, in which it's Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth long involv'd it; to shine abroad and to Heav'n, ought to be the Business and the Glory of your present Situation. Remember it was at such a Time, that the greatest Lights of Antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then, that they did good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guides to Mankind.

Those Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest Minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher Principles, than those of the first, and better principles, than those of the latter, will infallibly influence Men, whose Thoughts, and whose Hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the Whole to any Part of Mankind, especially to so small a Part, as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit, enter'd into another Life, as one just upon the Edge of Immortality; where the Passions and Affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little Views, and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you. But take Care, that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem and Admiration.

I am with the greatest Sincerity, and Passion for your Fame, as well as Happiness,

Your, &c.

From the Bishop of Rochester,

On the Death of his Daughter.

Montpel: Nov. 20. 1729.

I am not yet Master enough of myself, after the late Wound, I have receiv'd, to open my very Heart to you, and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you: My Thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly, employ'd

employ'd on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well, I ought, for that Reason, to call them off to other Subjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the Rein a little, and suffering them to spend their Force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparem sensi, & pene succubuti.* This is Weakness, not Wisdom, I own; and on that Account fitter to be trusted to the Bosom of a Friend, where I may safely lodge all my Infirmities. As soon as my Mind is in some measure corrected and calm'd, I will endeavour to follow your Advice, and turn it to something of Use and Moment; if I have still Life enough left to do any thing, that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean Time I shall be pleas'd to hear, that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy Interruptions, as I have met with. Your Mind is as yet unbroken by Age and ill Accidents, your Knowledge and Judgment are at the Height: use them in writing somewhat, that may teach the present and future Times, and if not gain equally the Applause of both, may yet raise the Envy of the one, and secure the Admiration of the other. Employ not your precious Moments, and great Talents, on little Men, and little Things; but chuse a Subject, every way worthy of you, and handle it, as you can, in a manner, which no-body else can equal or imitate. As for me, my Abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

*gelidus tardante Senecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effoeto in corpore
vires.* However

However I should be ingratefull to this Place, if I did not own, that I have gained upon the Gout in the South of France, much more than I did at *Paris*: tho' even there I sensibly improved. I believe my Cure had been perfected; but the earnest desire of meeting One, I dearly loved, called me abruptly to *Montpelier*, where, after continuing two months, under the cruel Torture of a sad and fruitless Expectation, I was forc'd at last to take a long Journey to *Toulouse*; and even there I had miss'd the Person, I sought, had she not, with great Spirit and Courage, ventured all Night up the *Garonne* to see me, which she above all things desir'd to do, before she died. By that Means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the Morning, and liv'd twenty Hours afterwards, which Time was not lost on either Side; but pass'd in such a Manner, as gave great Satisfaction to both, and such, as, on her part, every way became her Circumstances and Character. For she had her Senses to the very last Gasps, and exerted them to give me, in those few Hours, greater Marks of Duty and Love, than she had done in all her Life-time, tho' she had never been wanting in either. The last Words, she said to me, were the kindest of all; a reflection on the Goodness of God, which had allow'd us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her Pillow, in a sleeping posture, *placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.*

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this Occasion, and spare me the Trouble of describing it. At my Age, under my Infirmities, among utter Strangers, how shall I find out proper

proper Reliefs and Supports? I can have none, but those, with which Reason and Religion furnish me; and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope that He, who laid the Burthen upon me (for wise and good Purposes no Doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like Manner, as I have born others, with some Degree of Fortitude and Firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an Argument, which I had quitted once before in this Letter. I shall probably again commit the same Fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all Sincerity Affection, and Esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet, either in this World, if God pleases, or else in another. I am, &c.

From Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

I am glad to hear of the Progress of your Recovery, and the oftner I hear it, the better, when it becomes easy to you, to give it me. I so well remember the Consolation, you were to me in my Mother's former Illness, that it doubles my Concern at this Time, not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I wou'd have been no where else, but with you, during your Confinement. I have now past five Weeks without once going from Home, and without any Company, but for three or four of the Days. Friends rarely stretch their Kindness so far as ten Miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented

to send Messages. I never pass'd so melancholy a Time; and now Mr. Congreve's Death touches me nearly. It was twenty Years and more, that I have known him: Every Year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all Tenderneſſes, and become wretched Individuals again, as we begun. Adieu! This is my Birth-day, and this is my Reflection upon it:

With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleasure thro';
Some Joy still lost, as each vain year runso'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth day? - 'Tis alas too clear;
'Tis but the Funeral of the former Year.

Your, &c.

From Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

Oct. 6. 1727.

Dear Sir,

I Have many Years ago magnify'd in my own Mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture: *Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.* I could find in my Heart, to congratulate you on this happy Dismission from all Court-dependance; I dare say, I shall find you the better and the honest Man for it, many Years hence; very probably the healthfuller and the cheerfuller into the Bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill, and vicious Habits, of which few, or no Men escape the Infection, who

who are hackney'd and tramelled in the Ways of a Court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the Lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the Fools of Peers) will smile on you the less; but Men of Worth, and real Friends will look on you the better. There is a Thing, the only Thing, which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their Hands. You will enjoy that, and your own Integrity, and the satisfactory Consciousness of having not merited such Graces from Courts, as are bestow'd only on the Mean, Servile, Flattering, Interested, and Undeserving. The only Steps to the Favour of the Great are such Complacencies, such Compliances, such distant Decorums, as delude them in their Vanities, or engage them in their Passions. He is their greatest, Favourite, who is the falsest: and when a Man, by such vile Gradations, arrives at the Height of Grandeur and Pow'r, he is then at best but in a Circumstance to be hated, and in a Condition to be hanged, for serving their Ends: So many a Minister has found it.

I believe, you did not want Advice, in the Letter, you sent by my Lord Grantham; I presume, you writ it not without; and you could not have better, if I guess right at the Person, who agreed to your doing it, in Respect to any Decency, you ought to observe: for I take that Person to be a perfect Judge of Decencies and Forms: I am not without Fears even on that Person's Account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court-omens? - Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly Speech: while you are no
body's

body's Servant, you may be any one's Friend ; as such I embrace you, in all Conditions of Life. While I have a Shilling, you shall have sixpence, nay eight pence, if I can contrive to live upon a Groat. I am faithfully

Your, &c.

From the Same to the Same.

It is true, that I write to you very seldom, and have no Pretence of writing, which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say, that can give you much Pleasure ; only merely, that I am in being, which in Truth is of little Consequence to one, from whose Conversation I am cut off, by such Accidents, or Engagements, as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all Good and Happiness : I wish, that some lucky Event might set you in a State of Ease and Independency all at once ! and that I might live to see you as happy, as this silly World and Fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did ? I find my Life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening, as my Age encreases : not that I am worse, but better, in my Health, than last Winter ; but my Mind finds no Amendment, nor Improvement, nor Support to lean upon, from those about me : and so I feel myself leaving the World, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, Friends few, and those too warm in the Concerns of the World, for me to bear Pace with ; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead, whose Remembrance I hold in Honour.

Nature,

Nature, Temper, and Habit from my Youth made me have but one strong Desire; all other Ambitions, my Person, Education, Constitution, Religion, &c. conspir'd to remove far from me. That Desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting, dependable friendships: and the Accidents, which have disappointed me in it, have put a Period to all my Aims. So I am sunk into an Idleness, which makes me neither care, nor labour to be notic'd by the Rest of Mankind: I propose no Rewards to myself, and why should I take any Sort of Pains? here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep, till I sleep for ever, like the old Man of *Verona*. I hear of what passes in the busy World with so little Attention, that I forget it the next Day, and as to the learned World, there is nothing passes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am, with the same Truth, as ever,

Your, &c.

From Mr. Pope

To HUGH BETHEL Esq;

July 12. 1723

I assure you unfeignedly, any Memorial of your Good-nature and Friendliness is most welcome to me, who know, those Tenders of Affection from you are not like the common Traffic of Compliments and Professions, which most People only give, that they may receive; and is at best a Commerce of Vanity, if not of Falshood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good Offices, you offer:
but

but if I did want 'em, I should not think myself unhappy in receiving 'em at your Hands : this really is some Complement, for I would rather most Men did me a small Injury, than a Kindness. I know your Humanity, and allow me to say, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better Ground of Love and Value, than all the Qualities, I see the World so fond of: They generally admire in the wrong Place, and generally most admire the Things, they don't comprehend, or the Things, they can never be the better for. Very few can receive Pleasure or Advantage from Wit, which they seldom taste, or Learning, which they seldom understand : much less from the Quality, high Birth, or shining Circumstances of those, to whom they profess Esteem, and who will always remember, how much they are their Inferiors. But Humanity and sociable Virtues are what every Creature wants every Day, and still wants more, the longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a Ditch, or on a Terras; we should walk in the common Way, where others are continually passing on the same Level, to make the Journey of Life supportable, by bearing one another Company in the same Circumstances.

Let me know how I may convey over the *Odysses* for your Amusement in your Journey, that you may compare your own Travels with those of *Ulysses*: I am sure, yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic, Motive. Far be the Omen from you, of returning, as he did, alone, without saving a Friend !

There

There is lately printed a Book, wherein all human Virtue is reduced to one Test, that of Truth, and branch'd out in every Instance of our Duty to God and Man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it together with the *Odyſſey*. The very Women read it, and pretend to be charm'd with that Beauty, which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about Truth, since this Book appear'd, as they did about Health, when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtless be as constant in the Pursuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT

to Mr. Pope

Hampstead, July, 17. 1734.

I Little doubt of your kind Concern for me, nor of that of the Lady, you mention. I have nothing to repay my Friends with at present, but Prayers and good Wishes. I have the Satisfaction to find, that I am as officiously serv'd by my friends, as he, that has Thousands to leave in Legacies; besides the Assurance of their Sincerity. God almighty has made my bodily Distress as easy, as a thing of that Nature can be. I have found some Relief, at least sometimes, from the Air of this Place. My Nights are bad; but many poor Creatures have worse.

As for you, my good Friend, I think, since our first Acquaintance, there have not been any of those little Suspicions, or Jealousies, that often

often affect the sincerest Friendships ; I am sure not on my side: I must be so sincere, as to own, that, tho' I could not help valuing you for those Talents, which the World prizes ; yet they were not the Foundation of my Friendship; they were quite of another Sort; nor shall I, at present, offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my last Request, that you will continue that noble Disdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you seem naturally endu'd with; but still with a due Regard to your own Safety; and study more to reform, than chastise, tho' the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honour'd, for every good Quality, that a Person of his Rank ought to have: Pray give my Respects and kindest Wishes to the Family. My Venison-stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his Present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A Recovery in my Case, and at my Age, is impossible ; the kindest Wish of my Friends is *Euthanasia*. Living or dying, I shall always be Yours, &c.

From Mr. Pope. To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26. 1734.

I thank you for your Letter, which has all those genuine Marks of a good Mind, by which I have ever distinguish'd yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our Friendship has been constant ; because it was grounded on good Principles, and therefore not only

only uninterrupted by any Distrust, but by any Vanity, much less any Interest.

What you recommend to me with the Solemnity of a Last Request, shall have it's due Weight with me. That Disdain and Indignation against Vice, is (I thank God) the only Disdain and Indignation I have: It is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just Abhorrence of Vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true Love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible, and that the best Precepts, as well as the best Laws, wou'd prove of small Use, if there were no Examples to enforce them. To attack Vices in the abstract, without touching Persons, may be safe fighting indeed; but it is fighting with Shadows. General Propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home Examples: Precepts only apply to our Reason, which in most Men is but weak; Examples are Pictures, and strike the Senses, nay raise the Passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all Motives) to the Aid of Reformation. Every vicious Man makes the Case his own; and that is the only Way, by which such Men can be affected, much less deterr'd. So that to chastise is to reform. The only Sign, by which I found my Writings ever did any good, or had any Weight, has been, that they rais'd the Anger of bad Men. And my greatest Comfort, and Encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those, who have no Shame, and no Fear of any thing else, have appear'd touch'd by my Satyrs.

As to your kind Concern for my Safety, I can guess what occasions it at this Time.

Tom. II,

E

Some

Some Characters I have drawn are such, that if there be any, who deserve 'em, 'tis evidently a Service to Mankind, to point those Men out; yet such, as, if all the World gave them, none, I think, will own, they take to themselves. But if they should, those, of whom all the World think in such a Manner, must be Men, I cannot fear. Such in particular, as have the Meanness to do Mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the Courage to justify them in the Face of Day. The Talents, that make a Cheat, or a Whisperer, are not the same, that qualify a Man for an Insulter: and as to private Villany, it is not so safe to join in an Assassination, as in a Libel. I will consult my Safety so far, as I think becomes a prudent Man: but not so far, as to omit any thing, which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal Attacks beyond the Law, every Man is liable to them; as for Danger within the Law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good Opinion of all the World, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy Men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it; for that of the Great, or those in Power, I may wish, I had it; but if, thro' Misrepresentations, (too common about Persons in that Station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the Want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satyrists, than I, have enjoy'd the Encouragement and Protection of the Princes, under whom they lived. *Augustus* and *Mecenas* made *Horace* their Companion, tho' he had been in arms on the Side of *Brutus*; and allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering Party too, that they favour'd and distinguish'd *Virgil*. You will not suspect me of comparing my self with *Virgil* and *Horace*,
nor

nor even with another Court-favourite, *Boileau*. I have always been too modest, to imagine my *Panegyricks* were Incense worthy of a Court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true Reason, why I have never offer'd any. I would only have observ'd, that it was under the greatest Princes and best Ministers, that moral Satyrists were most encouraged; and that then Poets exercised the same Jurisdiction over the Follies, as Historians did over the Vices, of Men. It may also be worth considering, whether *Augustus* himself makes the greater Figure in the Writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether *Nero* and *Domitian* do not appear as ridiculous for their false Taste and Affectation, in *Persius* and *Juvenal*, as odious for their bad Government in *Tacitus* and *Suetonius*? In the first of these Reigns it was, that *Horace* was protected and caress'd; and in the latter, that *Lucan* was put to Death, and *Juvenal* banish'd.

I wou'd not have said so much, but to shew you my whole Heart on this Subject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Request, which you make your last to me, and to perform it with Temper, Justice, and Resolution. As your Approbation (being the Testimony of a sound Head, and an honest Heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the Effect, it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that Approbation. But if it be the Will of God (which I know will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you, than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any Man I know. Adieu my Dear Friend! and may God preserve your Life easy, or make your Death happy!

I would not have had to march, but to know
 you say a bold heart on this subject, and to
 convince you, I am determined to perform
 that duty, which you enter your list to
 me, and to perform it with I think, justice
 and Religion. My own Affection on (being
 the testimony of a sound Heart, and in heart
 (that) more greatly confirming action, I will
 you say live to let the world know that
 two of you are in something more deserving
 this Appellation. But it is the Will of
 God which I know will also be yours, that
 you may separate. I hope it will be better for
 you, than it can be for me. You are first to
 live, or to die, than any Man I know. Adieu
 my Dear Friend, and may God preserve you
 till we meet, or till your Dear Papa

THE
NON - JUROR.
A
COMEDY.

Written by Mr. CIBBER.

— *Pulebra Laverna*

*Da mihi fallere; da justum, sanctamque videri :
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus obijce nubem. HOR.*

THE
NON-JUROR.

COMEDY.

BY MR. CIBBER.

— Printed for J. Knapton, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.
— Printed for J. Knapton, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.

TO THE
K I N G.

S I R,

In a time, when all Communities congratulate Your MAJESTY on the *Glories* of your Reign, which are continually rising from the *Prosperities* of your People; be graciously pleas'd, *Dread Sir*, to permit the lowest of your Subjects from the *Theatre*, to take this occasion of offering their most humble acknowledgements for your Royal Favour and Protection.

YOUR Comedians, SIR, are an unhappy Society, whom some severe heads think wholly useless, and others dangerous to the young and innocent: This Comedy is therefore an attempt to remove that prejudice, and to shew, what honest and laudable uses may be made of the *Theatre*, when its performances keep close to the true purposes of its institution: That it may be necessary to divert the sullen and disaffected

fectcd from busying their brains, to disturb the happiness of a Government, which (for want of proper amusements) they often enter into wild and seditious Schemes to reform : And that it may likewise make those very follies the ridicule and diversion even of those, that committed them. Our labours have at least this glory to boast, that, since Plays were first exhibited in *England*, they were never totally suppress'd, but by those very People, that turn'd our *Church* and *Constitution* into *Irreligion* and *Anarchy*.

Our all errors, those, that are the effect of *Superstition*, make us naturally most obstinate; it is therefore no wonder, that the blinded Profelytes of our few Non-juring Clergy, are so hard to be recover'd by the clearest evidences of sense and reason. But when a *Principle* is once made truly *ridiculous*, it is not in the power of human nature not to be *asham'd* of it. From which reflection, I was first determin'd to attack those *lurking* Enemies of our Constitution from the Stage: And though my success has far exceeded my expectation, yet I grieve, when I (perhaps with vanity) imagine, it might have had thrice the good effect on the minds of Your, MAJESTY'S People, were it not under the *misfortune* of being written by a *Comedian*. I am therefore in some terror, notwithstanding its publick applause, to reflect how far your MAJESTY, in your Wisdom, may

may think it proper to with-hold your pardon for the unlicensed boldness of my undertaking. I am sensible it may be justly urg'd against me, that even *Truth* and *Loyalty* might have lost their lustre, by appearing reduc'd to want the defence of so inconsiderable a Champion. But as I never believ'd, the best Play could be supported in an ill cause; so was I assur'd, the worst might pass, with favour, in a good one. And though my duty and concern has made me more careful in the conduct of this, than any of my former endeavours; I am convinc'd, that what may have been extraordinary in the success of it, is utterly owing to a happy choice of the subject. And as its meeting no opposition from our publick Malecontents, seems, in some degree, an argument of the clear and honest truth of those Principles, it vindicates; so may it of the equal falsehood of the rebellious and unchristian tenets, it exposes. Nay, I have yet a farther hope, that it has even discovered the strength and number of the *Misguided* to be much less, than may have been artfully insinuated; there being no Assembly, where people are so free, and apt to speak their minds, as in a crowded *Theatre*; Of which Your MAJESTY may have lately seen an instance, in the insuppressible Acclamations, that were given on your appearing to honour this Play with your Royal presence.

BUT were the Disaffected yet as numerous, as some few may wish them; what honest *Englischmann* can ever think them formidable, that considers his security in the wisdom of your MAJESTY'S *Counsels*, and your heroick *Resolution* to execute them? And as every action of your Regal power has shewn the Nation, that your greatest *glory* and *delight* is in being the *Father* of your *People*; so may it convince its Enemies, that *they* will always find you KING of your *Subjects*.- - - But I am wandering into thoughts, that awe me into silence; and humbly beg leave to subscribe myself,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most dutiful, and most obedient,

Subject and Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.



PROLOGUE

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

To night, ye Whigs and Tories, both be safe,
 Nor hope, at one another's cost, to laugh:
 We mean to fouse old Statan and the Pope;
 They 've no Retations here, nor Friends, we hope.
 A Tool of theirs supplies the comic Stage
 With just materials for satyrick rage:
 Nor think our colours may too strongly paint
 The stiff Non-juring separation-Saint.
 Good breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those, who give the Nation to the Devil;
 Who at our surest, best foundations strike,
 And hate our Monarch and our Church alike:
 Our Church, -- which, aw'd with reverential fear,
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
 Long may she these her worst of Foes defy,
 And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky:
 While theirs --- But Satyr silently disdains
 To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's brains.
 Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the dark,
 And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk.
 In close back rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the Patriarch of blind lanes and alleys.
 There safe, he lets his thundring Censures fly,
 Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the lie,
 And excommunicates ibree stories high.
 Why, since a land of Liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this free born State?

Here,

Here, ev'ry hour, fresh hateful objects rise,
 Peace, and Prosperity afflict their eyes:
 With anguish, Prince, and People they survey,
 Their just obedience, and his righteous sway.
 Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some passive land,
 Where Tyrants after your own hearts command
 To your transalpine Master's, rule resort,
 And fill an empty abdicated Court:
 Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
 And buy ye lands and Lordships at Urbino.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M E N.

Sir JOHN WOODVIL,	<i>Mr. Mills</i>
Colonel WOODVIL,	<i>Mr. Booth</i>
Mr. HEARTLY,	<i>Mr. Wilks</i>
Doctor WOLF,	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
CHARLES,	<i>Mr. Walker</i>

W O M E N.

Lady WOODVIL.	<i>Mrs. Porter</i>
MARIA,	<i>Mrs. Oldfield</i>

The SCENE, an Anti-chamber of Sir JOHN's
 House in LONDON.



THE NON-JUROR.

ACT I.

Sir John Woodvil, and the Colonel.

Col.

PRAY consider, Sir.

Sir John. So I do, Sir, that I am her Father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. I don't dispute your Authority, Sir: But as I am your Son too, I think it my duty to be concern'd for your Honour: Have not you countenanced his Addresles to my Sister? Has not she receiv'd them? How then is it possible, that either you or she with honour can recede?

Sir John. Why, Sir? Suppose I was about buying a Pad-nag for your Sister, and upon enquiry should find him not sound: Pray, Sir, would there be any great Dishonour in being off o'the bargain?

Col.

Col. With submission, Sir, I don't take that to be the case. Mr. *Hearthly's* Birth and Fortune are too well known to you; and I dare swear, he may defy the world, to lay a blemish upon his principles.

Sir John. Why then, Sir, since I must be catechis'd, I must tell you, I don't like his principles: For I am inform'd, he is a Time-server, one that basely flatters the Government, and has no more Religion, than you have.

Col. Sir, we don't either of us think it proper to make boast of our Religion; but if you please to enquire, you will find, we go to Church as orderly, as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir John. Ay! to what Church!

Col. St. *James's* Church The establish'd Church.

Sir John. Establish'd Church!

Col. Sir

Sir John. Nay, you need not stare, Sir; and before he values himself upon going to Church, I would first have him be sure, he is a Christian.

Col. A Christian, Sir!

Sir John. Ay, that's my question, Whether he is yet christned? I mean, by a Pastor, that had a divine, uninterrupted, successive right, to mark him as a Sheep of the true Fold?

Col. Is it possible! are you an *Englishman*, and offer, Sir, a question so uncharitable, not only to him, but the whole Nation?

Sir John. Nay, Sir, you may give your self what airs of amazement you please, I won't argue with you; you are both of you too harden'd to be converted now; but since you think it your duty, as a Son, to be concern'd for my errors, I think it as much mine, as a Father, to be concern'd for yours I'll only
tell

tell you of them, if you think fit to mend them. . . . so . . . if not . . . take the consequence.

Col. (aside). O! give me temper, Heaven! this vile nonjuring Zealot! what poisonous principles has he swell'd him with! . . . Well, Sir, since you don't think it proper to argue upon this subject, I'll wave it too: But if I may ask it without offence: Are these your only reasons for discountenancing Mr. *Heartly's* Addresses to my Sister?

Sir John. These! are they not flagrant! would you have me marry my Daughter to a Pagan! for so he is, and all of you, till you are regularly Christians. In short, Son, expect to inherit no Estate of mine, unless you resolve to come into the pale of the Church, of which I profess my self a Member

Col. I thought I always was, Sir, and hope I am so still; unless you have lately been converted to the *Roman*.

Sir John. No, Sir, I abhor the thoughts on't; and protest against their errors as much as you do.

Col. If so, Sir; where's our difference?

Sir John. Difference! 'twould make you tremble, Sir, to know it! but since 'tis fit you should know it, look there . . . (*Gives him a Book*) Read that, and be reform'd.

Col. What's here? (*Reads*) *the Case of Schism, &c.* Thank you, Sir; I have seen enough of this in the *Daily Courant*, to be sorry its in any hands, but those of the common Hangman.

Sir John. Prophanation!

Col. And though I always honour'd your concern for the Church's welfare, I little thought

thought 't was for a Church that is establish'd no where?

Sir *John*. O! Perverseness! but there is no better to be expected from your course of life: This is all the effects of your modern Loyalty, your conversation at *Button's*. Will you never leave that foul nest of Heresy and Schism?

Col. Yes, Sir, when I see any thing like it there; and should think myself oblig'd to retire, where such principles were started.... I own I use the place, because I generally meet there instructive, or diverting company.

Sir *John*. Yes, fine company indeed, *Arians*, party Poets, Players and Presbyterians.

Col. That's a very unusual mixture, Sir; but if a man entertains me innocently, am I oblig'd to enquire into his profession, or principles? Would not it be ridiculous for a Protestant that loves Musick, to refuse going to the *Opera*, because most of the performers are Papists? But, Sir, this seems foreign to my business; Mr. *Heartly* intends this morning to pay his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent; and desired me to be present, as a Mediator of Articles between you.

Sir *John*. I am glad to hear it.

Col. That's kind, indeed, Sir.

Sir *John*. May be not, Sir... for I will not be at home when he comes.

Col. Nay, pray, Sir, 'twill be but civility, at least, to hear him.

Sir *John*. And because I won't tell a lie for the matter, I'll go out this moment.

Col. Good Sir.

Sir

Sir John. But because I won't deceive him neither, tell him, I would not have him lose his time, in fooling after your Sister In short, I have another man in my head for her.

(Exit Sir John.)

Col. Another Man! 'twould be worth one's while to know him Pray Heaven, this nonjuring Hypocrite has not got some beggarly Traytor in his eye for her I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement, I can hope from my Father, is a Castle in the Air; nor can indeed his life be safe, while such a Villain makes it an act of Conscience to endanger it: If his eyes are not soon open'd against him, the Crown's more likely to inherit his Estate, than I am; and though the Government has been very favourable upon those occasions, it is but a melancholy business to petition for what might have been one's birth-right. My Sister may be ruin'd too Here she comes; if there be another man in the case, she no doubt can let me into the secret.

Enter Maria.

Sister, good morrow I want to speak with you.

Mar. Nay, but prithee, Brother, don't put on that wise politick face then: Why you look, as if the minority had like to have carried a Question.

Col. Come, come, a truce with your raillery; what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Mar. Well then, provided it is not upon the subject of Love, I will be so but make haste too for I have not had my Tea yet.

Tom. II.

F

Col.

Col. Why it is, and is not upon that Subject.

Mar. O! I love a Riddle dearly come..., let's hear it.

Col. Nay, pish if you will be serious, say so.

Mar. O Lard! Sir, I beg your pardon there there's my whole form and features totally disengag'd, and lifeless at your service; now put them in what posture of attention you think fit.

(She leans against him, with her arms awkwardly falling to her knees.)

Col. Was there ever such a giddy Devil! prithee stand up. I have been talking with my Father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any farther Addreses from Mr. *Heartly*.

Mar. Are you serious?

Col. He said it this minute, and with some warmth too.

Mar. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col. How! glad!

Mar. To a degree: Do you think, a man has any more charms for me for my Father's liking him? No, Sir; if Mr. *Heartly* can make his way to me now, he is oblig'd to me only: Besides, now it may have the face of an Amour indeed: Now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too. O I like it mightily.

Col. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of *Heartly* but however, a Father's consent might have clapt a pair of Horses more to your Coach perhaps, and the want of that may pinch your fortune.

Mar.

Mar. Burn fortune! Am not I a fine Woman? And have not I above 5000. l. in my own hands?

Col. Yes, Sister, but with all your charms, you have had it in your hands almost these four years; pray consider that too.

Mar. Pishah! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? But if I'll humour my Father, I'll warrant, he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlick'd lout of a Fellow, to snub me into the bargain; A comfortable equivalent truly No, no, let him light his pipe with his consent if he pleases, Willful against Wise for a wager.

Col. Well said; nothing goes to your heart I find.

Mar. No, no, Brother; the suits of my Lovers shall not be ended, like those at Law, by dull Council on both sides: I'll hear nothing, but what the Plaintiff himself can say to me. 'T would be a pretty thing indeed to confine my airs to the directions of a Solicitor; to look kind, or cruel, only as the Jointure propos'd, is, or is not, equal to the fortune, my Father designs me: What! do you think I'll have my features put into the *Gazette*, to be dispos'd of, like a parcel of dirty Acres, by an old Master in Chancery, to the fairest bidder? No, if I must have an ill Match, I'll have the pleasure of playing my own game at least.

Col. There spoke the spirit of a free-born *English-woman*. . . . Well, I am glad you are not startled at the first part of my news however; but farther Pray, Sister, has my Father ever propos'd any other man to you?

Mar. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Why the last words, he said to me, were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Mar. And who is it? Who is it? tell me, dear Brother, quickly.

Col. Why you don't so much as seem surpriz'd at it?

Mar. No, but impatient, and that's as well you know

(Gravely.)

Col. Why how now, Sister?

Mar. Why sure, Brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprize of a new Lover ought to shock a Woman of my temper.... don't you know that I am a *Coquette*?

Col. If you are, you are the first, that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Mar. To a Lover I grant you; but I make no more of you, than a Sister; I can say any thing to you.

Col. I should have been better pleas'd, if you had not own'd it to me it's a hateful character.

Mar. Ay, it's no matter for that; its violently pleasant, and there's no law against it, that I know of. You had best advise your Friend *Heartly* to bring in a Bill to prevent it: All the discarded Toasts, Prudes, and superannuated Virgins would give him their Interest, I dare swear: Take my word, Coquetry has govern'd the World from the beginning, and will do so to the end on't.

Col. *Heartly's* like to have a hopeful time on't with you.

Mar. Well, but don't you really know who it is my Father intends me?

Col.

Col. Not I really, but I imagin'd, you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Mar. Nay, he has not open'd his lips to me yet ... Are you sure he's gone out?

Col. You are very impatient to know methinks. What have you to do to concern your self about any Man, but *Heartly*?

Mar. O lud! O lud! don't be so wise, prithee Brother: Why if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeas'd to hear, there were two people about it? Can any Woman think herself happy, that's oblig'd to marry only with a *Hobson's* choice? No, don't think to rob me of so innocent a vanity; for believe me, Brother, there is no Fellow upon Earth, how disagreeable soever, but in the long run of his Addresles will utter something at least, that's worth a poor Woman's hearing. Besides, to be a little serious, *Heartly* has a tincture of Jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial Rival can cure him of.

Col. O your servant, Madam, now you talk reason; I am glad, you are concern'd enough for *Heartly's* faults, to think them worth your mending Ha! ha!

Mar. Concern'd! Why did I say that? look you, I'll deny it all to him Well, if ever I am serious with you again

Col. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Mar. Pshah!

Enter Heartly. Maria takes a Book from the Table, and reads;

Hear. Dear Colonel, your servant.

Col. I am glad you did not come sooner, for in the humour my Father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time to have press'd your affair.... I touch'd upon 't but ... I'll tell you more presently ; in the mean time lose no ground with my sister.

Hear. I shall always think my self oblig'd to your Friendship, let my success be what it will Madam your most obedient.... What have you got there pray?

Mar. (Repeating.)

„ Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,

„ Quick, as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those....

Hear. Pray, Madam, what is it?

Mar. „ Favours to none, to all she smiles extends

Hear. Nay, I will see (Struggling.)

Mar. (Putting him by.)

„ Oft she rejects but never once offends.

Col. Have a care, she has dipt into her own Character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her through with it.

Hear. I beg your pardon, Madam. (Gravely.)

Mar. „ Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,

„ And like the Sun, they shine on all alike
... um um

Hear. That is something like indeed.

Col. You would say so, if you knew all.

Hear. All what? Pray what do you mean?

Col. Have a little patience, I'll tell you immediately.

Hear.

Hear. (*Aside.*) Confusion! some Coxcomb now has been flattering her, I'll be curst else, she's so full of her dear self upon't.

Mar. (*Turning to Heartly.*)

„ If to her share some female errors fall,

„ Look on her face...and you'll forget them all.
Is not that natural, Mr. Heartly?

Hear. For a Woman to expect it is indeed.

Mar. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time a proof of the poor man's passion and her power?

Hear. So that you think the greatest compliment, a Lover can make his Mistress, is to give up his reason to her!

Mar. Certainly; For what have your lordly Sex to boast of but your understanding? And till that's entirely surrender'd to her discretion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a Woman must be downright vain to think her conquest compleated.

Hear. There we differ, Madam; for, in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity could value, or desire such a conquest.

Mar. O! d'ye hear him, Brother? The Creature reasons with me! Nay, has the frontless folly to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make a horrid Tyrant... positively I won't have him!

Hear. Well, my comfort, is no other Man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Mar. (*Affectedly smiling*) Am not I a horrid, vain, silly Creature, Mr. Heartly?

Hear. A little bordering upon the baby, I must own.

Mr. Laud! how can you love one so then?
But I don't think, you love me though...do you?

Hear. Yes, faith I do, and so shamefully,
that I am in hopes, you doubt it.

Mar. Poor Man! he'd fain bring me to
Reason. (*Smiling in his face.*)

Hear. I would indeed, nor am asham'd to
own it nay, were it but possible to make you
serious only when you should be so, you would
be the most perfect creature of your Sex.

Mar. O lud! he's civil...

Hear. Come, come, you have good sense,
use me but with that, and make of me what you
please.

Mar. Laud! I don't desire to make any thing
of you, not I.

Hear. Don't look so cold upon me; by
Heaven I can't bear it.

Mar. Well! now you are tolerable. (*gently
glancing on him.*)

Hear. Come then, be generous, and I wear at
least you'll never be another's.

Mar. Ah! Lard! now you have spoil'd all
again. Beside, how can I be sure of that, before
I have seen this t'other Man, my Brother spoke
to me of? (*Reads to her self again.*)

Hear. What Riddle's this? (*To the Col.*)

Col. I told you, you did not know all: To be
serious, my Father went out but now, on purpose
to avoid you. In short, he absolutely retracts
his promises; says he would not have you fool
away your time after my Sister; and in plain
terms told me, he had another Man in his head
for her.

Hear. Another Man! Confusion! who! what
is he? did not he name him?

Col.

Col. No, nor has he yet spoke of him to my Sister.

Hear. This is unaccountable What can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. Some whim, our conscientious Doctor has put in his head, I'll lay my life.

Hear. He! He can't be such a Villain; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. So much the worse: By the way, I am now upon the scent of a secret, that I hope shortly will prove him a Rogue to the whole Nation.

Hear. You amaze me But on what pretence, what ground, what reason, what interest can he have to oppose me? This shock is insupportable.

(He stands fix'd, and mute.)

Col. *(Aside to Maria.)* Are you really as unconcern'd now, as you seem to be?

Mar. Thou art a strange dunce, Brother, thou knowest no more of Love, than I do of a Regiment... You shall see now how I'll comfort him

(She goes to Heartly ... mimicks his posture and uneasiness, then looks seriously in his face, and blurts into a laugh.)

Hear. I don't wonder at your good humour, Madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Mar. O lud! how wise he is? Well! his Reproaches have that greatnels of soul ... the confusion they give one is insupportable, ... *Betty,* is the Tea ready?

Enter Betty.

Bet. Yes, Madam.

Mar. Mr. *Heartly*, your Servant.

Exit.

Col. So, so, you have made a fine spot of work on't indeed.

Hear. Dear Tom, you'll pardon me, if I speak a little freely: I own, the levity of her behaviour, at this time, gives me harder thoughts, than I once believ'd it possible to have of her.

Col. Indeed, my Friend, you mistake her.

Hear. O pardon me; had she any real concern for me, the apprehension of a Man's Addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarm'd her to be something more than serious.

Col. Not at all, for (let this man be who he will) I take all this levity, as a proof of her resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Hear. And pray Sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good Nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this Man, she should think it convenient to prefer him to me?

Col. No, no, she's giddy, but not capable of so serious a falsehood.

Hear. It's a sign, you don't judge her with a Lover's eye.

Col. No; but as a stander by, I often see more of the game, than you do: Don't you know, that she is naturally Coquette? And a Coquette's play with a serious Lover, is like a Back game at Tables, all open at first; she'll make you twenty blots... and you'll spare none, take them all up; to be sure; while she gains points upon you: So that when you eagerly expect to end the game on your side: flap... as you were, she whips up your man, she's fortified, and you are in a worse condition, than when you begun with her... Upon which, you know of course, you curse your Fortune, and she laughs at you.

Hear.

Hear. Faith you judge it rightly :... I have always found it so.

Col. In short, you are in haste to be up, and she's resolv'd to make you play out the game at her leisure ; you play for the fair stake, and she for victory.

Hear. But still : what could she mean by going away so abruptly ?

Col. You grew too serious for her.

Hear. Why who could bear such trifling ?

Col. You should have laugh'd at her.

Hear. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. No... If you could, the uneasiness would lie on her side.

Hear. Do you then really think, she has any thing in her heart for me ?

Col. Ay, marry Sir.... Ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now... Lord! how you could love her!

Hear. And so I could, by Heaven! (*eagerly embracing him.*)

Col. Ay, but 'tis not the nature of the Creature; you must take her upon her own terms; tho' faith I thought she own'd a great deal to you, but now. Did not you observe, when you were impatient, with what a conscious vanity she cry'd.... Now you are tolerable.

Hear. Nay, the Devil can be agreeable when she pleases.

Col. Well, well, I'll undertake for her; if my Father don't stand in your way, we are well enough, and I don't question, but the alarm he has given us, like his other politick projects, will end all in *fumo*.

Hear. What says my Lady? you don't think she's against us?

Col.

Col. I dare swear she is not; she's of so soft, so sweet a disposition, that ev'n provocation can't make her your Enemy.

Hear. How came so fine a Creature to marry your Father with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. Want of fortune, *Frank.* She was poor and beautiful, He rich and amorous :... She made him happy, and he her

Hear. A Lady.

Col. And a Jointure :... Now she's the only one in the Family, that has power with our precise Doctor, and I dare engage, she'll use it with him, to persuade my Father from any thing, that's against your Interest. By the way you must know, I have some shrewd suspicions, that this sanctify'd Rogue is carnally in love with her.

Hear. O the liquorish Rascal!

Col. You shall judge by the symptoms: First, he's jealous of every male thing, that comes near her; and under a friendly pretence of guarding my Father's Honour, has persuaded him to abolish her Assemblies: Nay, at the last Masquerade this conscientious Spy (unknown to her) was eternally at her elbow in the habit of a Cardinal. At dinner he never fails to sit next her, and will eat nothing, but what she helps him to; always takes her side in Argument, and when he bows after Grace, constantly ogles her; bids my Sister, if she would look lovely, learn to dress by her; and at the Tea-Table, I have seen the impudent Goat most lasciviously sip off her leavings. She lost one of her Slippers t'other day, (by the way she has a mighty pretty foot) and what do you think was become of it?

Hear.

Hear. You puzzle me.

Col. I gad, this love-sick Monkey had stole it for a private play-thing, and one of the housemaids, when she clean'd his Study, found it there with one of her old gloves in the middle of it.

Hear. A very proper Relique, to put him in mind of his Devotions to *Venus*.

Col. But mum! here he comes.

Enter Doctor Wolf, and Charles.

Doct. Charles, step up into my Study, and bring down half a dozen more of those Manual devotions, that I compos'd for the use of our Friends in Prison: and, dost thou hear? leave this Writing there, but bring me the key, and then bid the Butler ring to Prayers (*Exit Charles.*) Mr. *Heartly*, I am your most faithful Servant, I hope you and the good Colonel will stay and join in the private duties of the Family.

Hear. With all my heart, Sir, provided you'll do the duty of a Subject too, and not leave out the Prayer for the Royal Family.

Doct. The good Colonel knows, I never do omit it.

Col. Sometimes, Doctor; but I don't remember, I ever once heard you name them.

Doct. That's only to shorten the Service, left in so large a family, some few vain idle souls might think it tedious; and we ought, as it were, to allure them to what's good, by the gentlest, easiest means we can.

Hear. How! how Doctor! Are you sure, that's your only reason for leaving their names out?

Doct. But, pray Sir, why is naming them so absolutely necessary? when Heaven, without it, knows the true intention of our hearts? Beside, why

why should we, when we so easily may avoid it, give the least colour of offence to tender consciences?

Col. Ay! now you begin to open, Doctor,...

Hear. Have a care Sir, the Conscience, that equivocates in it's devotions, must have the blackest colour, Hell can paint it with.

Col. Well said! to him *Hearthly*.

Hear. Your conscience, I dare say, won't be easily convinc'd, while your scruples turn to so good account in a private Family.

Doct. What am I to be baited then.... but 'twont be always holiday.... (*Frowning*) The time's now yours, but mine may come,

Col. What do you mean, Sir?

Doct. Sir, I shall not explain my self, but make your best of what I've said: I'm not to be intrap'd by all your servile Spies of power... But Power perhaps may change its hands, and you e'er long, as little dare to speak your mind, as I do.

Col. (*Taking him by the Collar.*) Hark you, Sirrah! Dare you menace the Government in my hearing?

Hear. Nay, Colonel,

(*Interposing.*)

Doct. 'Tis well!

Col. Traytor! but that our Laws have chains and gibbets for such Villains, I'd this moment crackle all thy bones to splinters.

Doct. Very well! your Father, Sir, shall know my treatment.

Hear. Nay, dear Colonel, let him go.

Col. I ask your pardon, *Frank*, I am asham'd that such a Wretch could move me so.

Hear. Come, compose your self.

Doct. (*Aside, and recovering himself.*) No! I'll take no notice of it. I know he's warm and weak enough to tell this as his own story to his Father

Father ... let him .. 'tis better so ... 'twill but confirm Sir *John* in his good opinion of my Charity, and serve to ruin him the faster. (*Exit.*

Hear. Was there ever so insolent a Rascal?

Col. The Dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Hear. Who could have believ'd, such outrageous arrogance could have lurk'd under so lamb-like an outside?

Col. This Fellow has the spleen and spirit of ten *Beckets* in him.

Hear. What the devil is he? whence came he? what's his original? Is he really a Doctor?

Col. So he pretends, and that he lost his Living in *Ireland* upon his refusing the Oaths to the Government. Now I have made the strictest inquiries, and can't find the least evidence, that ever he was in the country. But (as I hinted to you) there is now in prison a poor unhappy Rebel, I went to school with, whose Pardon I am soliciting; and he assures me, he knew him very well in *Flandres*, and in such circumstances, as when it can be serviceable to me to know them, he faithfully promises to discover; but begs till then I will not insist upon it.

Hear. I gad this intelligence may be worth your cherishing.

Col. Hah! here's my Sister again.

Enter Maria hastily, Doctor Wolf following:

Mar. You'll find Sir, I will not be us'd thus: Nor shall your credit with my Father protect your Insolence to me.

Hear.

and

Col.

What's the matter?

Mar.

Mar. Nothing, pray be quiet ... I don't want you ... stand out of the way ... (*They retire.*)

Col. What has the dog done to her?

Mar. How durst you bolt with such authority into my Chamber without giving me notice!

Hear. Confusion!

Col. Now, *Frank*, whose turn is it to keep their temper?

Hear. (*Struggling.*) 'Tis not mine I'm sure } *apart*

Col. Hold...if my Father won't resent this, 't is then time enough for me to do it.

Doct. Compose your transport, Madam, I I came by your Father's desire, who being inform'd, that you were entertaining Mr. *Hearthly*, grew impatient, and gave his positive command, that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Hear. So! now the storm is rising.

Doct. So for what I have done, Madam, I had his Authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Mar. 'Tis false, he gave you no authority to insult me; or if he had, did you suppose, I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? your Function! Does that exempt you from the Manners of a Gentleman?

Doct. Shall I have any answer to your Father, Lady?

Mar. I'll fend him none by you.

Doct. I shall inform him to (*Exit*

Mar. A saucy puppy.

Col. Prithee, Sister, what has the fellow done to you?

Hear. I beg you tell us, Madam.

Mar. Nay, no great matter but I was sitting carelessly in my Dressing-Room ... a ... a fastning my garter, with my face just towards the

the door, [and this impudent Cur, without the least notice, comes bounce in upon me.... and my devilish hoop hapning to hitch in the chair, I was an hour before I could get down my petticoats.

Hear. The Rogue must be corrected.

Col. Yet I gad, I can't help laughing at the accident! What a ridiculous figure must she make! ha! ha!

Mar. Hah! you're as impudent as he I think: Well but had not I best go to my Father?

Hear. Now, now, dear *Tom*, speak to her before she goes, this is the very crisis of my life....
(*Apart to the Col.*)

Mar. What does he say, Brother?

Col. Why he wants to have me speak to you, and I would have him do it himself.

Mar. Ay, come, do *Heartily*, I am in good humour now.

Hear. O *Maria*!... my heart is bursting!...

Mar. Well, well, out with it.

Hear. Your Father, now, I see is bent on parting us. . Nay, what's yet worse, perhaps, will give you to another... I cannot speak.... Imagine what I want from you....

Mar. Well... O lud! one looks so silly though, when one's serious... O ged... in short I cannot get it out.

Col. I warrant you, try again.

Mar. O lud! ... well ... if one must be teiz'd then ... why he must hope; I think.

Hear. Is't possible? ... Thus....

Col. Buz ... (*Stopping his Mouth*) not a syllable, she has done very well, I bar all heroicks; if you press it too far, I'll hold six to four, she's off again in a moment.

Hear. I am silenc'd.

Tom. H, G Mar.

Mar. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd fellow my Father has found out for me.

Hear. I'd give something to know him.

Mar. He's in a terrible fust at your being here I find.... I had best go to him.

Col. By all means.

Mar. O Bless us! here he comes piping hot to fetch me! Now we are all in a fine pickle.

Enter Sir John hastily... He takes Maria under his arm, cocks his hat, nods, frowning at
Heartly, and carries her off.

Col. So... Well said Doctor! 'tis he, I'm sure, has blown this fire. What horrid hands is this poor family fallen into? and how the Traytor seems to triumph in his power? How little is my Father like himself? by Nature, open, just, and generous; but this vile Hypocrite drives his weak Passions like the wind, and I foresee at last, will dash him on his ruin.

Hear. Nothing but your speedily detecting him can prevent it.

Col. I have a thought, and 'tis the only one, that can expose him to my Father.... Come *Frank*, be cheerful; in some unguarded hour, we may perhaps, this lurking Thief,

*Without his holy Vizar, may surprize,
And lay th' Impostor naked to his eyes.*

(Exeunt.)

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II.

Charles with a Writing in his hand.

Charles. 'Tis so... I have long suspected where his Zeal would end, in the making of his private fortune... But then to found it on the ruin of his Patron's Children, makes me shudder at the Villany : What desperation may a Son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited? Beside his Daughter, fair *Maria* too is wrong'd ; wrong'd in the most tender point: For so extravagant is his Settlement, it leaves her not a Shilling, but on her conditionally marrying with the Doctor's consent; which seems, by what I've heard, intended as an expedient, to oblige her to accept the Doctor himself for her Husband: Now 'twere but an honest part to let *Maria* know this snare, that's laid for her: This Deed's not sign'd, and might be yet prevented... It shall be so... 'twere folly not to try ... My condition can't be worse... Who knows how far her good nature may think herself oblig'd for the discovery? ... Must he ruin, as he has done mine, all Families, he comes into?

Enter Sir John, Lady Woodvil, and Maria.

Sir John. O, *Charles*, your Master wants you to transcribe some Letters.

Charles. Sir, I'll wait on him. (*Exit Charles bowing respectfully to the Ladies.*)

Mar. A pretty well bred Fellow that.

Sir John. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities, than his good breeding; he is honest

Mar. He's always clean too.

Sir John. I wonder, Daughter, when [thou wilt take notice of a Man's real merit...Humph! well bred, and clean forsooth...Would not one think now, she were describing a Coxcomb?

Mar. But, dear *Papa*, do you make no allowance for one's taste?

Sir John. Taste; hah! and One's taste? That Madam One is to me the most provoking, impertinent jade alive; and taste is the true picture of her senseless, sickly appetite: When do you hear my Wife talk at this rate? and yet she is a young, as your fantastical Ladyship.

Lady W. Maria's of a cheerful temper, my Dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir John. I shall try that presently, and you, Sweetheart, shall judge between us: In short, Daughter, your course of life is but one continual round of playing the fool to no purpose; and therefore I am resolv'd to make you think seriously, and marry.

Mar. That I shall do before I marry, Sir, you may depend upon't.

Sir John. Um... That I am not so sure of... but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well: For the Person, I intend you, is of all the world the only Man, can make you truly happy.

Mar. And of all the world, Sir, that's the only Man, I'll positively marry.

Lady W. (*Aside to Mar.*) Thou hast rare courage, *Maria*; If I had such a game to play, I should be frighted out of my wits.

Mar. Lord, Madam, he'll make nothing on't, depend upon it. (*Aside.*)

Sir

Sir John. Mind what I say to you . . . This wonderful Man, I say . . . first, as to his principles both in Church and State, is unquestionable

Mar. Sir, I leave all that to you, for I should never ask him a question about either of them.

Sir John. You need not, I am fully satisfied of both . . . He is a true, stanch Member of the *English Catholick Church*.

Mar. Methinks though, I would not have him a *Roman Catholick*, Sir, because you know of double taxes.

Sir John. No, he's no *Roman*.

Mar. Very well, Sir . . .

Sir John. Then as to the State; he'll shortly be one of the most considerable Men in the Kingdom, and that too in an Office for life; which, on whatsoever pretence of misbehaviour, no Civil Government can deprive him of.

Mar. That's fine indeed; I was afraid he had been a Clergyman.

Sir John. I have not yet said what his Function is . . . As for his private life . . . he's sober:

Mar. O! I should hate a Sot.

Sir John. Chaste.

Mar. A hem! *(stifling a Laugh.)*

Sir John. What is't you sneer at, Madam . . . You want one of your fine Gentlemen-Rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every Woman, they meet with.

Mar. No, no, Sir, I am very well satisfied. I . . . I should not care for such a sort of Man, no more than I should for one, that every Woman was ready to snap at.

Sir John. No, you'll be secure from Jealousy; he has experience, ripeness of years; he is almost

forty nine: Your Sexes Vanities will have no charm for him.

Mar. But all this while, Sir, I don't find, that he has any charm for our Sexes vanity: How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he a good air, good teeth, fine eyes, a fine fair perriwig? Does he keep his Chaise, Coach, Chariot, and Berlin with six flouncing *Flanders*? Does he wear blew velvet, clean white stockings, and subscribe to the Opera?

Sir John. Was there ever so profligate a Creature! What will this Age come to?

Lady W. Nay, *Maria*, here I must be against you... Now you are blind indeed. A Woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure, her Husband takes in his own person.

Sir John. Right.

Lady W. 'Tis not how he looks, but how he loves is the point.

Sir John. Good again!

Lady W. And a Wife is much more secure, that has charms for her Husband, than when the Husband has only charms for her.

Sir John. Admirable! Go on, my dear.

Lady W. Do you think, Child, a Woman of five and twenty may not be much happier with an honest Man of fifty, than the finest Woman of fifty with a young Fellow of five and twenty?

Sir John. Mark that.

Mar. Ay, but when two Five and twenties come together... Dear *Papa*, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicksome.

Sir John. Frolicksome! why you sensual Idiot, what have frolicks to do with solid happiness?

happiness? I am ashamed of you -- Go! you talk worse than a Girl at a boarding school -- Frolicksome! as if Marriage were only a licence for two people to play the fool according to Law? Methinks, Madam, you have a better Example of happiness before your face ... Here's one, has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Mar. Lord, Sir! how you talk? you don't consider people's temper: I don't say my Lady is not in the right; but then you know, *Papa*, she's a Prude, and I am a Coquet; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it, and I hope you see every thing, I do, is as consistent with mine: Your wise folks may lay down what rules they please; but 'tis Constitution, that governs us all; and you can no more bring me, Sir, to endure a Man of forty nine, than you can persuade my Lady to dance in a Church to the Organ.

Sir John. Why you wicked wretch, could any thing persuade you to that?

Mar. Lord, Sir! I won't answer for any thing, I should do, when the whim's in my head: You know I always lov'd a little Flirtation.

Sir John. O horrible! My poor Mother has ruin'd her; leaving her a Fortune in her own hands, has turn'd her brain: In short, your sentiments of life are shameful, and I am resolv'd upon your instant reformation; therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall first insist, that you never see young *Heartly* more; for in one word, the good and pious Doctor *Wolf*: the Man, that I have decreed your Husband.

Mar. Ho! ho! ho! (*Laughing aloud.*)

Sir John. 'Tis very well ... this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth ... no more ... give me a serious answer.

Mar. (*Gravely*) I ask your pardon, Sir, I should not have smil'd indeed, could I have suppos'd it possible, that you were serious.

Sir John. You'll find me so.

Mar. I am sorry for it; but I have an objection to the Doctor, Sir, that most Fathers think a substantial one.

Sir John. Name it.

Mar. Why, Sir, you know he is not worth a groat.

Sir John. That's more than you know, Madam; I am able to give him a better Estate, than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Mar. How, Sir?

Sir John. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter Charles.

Charles. (*Aside to Sir John.*) Sir, if you are at leisure, the Doctor desires a private Conference with you, upon business of importance.

Sir John. Where is he?

Charles. In his own Chamber, Sir, just taking his leave of the Count and another Gentleman, that came this morning express from *Avignon*: He has sent you too the Note you asked him for.

Sir John. 'Tis well; I'll come to him immediately -- (*Exit Charles*) Daughter, I am call'd away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last Resolution, that if you expect a Shilling from me, the Doctor is your Husband, or I'm no more your Father.

(*Exit Sir John, and drops the Paper.*)

G 4

Mar.

Mar. O Madam! I am at my wits end; not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my Father; but it startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has o'er all his actions.

Lady W. Dear *Maria*, I am now as much alarm'd as you; for though in compliance to your Father, I have been always inclin'd to think charitably of this Doctor, yet now I am convinc'd 'tis time to be upon our guard---he's stepping into his Estate too!

Mar. Here's my Brother, Madam, we'll consult with him.

To them the Colonel.

Col. Madam, your most obedient --- Well, Sister, is the secret out? Who is this pretty fellow, my Father has pickt up for you?

Mar. Ev'n our agreeable Doctor.

Col. You are not serious.

Lady W. He's the very Man, I can assure you, Sir.

Col. Confusion! What, would the *Jewish* cormorant devour the whole Family? Your Ladyship knows he is secretly in love with you too.

Lady W. Fy! fy! Colonel.

Col. I ask your Pardon, Madam, if I speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your Ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady W. I am sorry, any body else has seen it; but I must own, his civilities of late have been something warmer, than I thought became him.

Col. How 'then are these opposites to be reconcil'd? Can the Rascal have the assurance

to think both these points are to be carried?--- But he does nothing like other people; he's a contradiction ev'n to his own Character: Most of your Non-Jurors now are generally people of a free and open disposition, mighty pretenders to a conscience of Honour indeed: But you seldom see them put on the least shew of Religion: But this formal Hypocrite always has it at his tongue's end, and there it sticks; for it never gets into his heart, I'll answer for him.

Lady W. Ay, but that's the Charm, that first got him into Sir *John's* heart; who, good Man, is himself, I am sure, sincere, however now misguided; 'twas not so much his principles of Government, as his well painted Piety, his seeming self denial, resignation, patience, and humble out-side, that gave him first so warm a lodging in his bosom.

Mar. My Lady has judg'd it perfectly right.

Col. I am afraid it's too true: There has been his surest footing! But here we are puzzled again --- What subtle fetch can he have in being really in love with your Ladyship, and at the same time making such a bustle, to marry my Sister?

Mar. Truly one would not suspect him to be so termagant: I fancy the Gentleman might have his hands full of one of us.

Col. And yet his zeal pretends to be so shock'd at all indecent Amours, that in the country he us'd to make the Maids lock up the Turkey cocks every *Saturday* night, for fear they should gallant the Hens on a *Sunday*.

Lady W. O! Ridiculous.

Col. Upon my life, Madam, my Sister told me so.

Mar.

Mar. I tell you so: You impudent--

Lady W. Fy! *Maria*, he only jests with you.

Mar. How can you be such a monster to be playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be frightened out of your wits? You don't know, perhaps, that my Father declares, he 'll settle a fortune upon this Fellow too.

Col. What do you mean?

Lady W. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes since he said so.

Col. Nay, then 'tis time indeed his eyes were open'd; and give me leave to say, Madam, 'tis only in your power to save not only me, but ev'n my Father too from ruin.

Lady W. I shall easily come into any thing of that kind, that's practicable---What is't you propose?

Col. Why, if this Fellow (which I am sure of) is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady W. I apprehend you--- I am loath to do a wrong thing---

Mar. Dear Madam, it's the only way in the world to expose him to my Father.

Lady W. I'll think of it--- (*Musing.*)

Col. When you do, Madam, I am sure you will come into it.

How now! What paper's this? it's the Doctor's hand.

Mar. I believe my Father dropt it.

Col. What's here? (*Reads*)

Laid

*Laid out at several times for the Secret Service
of His M---*

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>May</i> the 28th, For six baskets of Rue and Time, - - - - -	00	18	00
The 29th, <i>ditto</i> , Two Cart-loads of Oaken-boughs, - - - - -	02	00	00
<i>June</i> the 10th, For ten bushels of white Roses, - - - - -	01	10	00
<i>Ditto</i> , --- Given to the Bell-ringers of several Parishes, - - - - -	10	15	00
<i>Ditto</i> , --- To <i>Simon Chaunter</i> , Parish Clerk, for his selecting proper Staves adapted to the day, - - -	05	07	06
<i>Ditto</i> , --- For Lemons and Arrack sent into <i>Newgate</i> , - - - - -	09	05	00
<i>Col. Well</i> , while they drink it in <i>Newgate</i> , much good may it do them.			
Paid to <i>Henry Conscience</i> , Juryman, for his extraordinary trouble in acquitting <i>Sir Preston Rebel</i> of his Indictment, - - - - -	53	15	00
Allow'd to <i>Patrick Mac Rague</i> , of the Foot-Guards, for prevailing with his Comrade to desert, - - - -	04	06	06
Given as Smart money to <i>Humphrey Stanch</i> , Cobler, lately whipt for speaking his mind for the Government, - - - - -	03	04	06
Paid to <i>Abel Perkin</i> , News-Writer, for divers seasonable paragraphs. -	05	00	00
<i>Aug.</i> the 1st, Paid to <i>John Shoplift</i> and <i>Thomas Highway</i> , for endeavouring to put out the Enemies Bonfire. - - - - -	02	03	00
<i>Aug.</i> the 2d. Paid the Surgeon, for Searcloth, for their bruises, - - -	01	01	06

Was

Was there ever such a heap of stupid, cold-scented Treason? Now, Madam, I hope you see the necessity of blowing up this Traitor: These are lengths I did not think my Father had gone with him: What vile, what low Sedition, has he made him stoop to?

Lady W. I tremble at the precipice, he stands on.

Mar. O bless us! I am in a cold sweat: dear Brother, leave it where you found it.

Lady W. By all means; if Sir John should know it's in your hands, it may make him desperate.

Col. You are in the right, Madam.

(He lays down the Paper.)

Lady W. Let's steal into the next room, and observe, that no body else takes it up; he'll certainly come back to look for't.

Col. But I must leave you, poor *Hearthly* stays for me at *White's*; and he'll sit upon thorns, 'till I bring him an account of his new Rival.

Mar. Well, well, get you gone then. *(Exeunt)*

Enter Sir John in a Hurry.

Sir John. Undone! Ruin'd! where could I drop this paper? - Hold - let's see - - *(He finds it.)*

Ah. here it is - - What a blessed scape was this? If my hot-brain'd Son had found it, I suppose by to-morrow, he would have been begging my Estate for the discovery. - *(Enter Doctor Wolf.)*

O Doctor! all's well: I have found my paper.

Doct. I am sincerely glad of it. - It might have ruin'd us.

Sir John. Well, Sir, what say our last Advices from *Avignon*?

Exit.

Doct. All goes right. - The Council has approv'd our Scheme, and pre's mightily for dispatch among our Friends in *England*.

Sir John. But pray Doctor...

Doct. Hold, Sir -- now we are alone, give me leave to inform you better... Not that I am vain of any worldly Title; but since it has pleas'd our Court to dignify me, our Churches right obliges me to take it.

Sir John. Pray, Sir, explain.

Doct. Our last Express has brought me this. - - (*he shews a writing*) which (far unworthy, as I am) promotes me to the vacant See of *Thetford*.

Sir John. Is it possible? My Lord, I joy in your advancement.

Doct. It is indeed a spiritual comfort to find my labours in the cause are not forgotten; though I must own, some less conspicuous instance of their favour had better suited me: Such high distinctions are invidious; and it would really grieve me, Sir, among my Friends, to meet with envy, where I only hope for love; not but I submit in any way to serve them.

Sir John. Ah! good Man! this meekness will, I hope, one day be rewarded - - but pray Sir - - My Lord! - - - I beg your Lordship's pardon - - pray what other News? how do all our Friends? are they in heart, and chearful?

Doct. To a Man! never in such sanguine hopes - - the Court's extremely throng'd - - never was there such a concourse of warlike Exiles? though they talk, this sharp season, of removing father into *Italy*, for the benefit of milder air: Well! The Catholicks are the sincerest Friends.

Sir John. Nay, I must do them justice, they are truly zealous in the cause; and it has often griev'd

griev'd my heart, that our Churches differences are so utterly irreconcilable.

Doct. O nourish still that charitable thought! there's something truly great and humane in it; and really, Sir, if you examine well the Doctrines laid down, by my learned Predecessor, in his *Case of Schism*, you will find those differences are not so terribly material, as some obstinate Schismatics would paint them: Ah! could we but be brought to temper, a great many seeming contradictions might be reconcil'd on both sides: But while the Laity will interpret for themselves, there is indeed no doing it. Now could we Sir, like other Nations, but once restrain that monstrous licence. Ah! Sir, a union then might soon be practicable.

Sir John. Ah! 'twill never do here; The *English* are a stubborn headstrong People, and have been so long indulg'd in the use of their own senses, that, while they have eyes in their heads, you will never be able to persuade them, they can't see; there's no making them give up their humane evidences: and your *Credo, quia impossibile est*, is an argument, they will always make a jest of. No, no, it is not force will do the thing, your press'd Men don't always make the best Soldiers. And truly, my Lord, we seem to be wrong too in another point, to which I have often imputed the ill success of our cause; and that is the taking into our party so many loose Persons of dissolute and abandon'd morals; Fellows, whom in their daily private course of life, the Pillory and Gallows seem to groan for.

Doct. 'Tis true indeed, and I have often wish'd, 'twere possible to do without them; but in a multitude all men won't be Saints,
and

and then again they are really useful; nay, and in many things, that sober Men will not stoop to--- They serve, poor curs, to bark at the Government in the open streets, and keep up the wholesome spirit of clamour in the common People; and, Sir, you cannot conceive the wonderful use of clamour; 'tis so teizing to a Ministry, it makes them winch and fret, and grow uneasy in their Posts.--- Ah! many a comfortable point has been gain'd by Clamour! 'tis in the nature of Mankind to yield more to that, than reason--- E'en *Socrates* himself could not resist it; for wise, as he was, yet you see his Wife *Xantippe* carried all her points by Clamour. Come, come, Clamour is a useful Monster, and we must feed the hungry mouths of it; it being of the last importance to us, that hope to change the Government, to let it have no quiet.

Sir *John*. Well, there is indeed no resisting meer necessity.

Doct. Besides, if we suffer our Spirits to cool here at home, our Friends abroad will send us over nothing but excuses.

Sir *John*. 'Tis true; but still I am amaz'd; that *France* so totally should have left us--- *Mandyke*, they say, will certainly be demolish'd.

Doct. No matter, let them go--- we have made a good exchange; our new Ally is yet better, as he is less suspected. But to give them their due, we have no Spirits among us, like the Women; the Ladies have supported our Cause with a surprizing constancy: O! there's no daunting them, ev'n with ill success! they will starve their very Vanities, their Vices, to feed their Loyalty. I am inform'd, that my good Lady Countess of *Night and day*, has never
been

been seen in a new Gown, or has once thrown a Die at any of the Assemblies, since our last general Contribution.

Sir *John*. O my good Lord, if our Court abroad but knew what obligations they have to your indefatigable endeavours --

Doct. Alas, Sir, I can only boast an honest heart, my power is weak, I only can assist them with my Prayers and zealous wishes; or if I had been serviceable, have not you, Sir, overpaid me? Your Daughter, Sir, the fair *Maria*, is a reward, no merit can pretend to.

Sir *John*. Nay, good My Lord, this tender gratitude confounds me -- O! this insensible Girl -- Pray excuse me -- (*Weeps*)

Doct. You seem concern'd, pray what's amiss?

Sir *John*. That I should be the Father of so blind a Child, alas! she slight the blessing I propos'd; she sees you not, my Lord, with my fond eyes; but lay not, I beseech you, at my door, the ungrateful stubbornness of a thoughtless Girl.

Doct. Nay, good Sir, be not thus concern'd for me, we must allow her female modesty a time; your strict commands perhaps too suddenly surpriz'd her; Maids must be slowly, gently dealt with; and might I, Sir, presume to advise --

Sir *John*. Any thing, your will shall govern me and her.

Doct. Then, Sir, abate of your Authority, and let the matter rest a while. Suppose I first should beg your good Lady, Sir, to be my Friend to her: Women will hear from their own Sex, what sometimes, ev'n from the Man, they like, would startle them. May I have your

Tom. II.

H

per-

permission, Sir, when Dinner is remov'd, to entertain my Lady on this subject privately?

Sir *John*. O! by all means: and troth, it is an excellent thought; I'll go this Instant, and prepare her to receive you, and will myself contrive your opportunity.

Doct. You are too good to me, Sir - - - too bountiful.

Sir *John*. Nay, now, my Lord, you drive me from you.

Doct. Pray pardon me.

Sir *John*. No more I beg you, good my Lord - - - your Servant. *(Exit.)*

Doct. Ha! ha! What noble Harvests have been reaped from bigotted Credulity? nor ever was a better Instance of it. Would it not make one smile, that it should ever enter into the brains of this Man (who can in other points distinguish like a Man) that a Protestant Church can never be secure, till it has a Popish Prince to defend it.

Enter Charles.

So *Charles*, hast thou finish'd those Letters?

Charles. I have brought them, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis very well, let them be seal'd without a Direction, and give them to *Aaron Sham* the Jew, when he calls for them. - O! and - here step yourself this afternoon to Mr. *Defazanze* of *Gray's Inn*. and give him this thirty Pound Bill from Sir *Harry Foxhound*: beg him to sit up night and day till the Writings are finish'd: For his Trial certainly comes on this week; he knows we can't always be sure of a Jury, and a moment's delay may make the Commissioners lay hold of his Estate.

Charles. My Lord, I'll take the utmost care.

Doct.

Doct. Well, *Charles* - - - (*Gravely smiling.*)

Charles. Sir *John* has told me of the duty, I ought to pay you when in private.

Doct. But take especial heed, that it be only in private.

Charles. Your Lordship need not caution me - - - My Lord, I hear another whisper in the Family; I'm told you'll shortly be allied to it; Sir *John*, they say, has actually consented; I hope, my Lord, you'll find the fair *Maria* too as yeilding.

Doct. Such a Proposal has indeed been started; but it will end in nothing: *Maria* is a giddy wanton thing, not form'd to make a wise man happy, her life's too vain, too sensual to elevate a heart like mine: No, no, I have views more serious.

Charles. O my fluttering Joy! (*Aside.*)

Doct. Marriage is a state too turbulent for me.

Charles. But with Sir *John's* consent, my Lord, her Fortune may be considerable.

Doct. Thou know'st, *Charles*, my thoughts of happiness were never form'd on Fortune.

Charles. No! I find that by the Settlement.

(*Doct.* Or if they were, they would be there impossible; *Maria's* vain distaste of me, I know's as deeply rooted, as my contempt of her: And canst thou think, I'd stain my Character to be a Wanton's mockery, to follow through the wilds of folly, she would lead me; to cringe and doat upon a senseless toy, that every Feather in a hat can purchase?) (*Aside.*)

Charles. But mayn't Sir *John* take it ill, my Lord, to have her slighted?

Doct. No, no, her ridiculous aversion will secure me from his Reproaches.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Master desires to speak with you.

Doct. I'll wait on him--- *Charles*, you'll take care of my directions.

Charles. I'll be sure, Sir. *(Exit Doctor.)*

Kind Heaven, I thank thee! this bar so unexpectedly remov'd gives vigour to my heart, and is, I hope, an Omen of its fortune--- But I must lose no time, the Writing may be every moment called for--- this is her Chamber.

He knocks softly--- and Betty enters to him.
Is your Lady busy?

Bett. I think she's only a reading.

Charles. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she is at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

Maria entering with a Book.

Mar. Who's that?

Bett. She's here--- *Mr. Charles*, Madam, desires to speak with you.

Mar. O! Your servant *Mr. Charles*--- Here take this odious *Homer*, and lay him up again, he tires me. *(Exit Betty with the Book.)*

How could the blind Wretch make such a horrid fuss about a fine Woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her Amours? You have read him I suppose in the *Greek*, *Mr. Charles*?

Charles. Not lately, Madam.

Mar. But do you so violently admire him now?

Charles. The Critics say he has his beauties, Madam. But *Ovid* has been always my Favorite.

Mar. *Ovid*! O! he's ravishing--- *Charles*

Charles. And so art thou to madnets. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Lord! how could one do to learn *Greek*, was you a great while about it?

Charles. It has been half the business of my life, Madam.

Mar. That's cruel now! then you think one can't be Mistress of it in a month or two?

Charles. Not easily, Madam.

Mar. They tell me it has the softest tone for Love, of any language in the World; I fancy I could soon learn it---I know two words of it already.

Charles. Pray, Madam, what are they?

Mar. Stay let me see--O--ay--*Zoe kai psyche.*

Charles. I hope you know the *English* of 'em, Madam.

Mar. O lud! I hope there's no harm in it; I am sure I heard the Doctor say it to my Lady---Pray what is it?

Charles. You must first imagine, Madam, a tender Lover gazing on his Mistress, and then indeed they have a softness in 'em, as thus---*Zoe, kai psyche!* my Life; my Soul!

Mar. O the impudent young Rogue! how his eyes spoke too! (*Aside.*)

What the duce! can he want with me!--

Charles. I have startled her, she muses. (*Aside.*)

Mar. It always ran in my head, this Fellow had something in him above his condition--I'll know presently. (*Aside.*)

Well, but your business with me Mr. *Charles*: you have something of love in your head now, I'll lay my life on't.

Charles. I never yet durst own it, Madam.

Mar. Why, what's the matter?

Charles. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as yours.

Mar. O! I love melancholy stories of all things---

Charles. But mine, Madam, can't be told, unless I give my life into your power.

Mar. O lud! you have not done any body a mischief, I hope.

Charles. I never did a private injury; if I have done a publick wrong, I'm sure it might, in me, at least, be called an honest error.

Mar. Pray whom did you serve, before you liv'd with the Doctor?

Charles. I was not born to serve; and had not an unfortunate education ruin'd me, I might have now appear'd, like what I am by birth, a Gentleman.

Mar. I am surpriz'd! Your education, say you, ruin'd you? Lord! I am concern'd for you. Pray let me know your story; and if any services are in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Charles. Such soft compassion, from so fair a bosom, o'er pays the worst, that can attend my owning what I am.

Mar. O your Servant---but pray let's hear.

Charles. My Father's elder Brother, Madam, was a Gentleman of an ancient Family in the North, who, having then no Child himself, begg'd me from my Nurse's arms, to be adopted as his own, with an assurance too of making me his Heir; to which my Father (then alas! in the infancy of his Fortune) easily consented. This Uncle being himself secretly disaffected to the Government, gave me of course, in my education, the same unhappy prejudices, which since have ended in the ruin of us both.

Mar. Then you were bred a Roman Catholic?

Charles.

Charles. No, Madam; but I own in principles of very little difference, which I imbib'd chiefly from this Doctor; he having been five years my Governor. As I grew up, my Father's merit had rais'd his Fortune under the present Government; and fearing I might be too far fix'd in principles against it, he desired me from my Uncle home again: But I, as I then thought my self bound in gratitude, excus'd my going in terms of duty to my Father; whom since alas! I too justly have provok'd ever to hope a reconciliation. I saw too late my folly, and had no defence against his anger, but by artfully confirming him in a belief, that I had perish'd with my Uncle in the late Rebellion.

Mar. Bless us! what do you mean? you were not actually in it, I hope!

Charles. I can't disown the guilt... but since the Royal Mercy has been refus'd to none, that frankly have confess'd with penitence their crime, (which from my heart I most sincerely do) in that is all my hope... My Youth and Education's all th'excuse, I plead; if they deserve no pity, I am determin'd to throw off my disguise, and bow me to the hand of Justice.

Mar. Poor Creature! Lord! I can't bear it.

(with concern.)

Charles. But then unknown, and friendless as I am, to whom, alas! can I apply for succour?

(Weeps.)

Mar. O Lord! I'll serve you, depend upon it: My Brother shall have no rest 'till he gets your Pardon.

Charles. Your kind compassion, Madam, has prevented, what, if I durst, I should have mention'd: I hope too, I shall personally deserve his favour; if not, your generous inclination to

have sav'd me, even in my last despair of life, will give my heart a Joy.

Mar. Lord! the poor unfortunate Boy loves me too; what shall I do with him? But, Mr. *Charles*, pray once more to your story--what was it, that really drew you into the Rebellion?

Charles. This Doctor, Madam, who, as he is now your Father's, was then my Uncle's bosom, Counsellor: 'Twas his insidious tongue, that painted it to us as an incumbent duty, on which the welfare of our souls depended; he warn'd us too into such a weak belief of vile reports, as infamy should blush to mention--- We were assur'd, that half the Churches here in Town were lying all in sacrilegious ruins; which since, I found, maliciously was meant, even of those, that are magnificently rising from their new Foundations!

Mar. But, pray--while you were in Arms, how did the Doctor dispose of himself?

Charles. He!--went with us, Madam, none so active in the front of Resolution, till Danger came to face him; then indeed a friendly Fever seiz'd him, which on the first alarm of the King's Forces marching towards *Preston*, gave him a cold pretence to leave the Town; in the defence of which my Uncle lost his life, and I my only Friend, with all my long fed hopes of Fortune.

Mar. Poor Wretch! but how came you to avoid being Prisoner?

Charles. Upon our Surrender of the Place, I brib'd a Townsman to employ me as his Servant, in a backward working house, where, from my youth, and change of habit, I pass'd without suspicion, till the whole affair was over---But then, alas! whither to turn I knew not: My life grew now no more my care --
perish

perish I saw I must, whether as a Criminal, or a Beggar, was my only choice.

Mar. O Lord! tell me quickly, how you came hither.

Charles. In this despair I wander'd up to London, where I scarce knew one mortal, but some few Friends in prison. What could I do? I ventur'd even thither for my safety; where 'twas my fortune first to see your Father, Madam, distributing relief to several: He knew my Uncle well; and being inform'd of my condition, he charitably took me home; and here as ever since conceal'd me as a menial servant to the Doctor. The detestation of whole vile, dishonest practices at last have waked me to a sense of all my blinded errors; of which this Writing is his least of sordid Instances.

(Gives it to Maria)

Mar. You frighten me; pray what are the purposes of it? 'Tis neither sign'd nor seal'd.

Charles. No, Madam, therefore to prevent it by this timely notice, was my business here with you: Your Father gave it the Doctor first to shew his Council, who having since approv'd it, I understand this evening 'twill be executed.

Mar. But what is it?

Charles. It grants to Doctor *Wolf* in present four hundred Pounds *per annum*, of which this very House is part; and at your Father's death invests him in the whole remainder of his free Estate. For you indeed there is a charge of four thousand Pound upon it; provided you marry only with the Doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my Lady's Jointure. But your Brother, Madam is without conditions utterly disinherited.

H 5

Mar.

Mar. I am confounded -- what will become of us! my Father now I find was serious - O this insinuating Hypocrite---let me see---ay - I will go this minute---Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Charles. Any thing to serve you---my life's already in your hands.

Mar. And I dare secure it with my own---Hark! they ring to dinner; pray, Sir, step in, say I am oblig'd to dine abroad; and whisper one of the Foot-men to get an Hackney Coach immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. *Double's* Chambers in the *Temple*; there I shall have time to talk farther with you. You'll excuse my hurry -- Here *Betty* my scarf, and a mask.

(*Ex. Maria.*)

Charles. What does my Fortune mean me? She'll there talk farther with me! Of what! What will she talk of? O my heart! methought she look'd at parting too, as kindly conscious of some obligation to me: And then how soft, how amiably tender was her pity of my Fortune. But O! I rave! keep down my vain aspiring thoughts, and to my lost condition level all my hopes.

Rather content with pity let me live,

Than hope for more than she resolves to give. (*Ex.*)

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT.

ACT. III.

Maria, and Betty taking off her Scarf, &c.

Mar. **H**as any one been to speak with me *Betty*?

Betty. Only *Mr. Heartly*, Madam, he said he would call again, and bid his Servant stay below to give him notice, when you came home.

Mar. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, Madam, he seem'd very uneasy at your being abroad.

Mar. Well---go, and lay up those things---

(Exit Betty.

Ten to one, but his wise head now has found out something to be jealous of; if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy--- Here he comes.

Enter Heartly.

Hear. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Mar. Your Servant, Sir.

Hear. You have been abroad, I hear. *(gravely.*

Mar. Yes, and now, I am come home, you see.

Hear. You seem to turn upon my words, Madam, is there any thing particular in them?

Mar. As much, as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Hear. Might not I say, you had been abroad, without giving offence?

Mar. And might not I as well say, I was come home, without your being so grave upon't?

Hear. Do you know any thing, should make me grave?

Mar.

Mar. I know, if you are so, I am the worst person in the world, you could possibly shew it to.

Hear. Nay, I don't suppose you do any thing, you won't justify.

Mar. O! then I find, I have done something, you think I can't justify.

Hear. I don't say that neither, perhaps I am in the wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often us'd to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolv'd henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Mar. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart Speech of yours is very dull; but since that's a fault, you can't help, I will not take it ill. Come now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously --- Is not what real business I had abroad, the very thing you want to be made easy in?

Hear. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Mar. Now we come to the point --- To-morrow morning then, I give you my Word to let you know it all; till when there is a necessity for its being a Secret, and I insist upon your believing it.

Hear. But pray, Madam, what am I to do with my private Imagination in the mean time? That is not in my power to confine: And sure you won't be offended, if, to avoid the tortures, that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the Secret now.

Mar. Don't press me, for positively I will not.

Hear. Cannot, had been a kinder term --- Is my disquiet of so little moment to you?

Mar. Of none, while your disquiet dares not trust the assurances, I have given you; if you expect

expect I should confide in you for life, don't let me see, you dare not take my Word for a day; and if you are wise, you'll think so fair a trial of your Faith a Favour.

Hear. If you intend it such---it is a Favour; if not 'tis something---so---come let's wave the subject.

Mar. With all my heart: Have you seen my Brother lately?

Hear. Yes, Madam, and he tells me, it seems; the Doctor is the Man, your Father has resolv'd upon.

Mar. 'Tis so: Nay and what will more surprize you, he leaves me only to the choice of him, or of no Fortune.

Hear. And may I, without offence, beg leave to know, what Resolutions, Madam, you have taken upon it?

Mar. I have not taken any; I do not know what to do; what would you advise me to?

Hear. I advise you to? Nay, you are in the right to make it a Question.

Mar. He says he'll settle all his Estate upon him too.

Hear. O take it, take it, to be sure; it's the fittest match in the world, you can't do a wiser thing certainly.

Mar. I will be his wife at least, as the ways, you take to prevent it.

Hear. I find, Madam, I am not to know what you intend to do; and I suppose, I am to be easy at that too.

Mar. When I intend to marry him, I shall not care, whether you are easy, or no.

Hear. If your Indifference to me were a proof of your Inclination to him, the Gentleman need not despair.

Mar. Very well, Sir, I'll endeavour to take your advice, I promise you.

Hear.

Hear. O! that won't cost you much trouble, I dare say, Madam.

Mar. About as much, I suppose, as it cost you to give it me.

Hear. Upon my word, Madam, I gave it purely to oblige you.

Mar. Then to return your civility, the least I can do is to take it.

Hear. Is't possible? How can you torture me with this indifference?

Mar. Why do you insult me with such a barefac'd Jealousy?

Hear. Is it a crime to be concern'd for what becomes of you? Has not your Father openly declar'd against me, in favour of my Rival? How is it possible, at such a time, not to have a thousand fears? What though they all are false and groundless; are they not still the effect of Love alarm'd, and anxious to be satisfied? I have an open, artless heart, that cannot bear disguises; but when 'tis griev'd, in spite of me, 'twill shew it---Pray pardon me---But when I am told, you went out in the utmost hurry with some Writings to a Lawyer, and took the Doctor's own Servant with you, ev'n in the very hour, your Father had propos'd him, as your Husband!---Good Heaven! what am I to think? Can I, must I suppose my senses fail me? If I have eyes, have ears, and have a heart, must it be still a crime to think I see, and hear---Yet by my torments feel I love.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Well! I own it looks ill-natur'd now, not to shew him some concern--but then this Jealousy--I must, and will get the better of.

Hear. Speak *Maria*, is still my Jealousy a crime?

Mar. Yes, if it is not for the sake of your Honour, I will endeavour to cure you of it.

Mar. If you still insist on it as a proof of Love, then I must tell you, Sir, 'tis of that kind, that only slighted hearts are pleas'd with: when I am so reduc'd, then I perhaps may bear it. The fact, you charge me with, I grant is true, I have been abroad, as you say: But still let appearances look ne'er so pointing, while there is a possibility in Nature, that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a look, that tells me to my face, you dare suspect me. If you have doubts, why don't you satisfy them before you see me? Can you suppose, that I'm to stand confounded, as a Criminal before you? How despicable a figure must a Woman make, to bear but such a moment? Come, come, there's nothing shews so low a mind, as these grave and insolent Jealousies. The Man, that's capable of ever seeing a Woman, after he believes her false, is capable on her submission, and a little flattery, were she really false, poorly to forgive and bear it.

Hear. You won't find me, Madam, of so low a spirit; but since I see your Tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be my self, and disavow your power: you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my senses, but do it with such an imperious air, as if my honest, manly Reason were your Slave; and this poor groveling frame, that follows you, durst shew no signs of life, but what you deign to give it.

Mar. Oh! you are in the right --- go on --- suspect me still, believe the worst you can --- 'tis all true -- I don't justify my self -- Why do you trouble me with your complaints? If you are Master of that manly Reason, you have boasted, give me a manly proof of it; at once resume

resume your Liberty, despise me, go, go off in Triumph now; and let me see you scorn the Woman, whose vile, o'er-bearing falsehood, would insult your senses.

Hear. O Heaven! is this the end of all? Are then those tender Protestations, you have made me, (for such I thought them) when with the softest kind reluctance, your rising blushes gave me something more, than Hope,--What all. O Maria! All but come to this?

Mar. (*Aside*) O lud! I am growing silly, If I hear on, I shall tell him every thing; 'tis but another struggle, and I shall conquer it--So so you are not gone, I see.

Hear. Do you then wish me gone, Madam?

Mar. Your manly Reason will direct you.

Hear. This is too much--my heart can bear no more. O! what? am I rooted here! 'Tis but a pang, and I am free for ever.

Enter Charles, with two Writings.

Mar. At last I am reliev'd: Well, Mr. Charles, is it done?

Charles. I did not stir from his desk, Madam, till it was intirely finish'd.

Mar. Where's the original?

Charles. This is it, Madam.

Mar. Very well, that, you know, you must keep; but come, we must lose no time, we will examine this in the next room. Now I feel for him. (*Aside.*)

(*Exit Maria, with Charles.*)

Hear. O Rage! Rage! this is not to be borne--she's gone, she's lost, sordidly has sold her self to Fortune, and I must now forget her--Hold, if possible, let me cool a moment--Interest! No, that could not tempt her--She knows I'm Master of a larger Fortune, than there her utmost hopes

hopes can give her; & that on her own conditions she may be mine: --- But what's this secret Treaty then within! what's doing there! who can resolve that Riddle?--- And yet perhaps like other Riddles, when 'tis explain'd, nothing may seem so easy: But why again, might she not trust me too with the Secret! That! that entangles all afresh, and sets me on the Rack of Jealousy.

Enter Colonel.

Col. How now, *Frank*! what in a Rapture?

Hear. Prithee, pardon me, I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. What is *Maria* in her alms again?

Hear. I know not what she is.

Col. Do you know where she is?

Hear. Retir'd this moment to her Chamber, with the Doctor's Servant.

Col. Why thou art not jealous of the Doctor, I hope?

Hear. Perhaps she'll be less reserv'd to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. Poor *Frank*, thou art a perfect Sir *Martin* in thy Amours; every Plot I lay upon my Sister's inclination for thee, thou art sure to ruin by thy own unfortunate conduct.

Hear. I own I have too little temper, and too much real Passion for a modish Lover.

Col. Come, come, prithee be easy once more, I'll undertake for you: if you'll fetch a cool turn in the *Park* upon *Constitution Hill*, in less than half an hour, I'll come to you.

Hear. Dear *Tom*, thou art a Friend indeed! O I have a thousand things--but you shall find me there.

(Exit Heartily.)

Tom. II.

I

Col.

Col. Poor *Frank*! now has he been taking some honest pains to make himself miserable.

Enter Maria, and Charles,

How now, Sister, what have you done to *Heartly*? The poor Fellow looks, as if he had kill'd your Parrot.

Mar. Pfah! you know him well enough - I have only been setting him a Love lesson; it a little puzzles him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow; you will be sure to be in the way, *Mr. Charles*?

Charles. Madam, you may depend upon me, I have my full instructions, *(Exit. Charles.*

Col. O ho! There's the business then, and it seems *Heartly* was not to be trusted with it; ha! ha! and prithee what is this mighty Secret, that's transacting between *Charles* and you?

Mar. That's what he would have known indeed; but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. O! pray take your own time dear Madam, I am not in haste to know, I can assure you; I came about another affair, our design upon the Doctor: Now while my Father takes his nap after dinner, would be the properest time to put it in execution: prithee go to my Lady, and perswade her to it this moment.

Mar. Why won't you go with me?

Col. No, I'll place my self unknown to her in this passage; for, should I tell her I design to overhear him, she might be scrupulous.

Mar. That's true - but hold, on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between *Charles* and me; nay, I give you leave to tell it *Heartly* too, on some conditions: 'tis true,

true, I did design to have surpriz'd you, but now--my mind's alter'd, that's enough.

Col. Ay, for any mortal's satisfaction -- but here comes my Lady.

Mar. Away then to your post--but let me see you, when this affair is over.

Col. I'll be with you. (*Ex. Col.*)

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Mar. Well, Madam, has your Ladyship consider'd my Brother's proposal about the Doctor?

Lady W. I have Child, and am convinc'd it ought not to be delay'd a moment: I have just sent to speak with him here---Sir *John* too presses me to give him a hearing upon your account; but must I play a treacherous part now, and instead of persuading you to the Doctor, ev'n persuade the Doctor against you.

Mar. Dear Madam, don't be so nice; if Wives were never to dissemble, what wou'd become of many wilful Husband's happiness?

Lady W. Nay, that's true too.

Mar. I'd give the World now methinks, to see this solemn Interview; sure there can't be a more ridiculous image, than unlawful Love peeping his sly head out from under the cloak of Sanctity! O! that I were in your Ladyship's place, I would lead that dancing blood of his such a profane Courant... your wise Fellows make the rarest Fools too: But your Ladyship will make a Rogue of him, and that will do our business at present.

Lady W. If he makes himself one, 'tis his own fault.

Mar. Dear Madam, one moments truce with the Prude, I beg you; don't start at his first Declaration, but let him go on, till he shews the very bottom of his ugly heart:

Lady W. I'll warrant you, I'll give a good account of him---here he comes:

Mar. Then I hope, Madam, you will give me leave to be commode, and steal off.

Lady W. Very well (*Ex. Maria, and Enter Doctor.*)

Doct. I am told, Madam, you design me the happiness of your commands; I am proud you think me worthy of them in any sort.

Lady W. Please to sit, Sir.

Doct. Did not Sir John inform you too, that I had desir'd a private Conference with your Ladyship?

Lady W. He did, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis then by his permission we are thus happily alone.

Lady W. True, and 'tis on that account, I wanted to advise with you.

Doct. Well, but dear Lady, ah! (*sighing*) you can't conceive the joyousness I feel, in this so unexpected Interview! ah! ah! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you--- Ah! ah! and how stands your precious health? Is your naughty cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights, with my concern for you; and every watchful Interval has sent a Thousand sighs and prayers to Heaven for your recovery.

Lady W. Your Charity was too far concern'd for me.

Doct. Ah! don't say so, don't say so---you merit more, than mortal Man can do for you,

Lady W. Indeed, you over-rate me.

Doct.

Doct. I speak it from my Soul! indeed! indeed!
indeed! I do. (*Presses her Hand.*)

Lady W. O dear! you hurt my hand, Sir.

Doct. Impute it to my Zeal, and want of words to express my heart; ah! I would not harm you for the World, no bright Creature, 'tis the whole business of my Soul to

Lady W. But to our affair, Sir.

Doct. Ah! thou heavenly Woman!

(*Laying his hand on her knee.*)

Lady W. Your hand need not be there, Sir.

Doct. Ah! I was admiring the softness of this silk Madam.

Lady W. Ay, but I am ticklish.

Doct. They are indeed come to a prodigious perfection in this Manufacture. How wonderful is humane Art! Here it disputes the prize with Nature-- that all this soft, and gaudy lustre, should be wrought, from the poor labours of a Worm!

(*Straking it.*)

Lady W. But our business, Sir, is upon another subject: Sir *John* informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligation to Mr. *Hearthy*, and therefore resolves to give you *Maria*: Now pray be sincere, and let me know what your real intentions are?

Doct. Is it possible! Can you, divine perfection, be still a Stranger to my real thoughts? Has no one action of my life inform'd you better? Since I must plainly speak them then, *Maria's* but a feint, a blind to screen my real thoughts from shrewd suspicion's eye, and shield your spotless Fame from worldly censure. Could you then think 'twas for *Maria's* sake, your Balls, Assemblies, and your Toilet Visits have been restrain'd? Would I have urged Sir

John to make that fence to inclose a Butterfly? No, soft, and serious Excellence, your Virtues only were the object of my care: I could not bear to see the Gay, the Young, and the Inconstant daily basking in your diffusive beams of Beauty, without a secret grudge, I might say Envy ev'n, of such Insects happiness.

Lady W. Well, Sir. I take all this, as I suppose you intended it, for my good, my spiritual welfare.

Doct. Indeed I meant you serious, cordial service.

Lady W. I dare say you did; you are above the low and momentary views of this World.

Doct. Ah! I should be so -- and yet, alas! I find this mortal cloathing of my Soul is made like other mens, of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady W. We all have those; but yours I know are well corrected by your divine, and virtuous Contemplations.

Doct. And yet our knowledge of eternal Beauties, doth not restrain us wholly from the love of all that's mortal -- Beauty here, 'tis true must die, but while it lives, 'twas given us to admire, to wake the sluggish heart, and charm the sensible. At the first sight of you, I felt unusual Transports in my Soul, and trembled at the guilt, that might ensue; but on reflection found my Flame receiv'd a sanction from your goodness, and might be reconcil'd with Virtue; on this I chaced my slanderous fears, let in the harmless Passion at my eyes, and gave up all my heart to Love.

Col. (Behind.) Indeed! so warm Sir *Roger*, but I shall cool your Passion with a witness. *(Exit.)*

Lady

Lady W. These gay professions, Sir, shew more the Courtier than the Zealot; nor could I think a mind so fortify'd as yours, could have been open to such vain temptations.

Doct. What bosom can be proof 'gainst such Artillery of Love? I may resist, call all my Prayers, my Fastings, Tears and Penance to my aid; but yet, alas! these have not made an Angel of me: I am still but Man; Virtue may strive, but Nature will be uppermost: Permit me then on this fair Shrine to pay my Vows, and offer up a heart ---

Lady W. Hold, Sir, you've said enough to put you in my power; suppose I now should let my Husband, Sir, your Benefactor, know the favour you design'd him? *(She rises.)*

Doct. You cannot be so cruel?

Lady W. Nor will, on one condition.

Doct. Name it.

Lady W. That instantly you renounce all claim and title to *Maria*, and use your utmost interest with Sir *John* to give her, with her full Fortune to Mr. *Hearthly*: If you are wise consider on't.

Sir John, and Col. behind.

(The Doctor turning accidentally sees them.)

Doct. Ha! the Colonel there! his Father with him too! here may have been some treachery; what's to be done? *(Alas.)*

Col. Now, Sir, let your eyes convince you.

Sir John. They do, that yours, Sir, have deceiv'd you; all this I knew of. *Apart.*

Col. How, Sir!

Sir John. Observe, and be convinc'd.

Doct. I have it.

Lady W. *(To the Doctor.)* Methinks this business needs not, Sir, so long a pause.

Doct. Madam, I cannot easily give up such honest hopes.

Lady W. Honest!

Doct. Perhaps my years are thought unequal to my flame; but, Lady, those were found no strong objection 'twixt Sir *John* and you; and can you blame me then for following so sure a Guide in the same youthful path to Happiness?

Lady W. Is this your resolution then?

Col. Will you let him go on, Sir?

Sir John. Yes, Sir, to confound your *Apart.* slander.

Col. Monstrous!

Doct. Can you suppose my heart less capable of Love, than his? Is it for me to push the blessing from me too? For tho' my flame has been of long duration, my conscious want of merit kept it still conceal'd, till his good Nature brought it to this blest occasion; and can you then, to authoriz'd, refuse your friendly pity to my sufferings? One word from you compleats my Joy; in you, Madam, is my only hope, my fear, my ease, my pain, my torment, or my happiness; *Maria! O! Maria!*

Col. Confusion.

Sir John. (*Coming forward with the Colonel.*) Now, vile Detractor of all Virtue, is your outrageous malice yet confounded? Did I not tell you too, he only made an interest here to gain your Sister?

Col. His Devil has outreacht me. (*Aside.*)

Sir John. Is this your rank detection of his treachery?

Doct. Sir *John*, I did not see you, Sir, I doubt you are come too soon, I have not yet prevail'd with her. (*Aside to him.*)

Sir

Sir John. Ah! good Man, be not concern'd; your trouble shall be shorter for't, I'll force her to compliance.

Lady W. What have you done---your Impatience has ruin'd all. } *Apart.*

Col. I see it now too late.

Sir John. Now, Sir! will your base prejudice of party never be at rest? Am I to be still thought partial, blind, and obstinate to favour so much injur'd Virtue? If thou art a Man not lost to Conscience, or to Honour, then like a Man repair this wrong, confess the rancour of thy vile suspicion, and throw thee at his feet for pardon.

Doct. What mean you, Sir?

Lady W. (*Aside.*) While he is in this temper he will not easily be undeceiv'd --- I've yet an after game to play, till when, 'tis best to leave him in his error, (*Ex. Lady Woodvil.*)

Sir John. What! mute! defenceless! hardned in thy Malice?

Col. I scorn the Imputation, and with the same repeated honesty avow (howe'er his cunning may have chang'd appearances) that you are still deceiv'd, that all I told you, Sir, was true, these eyes, these ears were witnesses of his audacious love, without the mention of my Sister's name, directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the honour of your Bed.

Sir John. Audacious Monster! were not your own senses evidence against your frontless Accusation? I see your aim; Wife, Children, Servants, all are bent against him, and think to weary me by groundless clamours to discard him? but all shall not do; your malice on your own vile heads; to me it but the more endears him.

Sir John. Nay good, my Lord, you carry it now too far; my Daughter is not wrong'd by it, but if not obstinate, may still be happy; and for my wicked Son, shall he then heir my Lands, to propagate more miserable Schismatics? No, let him depend on you, whom he has wrong'd; perhaps in time, he may reflect upon his Father's justice; be reconcil'd to your rewarded Virtues, and reform his fatal errors.

Reenter Charles with a Writing.

Doct. That would be indeed a blessing.

Sir John. If Heaven should at last reclaim him, the power to right him still is yours; in you I know he yet would find a fond forgiving Father.

Doct. The Imagination of so blest an hour, softens me to a tenderness, I can't support.

Sir John. O the dear, good Man! come, come, let's in to execute this Deed.

Doct. Will you then force me to accept this Trust? For, call it what you will, with me it shall never be more than such.

Sir John. Let that depend upon the conduct of my Son.

Doct. Well, Sir, since it may yet prevent his ruine, I consent.

So sweet a Hope must all my Fears controul,

I take the Trust, as Guardian to his Soul.

(Exeunt.)

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT.

ACT. IV.

Maria and Charles.

Mar. You were a Witness then?

Charles. I saw it sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, Madam.

Mar. And all pass'd without the least suspicion?

Charles. Sir John sign'd it with such Earnestness, and the Doctor receiv'd it with such a seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Mar. Well, Mr. Charles, whether it succeeds to our ends, or not, we have still the same obligations to you. You saw with what a friendly warmth my Brother heard your story, and I don't in the least doubt his success in your Affair at Court.

Charles. What I have done, my duty bound me to: But pray, Madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Mar. Freely, Sir.

Charles. Have you never suspected then, that in all this affair I have had some secret, stronger motive to it, than barely duty?

Mar. Yes . . . but have you been in no apprehensions, I should discover that motive?

(Gravely.)

Charles. Pray, pardon me; I see already, I have gone too far.

Mar. Not at all, it loses you no merit with me; nor is it in my nature to use any one ill, that

that loves me; unless I lov'd that one again, then indeed, there might be danger---Come, don't look grave, my Inclinations to another, shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit: I shall therefore always think my self oblig'd to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Charles By the dear, soft ease, you have given my heart, I never hoped for more.

Mar. Then I'll give you a great deal more, and to shew my particular good opinion of you, I'll do you a favour, *Mr. Charles*, I never did any Man, since I was born--- I'll be sincere with you.

Charles Is it then possible, you can have lov'd another, to whom you never were sincere?

Mar. Alas! you are but a Novice in the Passion---Sincerity is a dangerous Virtue, and often surfeits what it ought to nourish; therefore I take more pains to make the Man, I love, believe I slight him, than (if possible) I would to convince you of my esteem and Friendship.

Charles Be but sincere in that, Madam, and I can't complain.

Mar. Nay, I'll give you a proof of it, I'll shew you all the good nature, you can desire; you shall make what love to me you please now; but then I'll tell you the consequence, I shall certainly be pleas'd with it, and that will flatter you, till I do you a mischief. Now do you think me sincere?

Charles I scarce consider that, but I'm sure you are agreeable.

Mar. Why look you there now! do you consider, that a Woman has as live be thought agreeable, as handsome? And how can you suppose,

suppose, from one of your sense, that I am not pleas'd with being told so?

Charles Was ever temper so enchanting?

Mar. Or Vanity more venial! I'm pleas'd with you. *(Smiling.)*

Charles Distracting! sure never was despair administred with a hand so gentle.

Mar. So! now you have convinc'd me, I have a good Understanding too--- Why I shall certainly have the better opinion of yours, for finding it out now.

Charles Your good opinion's what I aim at.

Mar. Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again, and then you the better of me upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. *Charles*, your good sense will prevent all this.

Charles I see my folly now, and blush at my presumption: but yet to cure my weaning heart, and reconcile me to my doom, be yet sincere, and satisfy one sickly longing of my Soul.

Mar. To my power, command me.

Charles O! tell me then the requisites I want, and what's the secret Charm, that has preferr'd my Rival to your heart?

Mar. Come then, be chearful, and I'll answer like a Friend. The gentleness, and modesty of your temper, would make with mine but an unequal mixture: with you I shou'd be ungovernable, not know my self; your compliance would undo me. I am by nature vain, thoughtless, wild, and wilful; therefore ask a higher Spirit to controul and lead me. For whatever outward airs I give my self, I
am

am within convinc'd, a Woman makes a very wrong figure in happiness, that does not think superiority best becomes her Husband --- But what's yet more; tho' I confess you have qualities uncommon in your Sex, and such, as ought to warm a heart to love; yet here you come too late; Compassion's all within my power; And I know you cannot but have seen, I am under obligations, I need not explain to you.

Charles I am satisfied--- You treat me with so kind and gentle a concern, that I must submit to it.

Mar. (Apart.) Well! when all's done, he's a pretty Fellow; and the first sure, that ever heard Reason against himself with so good an Understanding.

Enter a Servant with a Letter to Charles.

Serv. Sir, the Colonel order'd me to give this into your own hands.

Mar. From my Brother? ... Where is he?

Serv. I left him, Madam at the Secretary's Office with one Sir Charles Trueman, and Mr. Hearty. *(Exit Serv.)*

Charles Ha! my Father! O! Heaven, 'tis his hand too! Now I tremble!

Mar. Come, Sir, take heart; I dare say there's good News in't, and should be glad to hear it But no Ceremony; pray read to your self first.

Charles. Since you command me, Madam *(Reads to himself.)*

Maria (Apart.) Lord! how one may live, and learn! I could not have believ'd, that Modesty in a young Fellow could have been so amiable a Virtue: And though, I own, there is

is I know not what of dear delight in indulging one's Vanity with them; yet, upon serious reflection, we must confess, that Truth and Sincerity have a thousand charms beyond it. And I now find more pleasure in my self-denying endeavours to make this poor Creature easy, than ever I took in humbling the Airs and Assurance of a Man of Quality --- I believe I had as good confess all this to *Heartly*, and ev'n make up the bustle with him too --- But then he will so teaze one for instances of real Inclination... O Ged... I can't bear the thought on't... And yet we must come together too... Well! Nature knows the way to be sure, and so I'll ev'n trust to her for't... Bless me! What's the matter? you seem concern'd, Sir,

(To Charles wiping his Tears.)

Charles. I am indeed, but 'tis with Joy! O! Madam! my Father's reconcil'd to me: This Letter is from him.

Mar. Pray let's hear.

Charles. *(Reading.)*

Dear Charles,

This day, by Colonel Woodvil, I receiv'd the joyful News of your being yet alive, and well: Though that's but half my comfort. He has assur'd me too, you have renounc'd those Principles, that made me think your Death my happiness. The services you have intended his Family, and may do the Government, in your just detection of a Traytor, that would ruin both, have been so well receiv'd at Court, and so generously represented there by the Colonel and Mr. Heartly, that they have obtain'd an Order for your Pardon; which I now stay the passing of, before I throw my Arms about you, that I may leave no doubt or fear behind, to interrupt the fulness of my Joy.

Tom. II,

K

I am

I am inform'd, that in revealing your self to a certain fair Lady, you have let fall some words, that shew you have an innocent, tho' hopeless Passion for her. Your Youth excuses what is past; but now consider how far you owe your life to Mr. Heartly: I therefore charge you, on my Blessing, to give up every idle thought of Love, that may interrupt his happiness, or abate the merit of what you've done to deserve the Pardon of your Sovereign, or of your affectionate forgiving Father.

Charles Trueman.

Mar. I am overjoy'd at your good fortune.

Charles. You, Madam, are the source of all. but I am now unfit to thank you. *(Weeps.)*

Mar. You owe me nothing, Sir; Success was all I hoped for.

Charles. Pray excuse me. It would be rudeness to trouble you with the tender thoughts, this must give a heart oblig'd like mine. *(Exit Charles.)*

Mar. Poor Creature! how full his honest heart is? What early vicissitudes of Fortune has he run through? Well! this was handsomely done of *Heartly*, considering what he had felt upon his account, to be so concern'd for his Pardon.

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady W. Dear *Maria*, what will become of us? The Tyranny of this subtle Priest is insupportable: He has so fortified himself in Sir *John's* opinion, by this last misconduct of your Brother, that I begin to lose my usual power with him.

Mar. Pray explain, Madam.

Lady W. In spite of all I cou'd urge, he is this minute bringing the Doctor to make his Addresses to you.

Mar.

Mar. I am glad on't: for the beast must come like a Bear to the Stake, I'm sure: He knows I shall bait him.

Lady W. No, no, he presses it, to keep Sir *John* still blind to his wicked design upon me... Therefore I came to give you notice, that you might be prepar'd to receive him.

Mar. I am oblig'd to your Ladyship: Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady W. You have heard, I suppose, what an extravagant Settlement; your Father has sign'd to.

Mar. Yes, Madam, but I am glad your Ladyship's like to be a gainer by it, however: For when I marry, it will be without the Doctor's consent, depend upon't.

Lady W. No, Child, I did not come into Sir *John's* Family with a design to injure it, or make any one of it my Enemy: Whenever that Four Thousand Pound falls into my hands, you'll find it as firmly yours, as if it had been given you, without that odious condition.

Mar. Madam, I think my self as much oblig'd by this kind intention, as the performance: But if your Ladyship could yet find a way to prove this Hypocrite a private Villain to my Father, I am not without hopes, the Publick will soon have enough against him, to give a turn to the Settlement.

Lady W. But suppose that fails, what will become of your poor Brother?

Mar. But, dear Madam, I cannot suppose this Fellow must not be hang'd at last; and then, you know, the same honest hand that ties him up, releates the Settlement.

Lady W. Not absolutely; neither; for this very House is given him in present, which, tho' that were to be the end of him, would then be forfeited.

Mar. Why, then my Brother must ev'n petition the Government. There have been presidents of the same favour, Madam. If not, he must pay for his blundering, and lay his next Plot deeper, I think.

Lady W. I am glad you are so cheerful upon it, however; it looks, as if you had something in *Petto* to depend upon. But here comes the Doctor.

Enter Sir John, with the Doctor.

Sir John. Daughter, since you have the happiness to be thought amiable in the eye of this good Man, I expect you'll give him an instant opportunity to improve it into an Amity for life.

Mar. I hope, Sir, I shall give him no occasion to alter his opinion of me.

Sir John. Why, that's well said; come, Sweetheart, we'll use no ceremony.

(Exit Sir John, with Lady W. Maria and the Doctor stand some time mute in formal civilities, and a conscious contempt of each other.)

Mar. Please to sit, Sir ... What can the ugly cur say to me? He seems a little puzzled. This puts me in mind of the tender interview between *Lady Charlotte*, and *Lord Hardy* in the Funeral.

Doct. Look you, fair Lady, not to make many words, I am convinc'd, notwithstanding your good Father's favour, I am not the person, you desire to be alone with, upon this occasion.

Mar.

Mar. Your modesty ... is pleas'd to be in the right, Sir.

Dof. Humh! if I don't flatter my self, you have always had a very ill opinion of me.

Mar. A worse, Sir, of no Mortal breathing.

Dof. Humh! and it is likely, it may be immoveable.

Mar. No rock so firm.

Dof. Humh! from these premises then, I may reasonably conclude, you hate me heartily.

Mar. Most sincerely, Sir.

Dof. Well! there is, however, some merit in speaking truth; therefore to be as just on my side, I ought in conscience to let you know, that I have as cordial a contempt for you too.

Mar. O fy! you flatter me. (*Affecting a blush.*)

Dof. Indeed I don't; you wrong your own imperfections to think so.

Mar. These words from any tongue but yours, might shock me; but coming from the only Man I hate... they charm me.

Dof. Admirable! there seems good sense in this: Have you never observ'd Madam, that sometimes the greatest discords raise the most agreeable harmony?

Mar. Yes, but what do you infer from thence?

Dof. That while we still preserve this temper in our hate, a mutual benefit may rise from it.

Mar. O! never fear me, Sir; I shall not fly out, being convinc'd, that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's Aversion, as good breeding; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Dof. Most accurately distinguish'd. Well, Madam, is there no Project you can think of now, to turn this mutual Aversion, as I said, into a mutual Benefit?

Mar. None, that I know of, unless we were to marry for our mutual mortification.

Doct. What would you give then, to avoid marrying me?

Mar. My Life, with joy, if Death alone cou'd shun you.

Doct. When you marry any other Person... my consent is necessary.

Mar. So I hear indeed... But pray, *Doctor*, tell me, how could your Modesty receive so insolent a Power, without putting my poor Father out of countenance with your blushes?

Doct. You over rate my Prudence: I fought it not, but he would crowd it in among other obligations: He is good natur'd, and I could not shock him by a refusal. Wou'd you have had me plainly told him, what a despicable opinion I had of his Daughter?

Mar. Or rather, what a favourable one you had of his Wife, Sir?

Doct. Humh! you seem to lose your temper.

Mar. Why do you suppose, the whole Family does not see it, except my Father?

Doct. If you will keep your temper, I have something to propose to you.

Mar. Your reproof is just; but I only rais'd my voice, to let you know, I know you.

Doct. You might have spar'd your pains, it being of no consequence to my proposal, what you think of me.

Mar. Not unlikely. Come, Sir, I am ready to receive it.

Doct. In one word then... I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. *Hearty*... Am I right?

Mar. Once in your life, you are.

Doct. Nay, no Compliments, let us be plain-- Would you marry him?

Mar.

Mar. You are mighty nice, methinks. -- Well, I would.

Doct. Then I won't consent to it. -- Now, if you have any proposal to make me, -- if not, our Amour's at an end; and we part as civil Enemies, as if we had been married this twelvemonth. -- Think of it.

Mar. (*Aside.*) O the mercenary Villain, he wants to have a fellow-feeling, I find. -- What shall I do with him? -- bite him? -- pretend to comply, and make my advantage of it. -- Well, Sir, I understand every thing but the Sum. -- if we agree upon that, it's a bargain.

Doct. Half.

Mar. What, two thousand Pound for your consent only?

Doct. Why, is not two thousand Pound worth two thousand Pound? Don't you actually get so much by it? Is not the half better than nothing? Come, come, say, I have us'd you like a Friend.

Mar. Nay, I think it's the only civil thing you have done, since you came into the Family.

Doct. Do you then make your advantage of it.

Mar. Why, as you say, Doctor, it's better than nothing. But how is my Father to be brought into this?

Doct. Leave that to my management.

Mar. What Security tho' do you expect for this money?

Doct. O! when I deliver my consent in writing, *Hearsty* shall lay it me down in Bank Bills.

Mar. Well! on one proviso, I'll undertake that too.

Doct. Name it.

Mar. Upon your immediately owning to my Father, that you are willing to give up your Interest to Mr. *Heartsly*,

Doct. Humbly I say -- I agree to it --- you shall have proof of it this evening -- But in the mean time, let me warn you too; Don't expect, after I have hinted what you desire to your Father, to make your advantages now by betraying me to him. You know my power there; if you do, I can easily give it a counter turn: to discover what you please, I shall only pity you.

Mar. O I shall not stand in my own light; I know your power, and your Conscience too well dear *Doctor*.

Doct. Nay, I dare depend upon your being true to your own interest. Here comes your Father, I will break it to him immediately. You'll prepare Mr. *Heartsly* in the mean time.

Mar. Without fail.

Doct. I am satisfied.

Enter Sir John,

Sir John. Well, Sir, is my Daughter prudent? Has she at last a true and virtuous sense of Happiness?

Doct. She understands me better than I hoped; Sir,

Mar. Well said Equivocation. *(Aside.)*

Doct. If you please, Sir *John*, we'll take a turn in the Garden, I have something there to offer to you.

Sir John. With all my heart, Sir, --- *Maria*. -- There's a Toy for thee -- Now thou art again my Daughter.

(Gives her a Ring.)

Come, Sir, I wait on you.

Exeunt Sir John and Doctor.

Mar

Mar. What this Fellow's original was, I know not; but by his Conscience and cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuite. Here comes my Brother, and I hope with a good account of him--Well! Brother, What success?

Enter Colonel.

Col. All that my honest heart could wish for--Substantial Affidavits! that will puzzle him to answer: I have planted a Messenger at the next door, who has a Warrant in his pocket, when I give the Word, to take him.

Mar. Why should not you do it immediately, he's now in the Garden with my Father?

Col. No; our seizing him now for Treason, I am afraid won't convince my Father of his Villany: My design is not only to get my Father out of his hands, but to drive the pernicious Principles he has instill'd, out of my Father too.

Mar. That I doubt will be difficult.

Col. Not at all, if we can first prove him a private Villain to him. My Father's Honesty will soon reflect, and may receive as sudden a turn, as his Credulity.

Mar. That's true again; and I hope I am furnish'd with a new occasion to begin the Alarm to him.

Col. Pray what is't?

Mar. Not to trouble you with particulars; but in short, I have agreed with the Doctor, that *Heartly* shall give him two thousand Pounds for his Consent; without which, you know, by my Father's late Settlement, *Heartly* and I can never come together.

Col. And does the Monster really insist upon't?

Mar. Not only that, but ev'n defies me to make an advantage of the Discovery.

Col. One would think the Villain suspects his footing in the Family is but short liv'd, he is in such haste to have his pennyworths out on't. But prithee, Sister, What Secret's this, that you have yet behind in those Writings, that *Charles* brought to you?

Mar. O! that's what I can't yet tell you.

Col. Why, pray?

Mar. Because, when you have done all you can, I am resolv'd to reserve some merit against him to my self.

Col. But why do you suppose, I would not assist in it?

Mar. You can't, it's now too late.

Col. Pishah! this is rash, and ridiculous.

Mar. Ay, may he so; I suppose *Hearty* will be of that opinion too: But if he is, you had better advise him to keep it to himself.

Col. You will have your obstinate way, I find.

Mar. It can't be worse than yours, I'm sure; remember how you came off in your last project; I know you meant well, but you are disinherited for all that!

Col. That's no surprize to me; but I am asham'd however.

Mar. By the way, What have you done with *Hearty*? why is he not here?

Col. He has been here, but you must excuse him; he was obliged to call in haste for *Charles*, whom he took home with him in his own Coach, where his Father waited to receive him.

Mar. The poor Boy by this time then has seen him. Sure their meeting must have been a moving sight; I would give the World methinks for a true account of it.

Col.

Col. You'll have it from *Hearty* by and by: 'tis at his house they meet: The Father, Sir *Charles Trueman*, hapned to be *Hearty's* intimate Acquaintance.

Mar. Well! I own *Hearty* has gained upon me by this.

Col. I am glad to hear that at least. But I must let my Lady know what progress we have made in the *Dollar's* business, and beg her assistance to finish him. (*Ex. Col.*)

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, Mr. *Hearty*.

Mar. Desire him to walk in.

Enter Hearty.

Hear. To find you thus alone, Madam, was an happiness I did not expect, from the temper of our last parting.

Mar. I should have been as well pleas'd now to have been thank'd, as reproach'd for my good nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Hear. Indeed you took me wrong; I literally meant, that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserv'd this Favour.

Mar. Well, then, one of us has been in the wrong at least.

Hear. 'Twas I, I own it--more is not in my power; all the amends that have been, I have made you: My very joy of seeing you, has waited, till what you had at heart unask'd, was perfected; my own pardon was postpon'd, till I had secur'd one ev'n for a Rival's life, whom you so justly had compassionated.

Mar.

Mar. Pooh! but why would you say *unask'd* now? Don't you consider your doing it so, is half the merit of the action? --- Lord! you have no art; you should have left me to have taken notice of that: only imagine now, how kind, and handsome an acknowledgment you have robb'd me of!

Hear. And yet how artfully you have paid at: With what a wanton, charming ease you play upon my tenderness!

Mar. Well, but was not you silly now?

Hear. (*Gazing on her*) Come-- You shall not be serious-- You can't be more agreeable.

Mar. O! but I am serious.

Hear. Then I'll be so--- Do you forgive me all?

Mar. What. (*Looking on her Fan, as not hearing him.*)

Hear. Are we Friends, *Maria*?

Mar. O Lord! but you have told me nothing of poor *Charles*; Pray how did his Father receive him?

Hear. Must you needs know that, before you answer me?

Mar. Lord! you are never well, till you have talk'd one out of countenance.

Hear. Come, I won't be too particular, you shall answer nothing--- Give me but your hand only.

Mar. Pshaw! I won't pull off my glove, not I.

Hear. I'll take it as it is then.

Mar. Lord! there, there, eat it, eat it.

(*Putting it awkwardly to him.*)

Hear. And so I could by Heaven

(*Kisses it eagerly, and pulls off her Glove.*)

Mar. O my glove! my glove! my glove!--
Pooh? you are in a perfect storm! Lord! if you make

make such a rout with ones hand only, What would you do if you had ones Heart!

Hear. That's impossible to tell---But you were asking me of *Charles*, Madam.

Mar. O! ay, that's true! Well, now you are good again---Come tell me all that affair, and then you shall see --- how I will like you.

(Wantonly.)

Hear. O! that I could thus play with Inclination?

Mar. Pshaw! but you don't tell me now.

Hear. There is not much to tell -- Where two such tender Passions met, words had but faintly spoke them. The Son conducted to the door with sudden fear stopt short, and bursting into sighs, o'ercharg'd with Shame, and Joy, had almost fainted in my arms: The Father touch'd with his concern, moved forward with a kindly smile to meet him. At this he took new life, and springing from his hold, fell prostrate at his feet; where mute, and trembling, for a while he lay: At length with streaming eyes, and faulting tongue, he begg'd his pardon. The tender Father caught him in his Arms, and dropping his fond head upon his cheek, kiss'd him, and sigh'd out *Heaven protect thee!* then gave into his hand the Royal Pardon; and turning back his face to dry his manly eyes, he cry'd, *Deserve this Royal Mercy and I am still thy Father.* The grateful Youth, raising his heart - swollen voice, reply'd: *May Heaven preserve the Royal Life, that gave it!* But here, their Passions grew too strong for farther speech: Silent Embraces, alternate sighs, and mingling tears, were all their language now. The moving Scene became too tender for my eyes, and call'd methought, for privacy; there unperceiv'd

I left

I left them, to recover into breathing senses and utterable Joy.

Mar. Well! of all the inmost transports of the Soul, there's none, that dance into the heart, like friendly Reconcilements.

Hear. Those transports might be ours, *Maria*, would you but try your power to pardon.

Mar. Which of those two now do you think was happiest at that meeting?

Hear. O! the Father, doubtless; Great Souls feel a kind of honest glory in forgiving; that far exceeds the transport of receiving pardon.

Mar. Now I think, to bend the stubborn mind to ask it, is an equal Conquest; and the Joy superior to receive, where the heart wishes to be under Obligations.

Hear. Put me into the happy Boy's condition, and I may then, perhaps, resolve you better.

Mar. You shall positively bring him into acquaintance.

Hear. Upon my Word I will.

Mar. And shew him to all the Women of Taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty Fellow too.

Hear. I will indeed: But hear me---

Mar. I'm positive, if he had white stockings he would cut down all the Dangers at Court in a fortnight!

Hear. O! no doubt on't; but---

Mar. You can't conceive how prettily he makes love now.

Hear. Not so well, as you make your defence, *Maria*.

Mar. O Lord! I had forgot---he's to teach me *Greek* too.

Hear. O, the trifling Tyrant! How long, *Maria*, do you think, you can find out new evaluations for what I say unto you? *Mar.*

Mar. Lord, you are horrid silly ! But since 'tis Love, that makes you such a dunce --- poor Heartily, --- I forgive you. (*Enter Colonel, unseen.*)

Hear. That's kind, however --- But to compleat my Joy, be kinder yet --- and ---

Mar. O ! I can't, I can't --- Lord ! did you never ride a Horse Match ?

Hear. Was ever so wild a question ?

Mar. Because if you have, it runs in my head, you certainly gallop'd a Mile beyond the winning Post, to make sure on't.

Hear. Now I understand you : But since you will have me touch every thing so very tenderly, Maria, How shall I find proper words to ask you the Lover's last necessary Question ?

Mar. O ! there's a thousand Points to be adjusted, before that's answer'd.

Col. (*Coming unexpectedly between them.*) Name them this moment then, for positively this is the last time of asking.

Mar. Pshaw ! Who sent for you ?

Col. I only came to teach you to speak plain English, my dear.

Mar. Lord ! mind your own business, can't you ?

Col. So I will ; for I will make you do more of yours in two minutes, than you would have done without me in a Twelvemonth. Why, how now ! What ! do you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for ever ?

Mar. This is mighty pretty.

Col. You'll say so on *Thursday* sevenight, (for let affairs take whar turn they will in the Family) that's positively your wedding-Day --- Nay, you sha'n't stir.

Mar. Was ever such assurance ?

Hear.

Hear. Upon my Life, Madam, I am out of countenance. I don't know how to behave myself to him.

Mar. No, no, let him go on, only--- This is beyond whatever was known, sure?

Hear. Admirable! I hope it will come to something. (*Aside.*)

Col. Ha! ha! If I were to leave you to your selves now, what a couple of pretty out-of-countenance Figures you would make; humming and hawing upon the vulgar points of Jointure, & Pinmoney--- Come, come. I know what's proper o'both sides, you shall leave it to me.

Hear. I had rather *Maria* would name her own terms to me.

Col. Have you a mind to any thing particular? (*To Maria.*)

Mar. Why sure! What! Do you think I'm only to be fill'd out here as you please, and sweetned, and supp'd up like a dish of *Babea*?

Col. Why, pray Madam, when your Tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it? But you, I suppose, expect a Lover's heart, like your lamp, should be always flaming at your elbow; and when it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the Spirit of contradiction.

Mar. And so you suppose, that your assurance has made an end of this matter?

Col. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Mar. That then would compleat it?

Col. Perfectly.

Mar. Why then take it, *Heartly.* (*Giving her Hand to Heart.*)

Hear. O soft Surprize! Exstatick Joy.

Mar.

Mar. Now I presume you are in high Triumph, Sir. *(To the Col.)*

Col. No, Sister, now you are consistent with that good sense, I always thought you Mistress of:

Mar. I'm afraid, Mr: *Heartly*, we are both oblig'd to him.

Hear. If you think so, *Maria*, my heart--- is under double obligations laid. *(Embracing him.)*

Col. --- If it cements our Friendship, I am overpaid. *(Exit.)*

ACT. V

Heartly, and Maria.

Mar. **W**ell, now, *Heartly*, you have nothing to do, but to look forward and, if possible, to forget what I have been to you: Though 'tis a horrid restraint you lay upon our Sex: You first make it the business of your lives to blow up our Vanity, and then preposterously expect we should be prudent and humble: That is, you invite us to a Feast, where 'tis criminal to taste, or have an appetite: You put a Sword into a Child's hand, and then are angry, if it does mischief.

Hear. You give up too much, *Maria*; I never treated you so: What might have been Flattery to most Women, was but honest truth to you.

Mar. Why look you there now! Is not that enough to turn any poor Woman into a Changeling?

Hear. No, because 'tis true; charge me with a Falsehood and I submit.

Mar. Nay then, did you not once tell me, that all my Aims and Follies were merely put

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on in compliance to the World, and that good sense was only natural to me; that ev'n my Affectation (I have not forgot your words) carried more sincerity, than the serious Vows of other Women?

Hear. By all my happiness I think so still.

Mar. What, seriously?

Hear. Upon my Soul I do.

Mar. Lord! that's delightful! Do you really love me then, *Heartly*? Do, tell me, for now I begin to believe every thing you say to me. But don't neither---I am vain still---'Twas my Vanity, that made me ask you.

Hear. Now I don't take it so.

Mar. There was some in't I am sure, tho' it begins to dwindle, I can tell you.

Hear. No matter, I love you as you are, I would not have you lose your pleasantry, *Maria*.

Maria. Well, do, let me be silly sometimes.

Hear. O! I can play with you, for that matter.

Mar. Pshah! you'll laugh at me.

Hear. Not while you are good in essentials.

Mar. Indeed I'll be very good,

Hear. O fy that will be the way to make me so.

Mar. Lord! What signifies sense, where there is so much pleasure in Folly?

Hear. No perfect passion ever was without it; the pleasure would subside were we always to be wise in it.

Mar. For my part I think so: But will you really stand to the agreement tho', that I have made with the Doctor?

Hear. Why not? You shall not break your Word upon my account, tho' he might be a Villain, you gave it to.

Mar. Well, I take it as a compliment; not but I have some hopes of getting over it, and justly

justly too; but don't let me tell you now, I love to surprize---Tho' you shall know all, if you desire it.

Hear. No, *Maria*, I don't want the Secret; I am satisfied in your inclination to trust me.

Mar. Well then, I'll keep the Secret, only to shew you, that you, upon occasion, may trust me with one.

Hear. After that, *Maria*, it would be wronging you to ask it. But pray, *Madam*, has the Doctor yet given you any proof of his having declin'd his interest to your Father?

Mar. Yes, he told me just now, he had brought him to pause upon it, and does not question in two days to compleat it; but desires in the mean time, you will be ready and punctual with the *Præmium*.

Hear. Suppose I should talk with Sir *John* my self; 'tis true he has slighted me of late, but however, I ought at least to ask his consent, though I have but little hopes of it.

Mar. By all means, do so---Here he comes---This may open another Scene of action too, that we are preparing for.

Enter Sir John, and Lady Woodvil, who walks apart with Maria.

Sir John. Mr. *Heartly*, I am glad I have met with you here.

Hear. I have endeavour'd twice to day, Sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir John. Sir, I'll be plain with you-- I went out to avoid you; but where the welfare of a Child is concern'd, you must not take it ill, if we don't stand upon ceremony. --- However, since I have reason now to be more in temper,

on in compliance to the World, and that good sense was only natural to me; that ev'n my Affectation (I have not forgot your words) carried more sincerity, than the serious Vows of other Women?

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than perhaps I was, at that time, I should be glad to talk with you.

Hear. I take it as a favour, Sir.

Sir John. Sir, -- Doctor *Wolf* informs me, that he is well assured, you were born the year before the Revolution: Now Sir, I should be glad to be well satisfied in that point; a greater consequence depending on it, perhaps, than you imagine.

Hear. Sir, I have been always told, that was my age; but for your farther satisfaction I appeal to the Register.

Sir John. Sir, I dare believe you, and am glad to hear it.

Hear. But pray, Sir, may I beg leave to ask, why you are so concerned to know this?

Sir John. Because, Sir, if this be true, I am satisfied you may be a *regular Christian*; the doubt of which, may have, perhaps, done you some disservice in my private opinion.

Hear. Sir, if that can reconcile me to it, I shall be thankful for the benefit, without considering, why I that way came to deserve it.

Sir John. That Argument might hold us now too long -- But, Sir, -- here's the case -- your Principles and mine have the misfortune to differ: Yours being (as I take it) entirely on the Revolution side.

Hear. If I am not misinform'd, Sir, you your self commanded a Regiment in defence of it.

Sir John. I did so, and thought it just -- 'T would be fruitless, perhaps, to offer you the reasons, that since have alter'd my opinion: But now, Sir, even supposing, that I err in Principle, you must still allow, that Conscience is the Rule, that every honest Man ought to walk by.

Hear. 'Tis granted Sir.

Sir

Sir John. Then give me leave to tell you Sir, that giving you my Daughter would be to act against that Conscience, I pretend to; and consequently the same ties oblige me to bestow her, where the same Principles with mine, I think deserve her.---Now, Sir, consult your own Honour, and tell me, how you can still pursue my Daughter, without doing violence to mine?

Hear. But, Sir, to shorten this dispute, suppose the Doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his interest; might not that soften your objections to me?

Sir John. But why do you suppose, Sir, he would give up his interest?

Hear. I only judge from what your Daughter tells me, Sir.

Sir John. My Daughter!

Hear. I appeal to her.

Mar. And I appeal ev'n to your self, Sir. Has not the Doctor just now in the Garden spoke in favour of Mr. *Heartly* to you? Nay, pray, Sir, be plain, because more depends on that, than you can easily imagine, or believe.

Sir John. What senseless insinuation have you got in your head now?

Mar. Be so kind, Sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir John. Well, I own he has declined his interest, in favour of Mr. *Heartly*: But I must tell you, Madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good natur'd, so conscientious a manner, that I now think my self more, than ever bound in Honour to espouse him.

Mar. But now, Sir, (only for Arguments sake) suppose I could prove, that all this seeming Virtue was utterly artificial; that his regard to Mr. *Heartly* was neither founded upon modesty,

Friendship, Good Nature, nor Conscience; or in short, that he has basely betray'd and sold the Trust you made him; like a Villain barter'd, bargain'd to give me to Mr. *Hearthly*, for half the four thousand Pound, you have valued his consent at. I say, suppose this were the case, where would be his Virtue then, Sir?

Sir John. And I say 'tis impious to suppose it.

Hear. Under favour, Sir, how is it possible your Daughter could know the Doctor had spoke to you upon this head, if he himself had not told her so, in consequence of his Agreement?

Sir John. Sir, I don't admit your Consequence: Her knowing it from him is no proof, that he might not still resign her from a principle of Modesty, or Good-nature.

Mar. Then, Sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir John. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Mar. That's too hard, Sir. What blot has stain'd my Life, that you can think so of me? But, Sir, the worst, your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr *Hearthly*, without either his Consent or yours.

Sir John. What, do you brave me, Madam?

Mar. (in Tears) No Sir, but I scorn a Lye, and will so far vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a Child, whom you abandon, I have a right to throw my self into other arms for Protection.

Hear. O Maria! how thy Spirit charms me?
(*apart to her.*)

Sir John. I am confounded! those Tears cannot be counterfeit; nor can this be true.

Lady

Lady W. Indeed my dear, I fear it is; it would be cruel to her concern, to think it wholly false. Can you suppose, she'd urge so gross an Accusation only to expose her self to the Justice of your resentment?

Sir John. What are you against him too? then he has no Friend but me, and I cannot, at so short a warning, give him up to Infamy, and Baseness.

Lady W. Good Sir, be compos'd, and ask your heart one farther Question.

Sir John. What would you say to me?

Lady W. In all our mutual course of happiness have I ever yet deceiv'd you with a falsehood?

Sir John. Never, I grant it; nor has my honest heart yet wrong'd thy goodness with a jealous thought of it.

Lady W. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him too? even of crimes, that Virtue blushes but to mention?

Sir John. To what extravagance would you drive me?

Lady W. I would before have undeceiv'd you, when his late artifice turn'd the honest duty of your Son, into his own reproach, and ruine: But knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it. But now, in better hope of being believ'd, I here avow the truth of all he was accus'd of then.

Sir John. Will you distract me? my Senses could not be deceiv'd.

Lady W. Indeed, they were; he saw you listning, and at the instant turn'd his impious barefac'd love to me, into equivocal Intercessions pretending to Maria.

Sir John. You startle me.

Lady W. Could you otherwise suppose, your Son would have brought you to be witness of his own weak malice in accusing him?

Sir John. I'm all astonishment!

Lady W. Come, Sir, suspend your wonder, respite your belief ev'n of this, till grosser evidence convinces you: Suppose I here, before your face, should let you see his Villany; make him repeat his odious love to me; at once throw off his Mask, and shew the barefac'd Traytor.

Sir John. Is it possible? Make me but witness of that fact, and I shall soon accuse my self, and own my folly equal to his baseness: But pardon me, as I, in such a case, would not believe, ev'n him accusing you, so am I bound in equal Charity to think, you yet may be deceiv'd, in what you charge on him.

Lady W. 'Tis just---let it be so---we'll yet suppose him innocent, till you your self pronounce him guilty: and since I have stak'd my Faith upon the truth of what I urge, 'tis fit, we bring him to immediate tryal. But then Sir, I must beg you to descend ev'n to the poor shifts, we are reduc'd to.

Sir John. All, to any thing to ease me of my doubts, propose them.

Lady W. They that would set toils for Beasts of prey, must lurk in humble Caves to watch their Haunts.

Sir John. Place me where you please:

Lady W. Under this table is your only stand, the Carpet will conceal you.

Sir John. Be it so, I'll take my Post, what more?

Lady W. Mr. Heartly, shall we beg your leave; and you *Maria*, take the least suspected way to send the Doctor to me immediately.

Mar.

Mar. I have a thought will do it, Madam,---
come Sir, (Exit *Mar.* and *Hear.*)

Lady W. Here Sir, take this cushion, you will be easier : *Sir John goes under the Table.*
Now Sir, you must consider how desperate a disease I have undertaken to cure, therefore you must not winch, nor stir too soon, at any freedom, you observe me take with him ; be sure he close and still, and when the Proof is full, appear at your discretion.

Sir John. Fear not, I'll be patient.

Lady W. Hush ! he comes.

Enter Doctor with a Book.

Doct. Your Woman told me, Madam, you were here alone, and desir'd to speak with me.

Lady W. I did Sir ; but that we may be sure we are alone, pray shut the outward door, and see that passage too be clear, another surprize might ruine us - is all safe ?

Doct. I have taken care Madam.

Lady W. I am afraid I interrupt your Meditations.

Doct. Say rather you improve them : You, Madam, were the subject of my solitary thoughts ; I take in all the little aids I can to guard my frailty ; and truly I have receiv'd great consolation from an unfortunate example here before me.

Lady W. Pray of what kind Sir ?

Doct. I had just dipt into poor *Eloisas* Passion for *Abelard* ; It is indeed a piteous conflict ! How terrible ! How penitent a sense she shews of guilty pleasures past, and fruitless pains to shut them from her Memory !

Lady W. I have read her Story Sir.

Doct. Is it not pitiful ?

L 5

Lady

Lady W. A heart of stone might feel for her.

Doct. O ! think then, what I endure for you, such are my pains, and such is my sincerity ; tho' I fear my being reduc'd to feign a Passion for *Maria*, in my late surprize, has done dishonour to the Vows, I then proffer'd to you.

Lady W. 'Twas on that point, I wanted now to talk with you ; not knowing then, how far you might mistake my silence : Now had I clos'd with the Colonel in accusing you, it would have been plain, I was your Enemy ; as, had I join'd in your defence against him, it had been as grossly evident, I was his : but since I have uses for his Friendship, and as I saw, your credit with Sir *John* needed no support, I hope you'll think, betwixt the two extremes I have acted but a prudent part.

Doct. Let me presume to hope then, what I did, you judge was self defence, and pure necessity.

Lady W. 'Twas wonderful ! Suprizing to perfection ! The Wit of it --- but I won't tell you, what effect it had upon me.

Doct. Why, Madam ? let me beseech you.

Lady W. No, 'twas nothing --- beside --- what need you ask me ?

Doct. Why do you thus decoy my foolish heart, and feed it with such *Hybla* drops of Flattery ? You cannot sure think kindly of me ?

Lady W. O well feign'd fear ! You too, I find can flatter in your turn : You know how well the subtle force of Modesty prevails. O Men ! Men ! Men !

Doct. 'Twere arrogance to think, I have deserv'd this goodness : but treat me as you please, I'll be at least sincere to you, and frankly
own,

own, I still suspect, that all this softning favour is but artifice.

Lady W. Well! well! I'd have you think so.

Doct. What transport would it give, to be assur'd, I wrong you! but O! I fear this shaddow of compliance is only meant to lure me from *Maria*, and then as fond *Ixions* were of old, to fill my arms with Air.

Lady W. Methinks this doubt of me, seems rather founded on your second thoughts of not resigning her; 'tis she, I find is your substantial happiness.

Doct. O that you could but fear, I thought so! how easy 'twere to prove my coldness, or my Love.

Lady W. O Sir, you have convinc'd me now of both.

Doct. Can all this pretty anger then be real? take heed, fair Creature, it flatters more, than Kindness.

Lady W. I can assure you Sir, I should have spar'd you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engag'd to her.

Doct. Nay then I must believe you: but indeed you wrong me: to prove my Innocence, tis not an hour since I press'd Sir *John* to give *Maria* to young *Hearthly*.

Lady W. O! all artifice! you knew that modest resignation, would make Sir *John* but warmer in your interest.

Doct. Since you will rip the secret from my heart,---know then, I actually have sold her, like a bawble, to her childish Lover, for two thousand times her value.

Lady W. Are you serious?

Doct. As this is true, or false, may I in you be blest, or miserable.

Lady

Lady W. But how can you suppose Sir *John* will ever hear of it?

Doct. Alas! poor Man! he knows not his own weakness; he's molded into any shape, if you but gently stroke his humour: I dare depend on his consent.-- Beside, I intend to morrow to persuade him 'tis for the interest of our *Cause*, it should be so, and then I have him sure.

Lady W. Fy! how is that possible? he can't be so implicitly credulous: You don't take him sure for a *Roman Catholic*?

Doct. Um not absolutely--- But, poor soul! he little thinks how near he is one. 'T is true, name to him but *Rome*, or *Popery*, he startles, as at a Monster: But gild its grossest Doctrines with the stile of *Catholick English*, he swallows down the poison, like a Cordial.

Lady W. Nay, if he's so far within your power, it cannot fail, he must consent. Well Sir, now I give you leave to guess the reason, why I too, at our last meeting, so warmly prest you to resign *Maria*.

Doct. Is it possible? was I then so early your concern?

Lady W. You cannot blame me sure, for having there oppos'd your Happiness.

Doct. I dye upon the transport (*taking her hand.*)

Lady W. Be sure you are secret now: your least imprudence makes these, like Fairy-favours, vanish in a moment.

Doct. How can you form so vain a fear?

Lady W. Call it not vain, for let our converse end in what it may, you still shall find, my Fame is dear to me, as life.

Doct.

Doct. Where can it find so sure a guard? the grave Austerity of my life will strike Suspicion dumb, and yours may mock the Malice of Detraction. I am no giddy, loose liv'd Courtier, whose false professions end only in his boast of Favours: No, fair spotless Miracle, the Mysteries of Love are only fit for hearts recluse, and elevate as mine: my happiness, like yours, depending on my Secrecy.

Lady W. 'Tis you must answer for this folly.

Doct. I take it whole upon my self, the guilt be only mine, but be our Transports mutual--- Come lovely Creature, let us withdraw to privacy, where murmuring Love shall hush thy fears, and lose them in the burning joy.

(Sir John stepping softly behind him seizes him by the throat.)

Sir John. Traytor!

Doct. Ah! *(Astonisht)*

Sir John. Is this thy Sanctity! this thy Doctrine! these thy Meditations! If stung with my abuses I now should stab thee to the heart, what Devil durst murmur'twere not an Act of Justice? But since thy vile Hypocrisy unmask'd, must make Mankind abhor thee, be thy own shame, thy living Punishment.

Doct. Do! triumph Sir-- your artifice has well succeeded--- I see your ends: you needed not so deep a Plot to part with me. *(Trembling)*

Sir John. Suppress thy weak evasions--- Ungrateful Wretch! Have I for this redeem'd thee from the jaws of gaping Poverty, fed cloath'd, loved, prefer'd thee to my bosom, to my Family, and Fortune? Wife, Children, Friends, Servants, all that were not Friends to thee, accounted as my Enemies; nay more to crown my Faith in thee, I have relied on thy integrity

integrity ev'n for my future Happiness: And how hast thou, in one short day, requited me? Taking the advantage of my blinded Passion, thou hast turn'd the duty of my Son to his undoing; sordidly hast sold the trust I made thee of my Daughter; attempted, like a felonious Traytor, to seduce my Wife, and hast I fear, with poisonous Doctrines too ensnar'd my Soul.

Lady W. Now Heav'n be prais'd, his heart seems conscious of his Error. *(Aside.)*

Sir John. But why do I reproach thee? had I not been the weakest of Mankind, thou never couldst have prov'd so great a Villain -- Whether Heaven intends all this to punish, or to save me, yet I know not; my Senses stagger at the view, and my Reflexion's lost in wild Astonishment.

(He stands musing.)

Doct. This snare was worthy of you, Madam; 'tis you have made this Villain of me.

(apart to Lady W.)

Lady W. You would have made me worse, but I have only shewn him what you were before.

Doct. I thank you.

Lady W. Thank your own Ingratitude, and Wickedness: but I must now pursue my Victory.

(Exit Lady W.)

Doct. (Apart.) No; It ends not here. He was not brought to listen to this proof alone! There's something deeper yet design'd against me -- I must be speedy --- Suppose I talk with *Charles*, allarm him with our common danger, point out his ruine as our only means of safety; and like the Panther, in the Toil provok'd, turn short with vengeance on my Hunters!

Sir

Sir *John*. What ! still within my sight ! of all my follies, which is it tells thee, that I now shall keep my temper ?

Doct. (*Turning boldly to him*) Whom do you menace ? me Sir. Reflect upon your own condition first, and where you are.

Sir *John*. What would the Villain drive at ! I prithee leave me. I cannot look on thee ! thy overhearing insolence confounds me : But since thy wickedness has turn'd my eyes upon my self, and made me see my own folly ; to that and to thy crimes detected, I hope to owe my future Innocence ; as the sore Wound the Viper gives, the Viper best can cure. For that one good may Heaven like me forgive thee : But seek thy Being in some other place --- out of my House, this instant, Hence ! be gone and see my shameful face no more.

Doct. Nay then, 'tis time to be my self, and let you, know, that I am Master here. Turn you out Sir, this House is mine ; and now Sir, at your peril dare to insult me.

Sir *John*. O ! Heaven ! 'tis true, thou hast disarm'd my Justice, and turn'd its Sword into my own weak bosom - I had forgot my folly, 'tis fit it should be so, and Heaven is just, at once to let me see my crime, and punishment. -- O my poor injur'd Son ! -- Whither shall I fly to hide me from the World ?

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady W. Whither are you going Sir ?

Sir *John*. I know not --- but here it seems I am a Trespasser --- the Master of this house has warn'd me hence ; and since the Right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady

Lady W. You shall not stir: he dares not act with such abandon'd insolence. No Sir, Possession still is yours; if he pretends a Right, let him by open course of Law maintain it.

Doct. Are these the shifts you are reduc'd to? no, Madam, I shall not wait so slow a Vengeance, you'll find I have a shorter way to rout you---here! *Charles!* (*Exit Doctor.*)

Sir John. Nay then there is an end of all -- I have provok'd a Serpent--my life, I see, must pay the forfeit of my Folly.

Lady W. Come Sir, take heart! your life in spite of him, is free, and I hope your Actions too. However, tell me freely, have you rashly done any thing, for which the Law may question you?

Sir John. I think, not strictly: 'tis true I have lately trusted him with Summs of Money, which he pretended, if accounted for, might endanger both of us.

Lady W. O! the subtle Villain! those Summs are innocent, I dare answer for them: But is there nothing more?

Sir John. Not that I can call to mind, more criminal.

Lady W. Pray tell the worst, that we may arm against him.

Sir John. Sometimes with my own hand, I have reliev'd the wants of wretched Prisoners to the State.

Lady W. We have no Laws, that frown on Acts of Charity; if that were criminal, the Government it self is guilty.

Sir John. How far our private converse may affect me--that I know not. If *Charles* betrays me not, I think his Malice cannot reach me.

Lady

Lady W. Then Sir, be easy, for he has lost his influence there: *Charles* has long since perceiv'd his Villany, and grew from thence a secret Convert to the cause of Truth, and Loyalty, of which he has given such meritorious proof, that Mr. *Heartly*, and your Son, this very day, Sir, have obtain'd his Pardon.

Sir John. You tell me wonders! Pardon'd! and a Convert say you! how strongly are hearts perswaded by example! what darkness have I wander'd in! How aimiable is such Royal Mercy! yet with what hardned malice, has that Slave traduced it!

Enter Maria hastily.

Mar. O Sir! I am frighted out of my senses! for Heavens sake be gone! Fly, this moment; this wicked Fellow has designs upon your Life.

Lady W. How!

Sir John. What dost thou mean? explain.

Mar. As I was passing by the Hall, I heard him earnest in discourse with *Charles*, and upon their naming you, I stopt a while to listen, where, I heard the *Doctor* urge to him, that you were false at heart, that from your late frivolous pretence to break with him, he was convinc'd, your Malice now would stop at nothing to undo him; that *Charles* himself was equally in danger, and that to save your own life, you certainly design'd to sacrifice theirs to the Government, which there was no possibility of preventing, but by their immediate joining in a Charge of Treason against you.

Lady W. O the Villain! 'tis well we are secure in *Charles*.

Sir John. If we are not, why be it as it may--- I will not stir--- I'll stand upon my Innocence;

Tom. II.

M

or

or, if that's betray'd, will throw me on the mercy of that Royal Breast, whose Vertues my Credulity has injur'd.

Lady W. and Mar. Ah!

(A Pistol is heard from within.)

Sir John. What means that pistol?

Lady W. Don't stir, I beg you Sir.

Mar. What terrors has this Monster brought into our Family?

Lady W. What will it end in?

Sir John. How wretched has my Folly made me?

Lady W. How now! what's the matter?

Enter Betty.

Bet. O Dear Madam! I shall faint away, there's murther doing.

Sir John. Who! where, what is it?

Bet. The Doctor Sir, and Mr. Charles, were at high words just now in the Hall, and upon a suddain there was a pistol fir'd between them: Oh! I am afraid poor Mr. Charles is kill'd.

Sir John. How!

Bet. Oh! here he comes himself Sir, he will tell you more.

Enter Heartly, Charles, and the Doctor held by Servants.

Hear. Here bring in this Ruffian, this is Villany beyond example.

Sir John. What means this outrage?

Lady W. I tremble.

Charles. Don't be alarm'd, Madam, there's no mischief done; what was intended, the Doctor here can best inform you.

Doct

Doct. (to *Heartly*.) You Sir shall answer for this insult? What am I held for? who's here, that dares assume a right to question me?

Hear. Keep your temper, Sir, we'll release you presently; but Sir *John* must first know the bottom of his obligations to you.

Sir *John*. Mr. *Heartly*, I am asham'd to look on you.

Doct. What Sir! shall my own Servant abuse me, brave me, lift his hand against me, and I not dare to punish him?

Hear. Your Servant Sir! we know him better.

Doct. Then Sir, I demand my liberty, that the Government too may know him.

Charles. Yes, and let it too be known, you first seduc'd me to rebel, and now would have me expiate my offence with perjury.

Doct. How, Sir?

Charles. Yes, Perjury! for such it must have been, should I have charg'd, as you'd have had me, this Gentleman with Treason: What facts have I been privy to, that reach that name? The worst, I know of him, is that all the factious falsehoods, you have rais'd against the best of Princes, he, blinded with your Hypocrisy, believ'd.

Doct. 'Tis well Sir, you are protected now.

Charles. This, Sir, in short has been our cause of quarrel: The *Doctor* finding I receiv'd with coldness his vile designs against your life, began to offer menaces on mine, if I comply'd not, at which I smiling told him, the disappointments of his Love had made him desperate: This stung him into rage, and fastning at my throat, he answer'd, Villain! you'll be humbler, when you groan in Chains for this. Here indeed all temper left me; when disengaging from his hold, with

one home blow I fell'd him reeling to the pavement : at this grown desperate, he ran with tury to some pistols that hung above the chimney, to revenge himself : I in the instant as he reach'd one, seiz'd upon his wrist; and as we grappled Sir, the pistol firing to the cieling, alarm'd the Family, when Mr. *Heartly*, and your servants rush'd in to part us.

Sir John. Insatiate Villain! O my shame!

Doct. Well Sir! now you have heard this mighty Charge! what have you more against me?

Hear. More Sir, I hope is needless, but if *Sir John* is yet unsatisfied—

John. O! I have seen too much! every new instance of his wickedness but adds afresh to my confusion.

Lady W. Now Sir is your time } *apart*.

Hear. I go this minute, Madam }

Doct. I Value not your whisper'd menaces, for know to your confusion, my Vengeance is not yet defeated : You'll find Sir, that to rebel, or to conceal a Rebel, are in the eye of Law both equal Acts of Treason : That fact I'm sure is evident against you ; There! there stands in proof the stripling Traytor you have shelter'd! This Sir, your whole Family can charge you with ; and swear it home they shall, or load their Souls with Perjury. But then to dash your few remaining days with bitterness of misery, Remember I, Sir, whom mortally you hate, succeed the instant Heir to your possessions. Now farewell, and let disgrace, and beggary be your Childrens Portion.

As he is going out, the Collonel stops him.

Col. Hold, Sir, not so fast

Doct. Who, Sir, shall dare to stop me!

Col. Within there! March!

Enter

Enter a Messenger with a file of Musqueteers.

Mess. Is your Name *Wolf* Sir?

Doct. What if it be Sir!

Mess. Then Sir I have a Warrant against you for High Treason.

Doct. Me Sir?

(Startled.)

Mess. Do you know one *Collonel Perth* Sir?

Doct. Ha! then I am betray'd indeed.

Hear. This *Perth*, it seems, Sir, has manag'd his Correspondence at *Avignon*, from whence he came last night Express; but the Government having immediate notice of his arrival, he was this morning seiz'd, and examin'd before the Council, where, among other facts, he has confest, he knew the *Doctor* actually in Arms at the first Rebellious rising in *Northumberland*, which has been since by other Witnesses confirm'd.

Col. And, Sir, to convince you, that ev'n the Doctrine, he has broach'd, could never flow from the pure Fountain of our establish'd Faith; here are Affidavits in hand, that prove him under his disguise a lurking Emissary of *Rome*; that he is actually a Priest in *Popish* Orders, and has severall times been seen, as such, to officiate Publick Mass in the Church of *Nostre Dame* at *Antwerp*.

Mar. Hear. and Lady W. How!

Sir *John*. I start with horror, ev'n at the danger, I am freed from.

Col. And now, Sir, had not your insatiate Villanys to this Family forc'd me to this close inquiry into your private life, perhaps you might have pass'd unquestion'd, among the Rout of Enemies, whom our Government despises.

Doct. Well Sir! now then you know your worst of me. But know, what you call criminal may yet, before your Triumph is secure, not only find its Pardon, but Reward: I yet may live, Sir, to retort your insult: at least the days, that are allotted me, will want for no supports of life, while this Conveyance calls me Master.

Sir John. There! there indeed he stings me to the heart! for that rash act reproach and endless shame will haunt me.

Mar. No Sir--be comforted! for ey'n there too his abandon'd hope must leave him.

Sir John. Why dost thou torture me! did I not sign that Deed!

Mar. Yes, Sir, but in that Deed you'll find, my Brother, not that Traytor is your Heir: For know the fatal Deed, which you intended, Sir, to sign, is here ev'n yet unseal'd and innocent.

Omnes. Ha! *(The Doctor hastily opens the Deed to examine it, and all the company seem surpriz'd.)*

Sir John. What means she?

Mar. I mean Sir, that this Deed, by accident falling into this Gentlemans hands, his generous concern for our Family discover'd it to me; when I, reduc'd to this extremity, instantly procur'd that other to be drawn exactly like it; which in your impatience, Sir, to execute, pass'd unsuspected for the Original: their only difference is, that wherever you read the *Doctors* name, there you'll find my Brothers only, throughout, and wholly, Sir, in every Article investing him in all that Right, and Title, which you intended for your mortal Enemy.

Doct. Distraction! Outwitted by a brainless Girl.

(Throws

(Throws down the Writing in rage.)

All the Servants having attended to the Discovery, break out into Huzzahs of joy, &c. while Sir John, the Col. Charles and Maria severally embrace: Heartly, and Lady Woodvil silently join in their Congratulations.

Doct. I cannot bear their irksome Joy-- come Sir lead me where you please --- a Dungeon would relieve me now.

Col. Secure your Prisoner.

Ser. Huzzah! a Traytor! a Traytor!

(Ex. Mess. Soldiers, Doctor, and Servants.)

Mar. Now, *Heartly*, I hope I have made attonement for your Jealousy.

Hear. You have banisht it for ever: This was beyond your self surprizing.

Col. Sifter ---

Mar. Come, no set Speeches, If I deserve your thanke, return them in a Friendship here.

(Pointing to Charles.)

Col. The business of my life shall be to merit it.

Charles. And mine to speak my sense of Obligations.

Sir John. O my Child! for this deliverance, I only can reward thee here *(gives Maria to Heartly.)* For thee my Son, whose filial Virtues I have injur'd; this honest Deed in every Article shall be ratified. I see your eyes are all upon me, expecting from that vile Traytors practices some voluntary instance of my hearts Conversion. I must be blind indeed, were I not now convinc'd, he must in all things have alike deceiv'd me; as the Dial that mistells one hour, of consequence is false through the whole round of day. Let it suffice, I see my Errors with a conscious shame; but hope, when I am justly weigh'd, you'll find those Errors rose but from

a ductile heart, not disinclin'd to Truth, but fatally misled by false appearances.

Col. Whoever knows your private life, must think you, Sir, in this sincere.

Hear. And now Sir, since I am sure, it will no more offend you, give me leave to observe, that of all the Arts, our Enemies make use of, to embroil us, none seem so audaciously preposterous, as their insisting, that a Nations best security is the Word of a Prince, whose Religion indulges him to give it, and at the same time obliges him to break it. And tho' perhaps in lesser points our politick Disputes won't suddenly be ended, methinks there's one Principle, that all Partys might easily come into, that no change of Government can give us a blessing equal to our Liberty.

*Grant us but this, and then of course you'il own,
To guard that Freedom, GEORGE must fill the
Throne.*

The end of the Fifth Act.



EPI.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

How wild, how frantick is the vain essay,
 That builds on modern Politicks a Play!
 Methinks to write at all, is bold enough,
 But in a Play to stand a Faction buff;
 Not Rome's old Stage presum'd (or Fame's a fibber.)
 And Moderns to attempt it! well said CIBBER!
 Was't not enough the Criticks might pursue him!
 But must he rouse a Party to undo him!
 These blows I told him on his Play would fall;
 But he, unmov'd, cry'd Blood! we'll stand it all!
 When Priests turn Traytors, where's the mighty
 matter?

Since when has Treason been exempt from Satyr?
 And should from guilt a Factionous clamour rise,
 Such spite must speak them Englands Enemies.
 But if Old Englands Friends allow'tis right,
 W'are sure their power can chase the Jacobite,
 And put their Malice, like their Troops, to flight.
 As for the Criticks, those, he owns, may teize him,
 Because he never took such pains to please them;
 In Time, Place, Action, Rules by which old Wits
 Made Plays, as -- Dames do Puddings, by Receipts:
 But hopes again, ev'n Rebels cannot say,
 Tho' vanquish'd, they're insulted in his Play.
 Nay more. To set their Cause in fairest light,
 H'has made a Man of sence. -- A Jacobite.
 (Tho' by our Bards good leave, (to take it right)
 His sence was shewn, when turn'd from Jacobite)
 Thus too the Fair, that may be wrong inclin'd,
 He hopes to CHARLES's Passion will be kind,

M 5

And

*And own, at worst, on their reflecting pillow,
The Rebel after all's a pretty fellow.
Then why, you'll say, was I made HEARTLYS
Wife?*

*Consider, Fair ones, HEARTLY sav'd his life:
So that you see, the Boy han't quite miscarried;
Beside----*

*Are all those Dears so happy you have married?
How often, in that state, has Love seen Elves
So cramm'd with comfort, they could bang
themselves?*

*The worst you can against his Satyr plead,
Is that My Lord of THETFORD's hang'd
indeed.*

*If that seems hard, why grant him your Reprieve:
And by an act of grace, let this NON-JUROR
live.*

F I N I S.



CA-

CATO,

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. *ADDISSON*.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catanem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.

PRO-

CAT

TEAR

WOMAN

THE

PROLOGUE

By Mr. POPE.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art;
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart;
To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold;
Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to stream thro' every Age;
Tyrants no more their savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd, how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move
The Hero's glory, or the Virgin's Love.
In pitying love we but our Weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserve it's Woe.
Here Tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
Such Tears, as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your Breasts with ancient Ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman Drops from British Eyes.
Virtue, confess'd in human Shape, he draws;
What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was:
No common Object to your Sight displays,
But what with Pleasure Heav'n it self surveys,
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State.
While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State;
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast:
The Triumph ceas'd - Tears gush'd from every eye;
The World's great Victor past unheeded by;
Her last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,

And

*And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's Sword.
 Britains attend! Be Worth, like this, approv'd,
 And show, you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome, learning Arts from Greece, whom she
 subdu'd :*

*Our Scene precariously subsists too long
 On French Translation, and Italian Song.
 Dare to have Sense your selves ; assert the Stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native Rage.
 Such Plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

C A T O.

L U C I U S, *a Senator.*

S E M P R O N I U S, *a Senator.*

J U B A, *Prince of Numidia.*

S Y P H A X, *General of the Numidians.*

P O R T I U S, { *Sons of C A T O.*

M A R C U S, }

D E C I U S, *Ambassador from Cæsar.*

Mutiners, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

M A R C I A, *Daughter to Cato.*

L U C I A, *Daughter to Lucius.*

SCENE *a large Hall in the Governor's
 Palace of Utica.*

C A T O



CATO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PORTIUS. MARCUS.

The dawn is over cast, the morning
low'rs
And heavily in clouds brings on the
day,

The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*--Our Father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of Civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already *Cæsar*
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by this destructive Sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting,
To form new battels, and support his crimes.
Ye Gods! what havock does Ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, *Portius*,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæsar*
In the calm lights of mild Philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, even to madness, when I think

On

On the proud Victor: ev'ry time, he's named,
Pbarfalia rites to my view!----- I see
 Th'insulting Tyrant, prancing o'er the field,
 Strow'd with *Rom's* Citizens, & drench'd in
 slaughter,

His horses hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
 Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen Curse,
 Some hidden Thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
 Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the Man,
 Who owes his greatness to his Country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious
 greatness,

And mixt with too much horrour, to be envy'd:
 How does the lustre of our Father's actions,
 Through the dark cloud of ills, that cover him,
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant
 brightness?

His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
 Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome*.
 His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
 Oppression, Tyranny, and Power usurp'd,
 Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon'em.

Mar. Who knows not this? But what can
Cato do

Against a World, a base degen'rate World,
 That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæsar*?
 Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forns

A poor Epitome of *Roman* Greatness,
 And, cover'd with *Numidian* Guards, directs
 A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
 Remnants of mighty Battels, fought in vain.
 By Heav'ns! such Virtues, join'd with such success,
 Distract my very Soul: Our Father's fortune
 Wou'd almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us:
 The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate;
 Puzzled

Puzzled in mazes, and perplext with errors:
 Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
 Nor sees, with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
 Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the griefs,
 That wring my Soul, thou couldst not talk thus
 coldly.

Passion unpity'd, and succesless Love
 Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
 My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind!

Por. Thou see'st not, that thy Brother is thy
 Rival;

But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. (*Aside.*

Now, *Marcus*, now thy virtue's on the proof:
 Put forth thy utmost strength, workevery nerve,
 And call up all thy Father in thy Soul:

To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
 On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
 Would be a conquest, worthy *Cato's* Son.

Marc. *Portius*, the counsel, which I cannot take,
 Instead of healing, but upbraids, my weakness,
 Bid me, for Honour, plunge into a war
 Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain death;
 Then shalt thou see, that *Marcus* is not slow
 To follow Glory, and confess his Father.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high Ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
 'Tis second life, it grows into the Soul,
 Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse:
 I feel it here: My resolution melts---

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* prince!
 With how much care he forms himself to glory,
 And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
 To copy out our Father's bright example.
 He loves our Sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,

Tom. II.

N

His

His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it :
 But itill the smother'd fondness burns within hi n :
 When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
 The sense of Honour and desire of Fame
 Drive the big Passion back into his heart.
 What ! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* Heir
 Reproach great *Cato's* Son, and show the world
 A virtue, wanting in a *Roman* soul? (behind'em.

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings
 When e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius* show
 A virtue, that has cast me at a distance,
 And thrown me out in the pursuits of Honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
 Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
 It strait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze!

Marc. A Brother's suff'rings claim a Brother's
 pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my eyes
 Ev'n whilst I speak. -- Do they not swim in tears?
 Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes,
 instead
 Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the way to ease
 Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou best of
 Friends!
 Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that swells
 With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
 The sport of Passions: --- But *Sempronius* comes.
 He must not find this softness hanging on me.
 (Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd,
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold Youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. (*Aside.*)

Sempronius, Portius.

Good morrow *Portius*! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow shou'd we thus express our
friendship,

Each might receive a Slave into his Arms;
This Sun perhaps, this morning Sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on *Roman* liberty.

Por. My Father has this morning call'd
together
To this poor hall his little *Roman* Senate,
(The leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult,
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent,
That bears down *Rome*, and all her Gods,
before it;

Or must, at length, give up the World to *Cæsar*.

Semp. Not all the pomp and majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato's* presence.
His virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something, like religious fear,
And make ev'n *Cæsar* tremble at the head
Of Armies, flush'd with conquest: O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Would but thy Sister *Marcia* be propitious
To thy Friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

Por. Alas! *Sempronius*, woulst thou talk of love
To *Marcia*, whilst her Father's life's in danger?

N 2

Thou

Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling
Vestal,

When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the wonders of thy Race,
The more I'm charm'd: Thou must take heed my
The world has all it's eyson *Cato's Son.* (*Portius!*
Thy Father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my lingring
here

On this important hour. -- I'll strait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of War,
I'll animate the Soldier's drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their Country's cause,
And try to rouse up all, that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in Mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*, we'll deserve it.

(*Exit.*)

Sempronius solus.

Curse on the Stripling! how he ape's his Sire!
Ambitiously sententious! -- But I wonder,
Old *Syphax* comes not: his *Numidian* genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quickned to the course.

---- *Cato* has used me ill: He has refused
His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled Arms, and ruin'd cause
Are bars to my Ambition. *Cesar's* favour,
That shows down greatness on his Friends,
will raise me

To *Rome's* first Honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my reward his captive Daughter.
But *Syphax* comes! --

SCENE

SCENE III.

SYPHAX. SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. ---- *Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've founded my *Numidians*, man by man,
And find'em ripe for a revolt: They all
Complain aloud of *Cato's* discipline,
And wait but the command, to change their
Master.

Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to
waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From War to War; In vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans, to oppose his passage;
He bound's o'er all, victorious in his march.
The *Alpes* and *Pyræneans* sink before him;
Through winds & waves, & forms, he works his
way,
Impatient for the battel; One day more
Will set the Victor thundring at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
That still wou'd recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
Of *Cato's* virtues: ---- But I'll try once more,
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul

Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive:
Juba's surrender, since his Father's death,

N 3

Would

Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar's* hand,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious:
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my Country,
And mouth at *Cæsar*, till I shake the Senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn out trick: Wouldst thou be thought in
earnest?

Cloath thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey-
hairs,

And teach the wily African deceit!

Semp. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on
Juba;

Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* Soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
Oh! 't is a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. (Exit.

Syphax salus.

I'll try, if yet I can reduce to reason

This head-strong Youth, and make him spurn at
Cato.

The time is short, *Cæsar* comes rushing on us - -
But hold; young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

J U B A, S Y P H A X.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observ'd, of late, thy looks are fall'n,
 O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent;
 Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
 What are the thoughts, that knit thy brow in
 frowns,

And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my
 thoughts,

Or carry smiles and sun shine in my face,
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
 I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why do'st thou cast out such ungen'rous
 terms

Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World?
 Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before
 them,

And own the force of their superior virtue?

Is there a Nation in the wilds of *Africk*,
 Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
 That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth, that sets this
 people up

Above your own *Numidia's* tawny Sons?

Do they with tougher Sinews bend the Bow?

Or flies the Javelin swifter to its mark,

Launch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm?

Who, like our active *African*, instructs

The fiery Steed, and trains him to his hand?

Or guides in troops th'embattled Elephant,

Loaden with war? these are arts, my Prince,

In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

N 4

Jub:

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
 Perfections, that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
 A *Roman* soul is bent on higher views!
 To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,
 And lay it under the restraint of laws;
 To make Man mild, and sociable to Man;
 To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
 With Wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
 Th' embellishments of life: Virtues, like these,
 Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
 And break our fierce *Barbarians* into Men.

Syph. Patience kind heav'ns! --- Excuse an old
 man's warmth.

What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
 This *Roman* Polish, and this smooth behaviour,
 That render Man thus tractable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our passions,
 To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
 To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
 And break off all it's commerce with the tongue,
 In short, to change us into other creatures
 Than what our nature and the Gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes
 to *Cato*?

There may'st thou see, to what a Godlike height
 The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal Man,
 While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing Sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger toil and heat;
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomps and pleasures, that his soul can wish,
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*,
 That traverses our vast *Numidian* desarts,
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
 But better practises these boasted virtues.

Course

Course are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
 Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn;
 Then riles fresh, pursues his wonted game;
 And if, the following day, he chance to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern,
 What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
 Nor how the Hero differs from the brute.
 But grant, that others could, with equal glory,
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
 Where shall we find the Man, that bears affliction,
 Great and majestick in his grief, like *Cato*?
 Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of
 mind,

He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings?
 How does he rise against a load of woes,
 And thank the Gods, that throw the weight
 upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness
 of soul;

I think, the *Romans* call it Stoicism.
 Had not your Royal Father thought so highly
 Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato's* caute,
 He had not fall'n, by a Slave's hand, inglorious;
 Nor would his slaughter'd Army now have lain
 On *Africk's* sand, disfigur'd with their wounds,
 To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why do'st thou call my sorrows up
 afresh?

My Father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's ills!

Jub. What wou'dst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon *Cato*:

Jub. *Syphax*, I should be more than twice
By such a loss. Orphan

Syph. Ay, there's the tie, that binds you,
You long to call him Father. *Marcia's* charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder, you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. *Syphax*, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Least it should take more freedom, than I'll
give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad, remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my soul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Prithee be careful of my Son!----his grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy story melts away my soul!
That best of Fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty, which I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy
directions:

Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to, your
safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst: but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate, that follows *Cæsar's* foes.

Jub. My Father scorn'd, to do it.

Syph.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand
Than wound my Honour. deaths,

Syph. Rather say your Love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my
temper ;]

Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and wou'd fain conceal ?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer
love,

'Tis ealie to divert and break its force :

Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress

Light up an other flame, and put out this.

The glowing Dames of *Zama's* Royal court

Have faces flusht with more exalted charms ;

The Sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,

Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks.

Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget

The pale, unripen'd, Beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a sett of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,

Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

The virtuous *Marcia* tower's above her sex :

True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair !)

But still the lovely Maid improves her charms

With inward greatness, unaffected Wisdom,

And sanctity of manners. *Cato's* soul

Shines out in every thing, she acts or speaks ;

While winning mildness and attractive smiles

Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace

Softens the rigour of her Father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton
in her praise !

But on my knees I beg you wou'd consider. ----

Enter

Enter *Marcia* and *Lucia*.

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she! -- She moves
this way
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair Daughter.
My heart beats thick . . . I prithee *Syphax* leave me.
Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on'em both!
Now will this Woman with a single glance
Undo what I've been labouring all this while.

(*Exit*.)

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

Jub. Hail charming Maid! how does thy
beauty smoothe
The face of War, & make ev'n Horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes of its torrows,
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th'approach of *Cæsar*.

Marc. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to
think, my presence
Unbent your thoughts and slacken'd 'em to Arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious Foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope, thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battel!
The thoughts will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending
sword,

And drive it in a tempest on the Foe.

Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall
attend
The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cause of Virtue,
And Men, approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,

Tran-

Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My Father never, at a time like this,
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous Maid; I'll hasten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with *Cato's* virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadfull pomp; then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging Hosts, remember,
What glorious deeds should grace the Man, who
hopes

For *Marcia's* love. (Exit.)

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe:
How cou'd you chide the young good - natur'd
Prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A Prince, that loves and dotes on you do death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him
from me.

His air, his voice, his looks, and honest Soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,

I dare not trust my self to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a
Passion

And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, *Lucia*, wou'dst thou have me sink
away

In pleasing dreams, and lose my self in love,
When every moment *Cato's* life's at stake?

Caesar

Cæsar comes, arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my Father's head:
Shou'd not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak Sex:
Pity and Love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress,
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell
thee,

They, 're *Marcia's* Brothers and the Sons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their Sister's
eyes;

And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?

Mar. For neither.---

And yet for both --- The Youths have equal share
In *Marcia's* wishes, and divide their Sister:
But tell me which of them is *Lucia's* choice?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love --- Why wilt thou make me
name him?

Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish Passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.---

Mar. O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me, which
I must hereafter call my happy Brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, cou'd you blame
my choice.

--- O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n a way my Soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!

And

And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows !
 Complacency, and truth and manly sweetness
 Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his
 thoughts.

Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
 Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
 I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
 And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas poor Youth ! how canst thou throw
 him from thee ?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love, he bears thee:
 Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
 He sends out all his Soul in every word,
 And thinks, and talks, and looks like one
 transported.

Unhappy Youth ! how will thy coldness raise
 Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom !
 I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
 Against your Brother *Portius*.

Mar. Heav'n forbid !
 Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful Lover,
 The same compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love distressed like mine !
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
 As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill success ;
 Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
 Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
 The sad effects, that it would have on *Marcus*.

Mar. He knows too well, how easily he's fired,
 And wou'd not plunge his Brother in despair,
 But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas ! too late I find my self involv'd
 In endless griefs, and Labyrinths of woe,
 Born to afflict my *Marcia's* Family,
 And sow dissention in the hearts of Brothers.
 Tormenting thought ! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar.

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th'event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier
hours.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with
stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works it self clear, and, as it runs, refines,
'Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines;
Reflects each flow'r, that on the border grows,
And a new Heav'n in it's fair bosom shows.
(*Exeunt.*)

A C T E II.

S C E N E I. *the S E N A T E.*

S E M P R O N I U S.

Rome still survives in this assembled Senate!
Let us remember, we are *Cato's* Friends,
And act like Men, who claim that glorious title.

Luc. *Cato* will soon be here; and open to us
Th'occasion of our meeting. Heark! he comes!

(A Sound of Trumpets.)

May all the Guardian Gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council:
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her Fate from our Resolves,
How shall we treat this bold aspiring Man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has since
Reciev'd his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
Why

And *Scipio's* death? *Numidia's* burning sands
 Still smook with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even *Lybya's* sultry defarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still
 fixt
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and
 wrought,
 By time and ill Success, to a submission?
Sempronius speak.

Sempr. My voice is still for War.
 Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
 Which of the two to chuse, Slavery or Death!
 No let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining Troops,
 Attack the Foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon
 him.

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from
 bondage.
 Rise, Fathers, rise! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd Citizens,
 O share their Fate! the corps of half her Senate
 Manure the fields of *Theffaly*, while we
 Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to Honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up for shame! our Brothers of *Pharfalia*
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud --- To
 Battel!

Great *Pompey's* shade complains that we are
 flow,

And *Scipio's* Ghost walks unreveng'd among us!
Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of Reason:
Tom. II. O True

True Fortitude is seen in great exploits,
 That Justice warrants, and that Wisdom guides,
 All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
 In *Rome's* defence, entrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial World with reason say,
 We lavisht, at our deaths, the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know, what's your
 opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd
 on Peace.

Already have our quarrels fill'd the World
 With Widows and with Orphans: *Seythia* mourns
 Our guilty Wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome*:
 'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,
 The Gods declare against us, and repell
 Our vain attempts. To urge the Foe to battel,
 (Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Despair)
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence;
 And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to *Rome*,
 Now let us show Submission to the Gods.
 We took up Arms, not to revenge our selves,
 But free the Common-wealth; when this end
 fails,
 Arms have no further use: Our Country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our
 hands,
 And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
 Unprofitably shed. What Men could do
 Is done already. Heav'n and Earth will witness,
 If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

Sempr.

Sempr. This smooth discourse and mild behaviour
oft
Conceal a Traytor---Something whispers me,
All is not right---*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*!

Aside to Cato:

Cato. Let us appear nor rash, nor diffident :
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betrays like Treason. Let us shun'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see, that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate. We have Bulwarks
round us ;

Within our Walls are Troops enur'd to toil
In *Africk's* heats, and season'd to the Sun ;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the Gods ;
But wait at least, till *Cæsar's* near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a Conqueror.
Why should *Rome* fall a moment ere her time ?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty ;
And let me perish, but, in *Cato's* judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in Bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the
Gates
Log'd on my post, a Herald is arrived
From *Cæsar's* Camp: with him comes old *Decius*,
The Roman knight ; he carrys in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

O 2

Cato.

Cato. By your permission, Fathers, bid him enter. *(Exit Marcus)*

Decius was once my Friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to
Cæsar.

His message may determine our Resolves.

SCENE II.

D E C I U S C A T O.

D E C I U S.

Cæsar sends health to *Cato*--

Cato. Could he send it
To *Cato's* slaughter'd friends, it wou'd be
welcome.

Are not your Orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My business is with *Cato*: *Cæsar* sees
The streights, to which you're driven; and as he
knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the Fate of *Rome*:
Would he save *Cato*? Bid him spare his Country.
Tell your Dictator this; and tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. *Rome* and her Senat do's submit to *Cæsar*;
Her Generals and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deni'd his
Triumphs.

Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar's* Friend?

Cato. Those very reasons, thou hast urg'd,
forbid it,

Dec. *Cato*, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm, that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it:

Still

Still may you stand high in your Country's
honours,

Do but comply, and make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on *Cato*,

As on the second of Mankind.

Cato No more!

I must not think of life on such conditions,

Dec. *Cæsar* is well acquainted with your

And therefore sets this value on your life,

Let him but know the price of *Cato's* friendship,

And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his Legions,

Restore the Common-Wealth to liberty,

Submit his actions to the publick censure,

And stand the judgement of a *Roman* Senate,

Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend.

Dec. *Cato*, the World talks loudly of your

Wisdom.

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato's* Voice was ne'er

To clear the guilty, and to varnish Crimes,

My self will mount the Rostrum in his favour,

And strive to gain his pardon from the People.

Dec. A stile, like this, becomes a conqueror.

Cato. *Decius*, a stile, like this, becomes a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar's* Foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*, he's a Friend to virtue

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,

And at the head of your own little Senate;

You don't now thunder in the Capitol,

With all the mouths of *Rome* to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us

'Tis *Cæsar's* sword has made *Rome's* Senate little,

And thin'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye

Beholds this Man in a false glaring light,

Which conquest and success have thrown upon him :

Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black

With murder, treason, sacrilege and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror, but to name'em.

I know, thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch,
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes ;

But, by the Gods I swear, millions of Worlds
Should never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Does *Cato* send this answer back to *Cæsar*,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd Friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous Man! The Gods take care of *Cato*.

Would *Cæsar* show the greatness of his Soul?
Bid him employ his care for these my Friends,

And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By sheltering Men, much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget,

You are a Man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter

The tale of this unhappy Embassie,
All *Rome* will be in tears. *Exit Decius.*

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

Semp. *Cato*, we thank thee ;
The mighty Genius of immortal *Rome*

Speaks in thy voice ; thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words, thou utter'st,

And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The Senate owns it's gratitude to *Cato*,
Who, with so great a Soul, consults it's safety,

And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.
Semp.

Semp. *Sempronius* gives not thanks on this account.

Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun:

'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost it's relish.

O! could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In *Cæsar's* bosom, and revenge my Country;
By Heav'ns! I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

Luc. Others perhaps
May serve their Country with as warm a zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sempr. This sober conduct is a mighty Virtue
In luke-warm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*,
All here are friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side,
By our divisions.

Semp. *Cato*, my resentments
Are sacrificed to *Rome* --- I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the Senate,
We ought to hold it out, till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out till death;
but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my Friends, and strive
to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our Liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, Friendship, *Roman* Brav'ry,
And all the Virtues, we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.

Fathers, farewell---- The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our
counsels. *Exeunt Senators.*

SCENE IV.

C A T O, J U B A.

Cato. *Juba*, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn it's edge on
Cæsar.

Jub. The resolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy Patience,
And condescend to hear a young Man speak:
My Father, when, some days before his death,
He order'd me, to march for *Utica*,
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My Son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy Father,
Be *Cato's* Friend: he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: Do but observe him well,
Thou'lt Shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to
bear'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy Father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

Jub. My Father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude, that shines
Before my face, in *Cato's* great example,
Subdues my Soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My Father drew respect from foreign
climes;
The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their Friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame reports,

Behind

Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant Worlds, on th'other side the Sun:
Oft have their black Ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the Court of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy Father's greatness.

Jub. I would not boast the greatness of my
Father;

But point out new Alliances to *Cato*.

Had we not better leave this *Utica*,

To arm *Numidia* in our Cause, and court

Th' assistance of my Father's pow'rful Friends?

Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings

Would pour embattled multitudes about him;

Their swarthy Hosts wou'd darken all our plains,

Doubling the native horror of the War,

And making death more grim.

Can. And canst thou think,

Cato will fly before the sword of *Cæsar*;

Reduc'd, like *Hannibal*, to seek relief

From Court to Court, and wander up and down,

A vagabond in *Africa*?

Jub. *Cato*, perhaps

I'm too officious; but my forward cares

Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.

My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue

Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.

But know, young Prince, that Valour soars above

What the World calls misfortune and affliction.

These are not ills; else would they never fall

On heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of Men:

The Gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,

That give Mankind occasion, to exert

Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice

Virtues, which shun the day, and lie concealed

In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.

Jub. I'm charm'd when e'er thou talk'st! I
pant for Virtue!

And all my Soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence,
and toil,

Laborious Virtues all! Learn them from *Cato*,
Success and fortune must thou learn from *Cæsar*:

Jub. The best good fortune, that can fall on
Juba;

The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?

Thy words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.

Giv'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young Prince, make
not my ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask,
That *Cato* will refuse?

Jub. I fear to name it.

Marcia --- inherits all her Father's virtues.

Cato. What woudest thou say?

Juba. *Cato*, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I would not
hear a word,

Shou'd lessen thee in my esteem; Remember,

The hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n

Exact's severity from all our thoughts.

It is not now a time to talk of aught,

But chains, or conquest, liberty, or Death.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

SYRPHAX, IUBA.

С У Р Н А Х.

You look, as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Syph. I know it well.

Pub. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind.

Feb. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for *Marcia*.

Syph. Cato's a proper person, to entrust

A love - tale with.

Pub. Oh, I could pierce my heart,

My foolish heart! Was ever Wretch like *Juba*?

Syph. Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of late!

I've known young *Juba* rise before the Sun,
To beat the thicker, where the Tyger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful haunts :
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase ! I've
seen you,

Ev'n in the *Lybian* dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws; and, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting Savage to the ground.

Sub. Prithce, no more !

Syph. How would the old King smile,
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with Gold.

And

And throw the shaggy spoils about| your
shoulders!

Jub. *Syphax*, this old-Man's talk (tho' honey
flow'd

Inev'ry word) wou'd now lose all its sweetness.

Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

Syph. Young Prince, I yet could give you good
advice.

Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, *Syphax*!

By Heavens! thou turn'st me all into attention:

Syph. *Marcia* might still be yours.

Jub. As how dear *Syphax*?

Syph. *Juba* commands *Numidia's* hardy troops,
Mounted on Steeds, unuf'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the Winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this Damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in Man! wou'd'st thou seduce my youth,
To do an act, that would destroy my honour?

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my beard to hear you
talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd Men
To real mischief, while they hunt a shadow.

Jub. Wou'd'st thou degrade thy Prince into a
Ruthian?

Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these great Men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such Ruthians.
This dread of Nations, this almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends, in her wide Empire's bounds,
All under heav'n, was founded on a Rape.
Your *Scipios*, *Cæsars*, *Pompeys*, and your *Catos*,
(These Gods on Earth!) are all the spurious brood
Of violated Maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Jub.

Jub. *Syphax*, I fear, that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.

Syph. Indeed my Prince, you want to know
the World,
You have not read Mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a *Roman* Soul,
Cato's bold flights, th'extravagance of Virtue.

Jub. If knowledge of the World makes Man
perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a Traitor,
A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. (*Aside.*

Jub. *Cato* shall know the baseness of thy Soul.

Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.

(*Aside.*
Young Prince, behold these locks, that are
grown white
Beneath a helmet in your Father's Battels.

Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy
insolence.

Syph. Must one rash word, th'infirmary of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service?

---Curse on the Boy! How steadily he hears me!
(*Aside.*

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my fore fathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* Crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince with
scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such
expressions?

Does not old *Syphax* follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask

His

His wrinkled brows ? what is it he aspires to ?
Is it not this ? to shed the flow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence ?

Jub. *Syphax*, no more ! I wou'd not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk ! what, when my faith to *Juba*,
My Royal Master's Son, is call'd in question ?

My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb :
But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure,

Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart :
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph. What greater instance can I give ? I've offer'd

To do an action, which my Soul abhors,
And gain you, whom you love, at any price.

Jub. Was this thy motive ? I have been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me Traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistakest ; I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me Traitor ;

Nay, further threaten'd, you'd complain to *Cato* :
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you Complain to *Cato* ?

That *Syphax* loves you, and won'd sacrifice
His life, nay more ! his honour in your service ?

Jub. *Syphax*, I know thou lov'st me ; but indeed
Thy Zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,

And imitates her actions, where she is not :
It ought not to be sported with. *Syph.*

Syph. By heavn's
I'm ravisht, when you talk thus, tho' you chide
me!

Alas, I've hitherto been us'd, to think
A blind officious Zeal, to serve my King,
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's heart.
Happy the People, who preserve their honour,
By the same duties, that oblige their Prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thy
self.

Numidia's grown a scorn among the Nations,
For breach of publick vows. Our punick faith
Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our Country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax*
weep,

To hear you talk---but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your Fathers Crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;
Thy Prince esteems thy worth and loves thy
person.

If e'er the Scepter comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my Kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with
kindness?

My joy grows burdensome, I sha'n't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to
find

Some blest occasion, that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts, I'd rather have that Man
Approve my deeds, than Worlds for my admirers.

(Exit:

Syphax

Syphax solus.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts ;
 Old age is slow in both --- A false old Traitor,
 Those words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee
 dear:
 My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee;
 But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds: ---
 Cæsar! I'm wholly thine ---

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

All hail, *Sempronius* !
 Well, *Cato's* Senate is resolv'd to wait
 The fury of a Siege, before it yields.

Semp. *Syphax*, we both were on the verge of
 Fate:

Lucius declar'd for Peace, and terms were offer'd
 To *Cato* by a Messenger from *Cæsar*.

Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
 We both must perish in the common wreck,
 Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

Syph. But how stands *Cato* ?

Semp. Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:
 While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
 And Oceans break their billows at its feet,
 It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
 Such is that haughty Man; his towering soul,
 Midst all the shocks and injuries of Fortune,
 Rises Superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Syph. But what's this Messenger?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,

And

And found a means to let the Victor know,
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his Friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?

Syph. Yes ---- but it is to *Cato*.

I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and carress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his fight;
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do
without him.

He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the Victor's chariot:
Syphax, I now may hope, thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba's* cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine:
Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst
have her!

Sempr. Syphax, I love that woman; tho' I curse
Her and my self, yet spight of me I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'r refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy Troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready:

The factious Leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the Souldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long
fatigues,

Unusual fastings, and will bear no more

This medly of Philosophy and war.

Within an hour they'll storm the Senate house.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian*
Troops

Within the square, to exercise their Arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think, how your unshaken *Cato*

Tom. II.

P

Will

Will look agbaff, while unforefeen deftruction
 Pours in upon him thus from every fide.
 So, where our wide *Numidian* waftes extend,
 Sudden th'impetuous Hurricanes defcend,
 Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the fand, and fweep whole plains away.
 The helpiefs Traveller, with wild furprife,
 Sees the dry defart all around him rife,
 And fmother'd in the dufty whirlwind dies.

Exeunt.

ACT E III.

SCENE I.

MARCUS and PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

Thanks to my Stars, I have not rang'd about
 The wilds of life, e're I could find a Friend.
 Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
 And early taught me, by her fecret force,
 To love thy perfon, e're I knew thy merit;
 Till, what was inftinct, grew up into Friendfhip.

Port. *Marcus*, the friendfhips of the world are oft

Confed'racies in Vice, or leagues of pleafure;
 Ours hath fevereft Virtue for it's bafis,
 And fuch a friendfhip ends not but with life.

Marc. *Portius*, thou know'ft my Soul in all
 its weaknefs;

Then, prithee, fpare me on it's tender fide;
 Indulge me but in love, my other paffions
 Shall rife and fall by virtue's niceft rules.

Port.

Port. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault
to love,
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more
gracefull.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one, who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time.
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden :
And yet, when I behold the charming Maid,
I'm ten times more undone : While Hope, and
Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Port. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair-one's
presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence,
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her, thy Brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food;
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to
him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments, that thou seest me suffer.

Port. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
That suits with me so ill. Thou knowst my
temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my
woes?

And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Port. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse:
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons ---

Marc. I know, thou'lt say, my passion's out
of season;

That *Cato's* great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my
thoughts;

But what's all this to one, who loves like me?

Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my soul I wish,
Thou didst but know thy self, what 'tis to love!
Then woudst thou pity and assist thy Brother.

Port. What should I do! If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: If I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a Friend and
Brother. (*Aside.*)

Marc. But see were *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, *Portius*!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that Heaven of
beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou can't it.

Port. She sees us, and advances.---

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy Brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

(*Exit.*)

❖ (o) ❖

SCENE

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA,

DId not I see your Brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my
presence?

Port. Oh, *Lucia*, language is too faint, to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his Virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'n's! wou'd one think, 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul.
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him:
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A Secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour in the
shock
Of Love and Friendship? think betimes, my

Portius,
Think, how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy Brother's grief, as might perhaps destroy
him.

Port. Alas! poor Youth! what dost thou think,
my *Lucia*!
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has beg'd his Rival, to sollicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his Soul

With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope:
 Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy
 hours,
 And weather'd out the storm, that beats upon
 us ---

Luc. No, *Portius*, no! I see thy Sister's tears,
 Thy Father's anguish, and thy Brother's death,
 In the pursuit of our ill fated loves:
 And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
 To Heaven, and all the Powers, that judge
 Mankind,

Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
 While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us;
 But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
 From all my thoughts, as far---as I am able.

Port. What hast thou said! I'm thunder
 struck--- recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my lips?
 The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heaven.
 May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
 On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

After a pause.

Port. Fixt in astonishment I gaze upon thee;
 Like one, just blasted by a stroak from Heaven;
 Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
 In dreadful looks; A Monument of wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest part;
 I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
 And melt about my heart! my tears will flow;
 But oh! I'll think no more. The hand of Fate
 Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Port. Hard hearted, cruel Maid!

Luc. Oh stop those sounds,
 Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown
 upon me?

My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
 And

And life it self goes out at thy displeasure.
 The Gods forbid us, to indulge our loves;
 But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.

Port. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st
 its force.
 I've been deluded, led into a dream
 Of fancied bliss. O *Lucia*, cruel Maid!
 Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with death, still

sounds
 In my stunn'd ears: What shall I say, or do?
 Quick, let us part! Perdition's in thy Presence,
 And Horror dwells about thee! --- Hah, she faints!
 Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence! thou best
 And loveliest of thy Sex! awake, my *Lucia*!
 Or *Portius* rushes in his sword to join thee.

--- Her imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
 They shut not out society in death ---
 But hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
 Through all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well! --- to frown on
 her,

That lives upon thy smiles; to call in doubt
 The faith of one, expiring at thy feet,
 That loves thee more, than ever Woman lov'd!
 --- What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
 Forgets the vow, in which my soul is bound.
 Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.

Port. Name not the word: my frightened
 thoughts run back,
 And startle into madness, at the sound.

Luc. What wouldst thou have me do?
 Consider well
 The train of ills, our love would draw behind it.
 Think, *Portius*, think, thou seest thy dying
 Brother,
 Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,

Storming at Heaven and thee! Thy awful Sire
 Sternly demands the cause, th'accursed cause,
 That robs him of his Son! Poor *Marcia* trembles;
 Then tears her hair, and, frantick in her griefs,
 Cries out on *Lucia*! What could *Lucia* answer?
 Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Port. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
 I must approve the sentence, that destroys me;
 The mist, that hung about my mind, clears up;
 And now, athwart the terrors, that thy vow
 Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
 More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
 Loveliest of Women! Heav'n is in thy soul;
 Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,
 Bright'ning each other! Thou art all divine!

Luc. *Portius*, no more, thy words shoot thro'
 my heart
 Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
 Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
 Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with
 sorrow?
 It softens me too much---- Farewell, my *Portius*,
 Farewell, tho' death is in the word, for ever!

Port. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What dost thou say?
 For ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn! If, *Portius*, thy success
 Must throw thy Brother on his fate, farewell
 Oh, how shall I repeat the Word? For ever!

Port. Thus o'er the dying lamp th'unsteady
 flame
 Hangs quivering on a point; leaps off by fits,
 And falls again, as loth to quit it's hold:
 ---- Thou must not go, my Soul still hovers o'er
 thee,
 And cann't get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shakes
 To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* suffers!

Port.

Port. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlook'd for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it;
We must not part.

Luc. What do'st thou say? Not part?
Hast thou forgot the vow, that I have made?
Are there not Heavens, & Gods & Thunder, o'er
us?
--- But see! thy Brother *Marcus* bends this way;
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell!
Farewell! & know thou wrong'st me, if thou
think'st,
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

Marc. *Portius*, what hopes? how stands she?
Am I doom'd
To life or death?

Port. What would'st thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture?
thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrified.

Port. I've reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd
thoughts
Tell me my fate: I ask not the success,
My cause has found.

Port. I'm griev'd, I undertook it.

Marc. What does the barb'rous maid insult
my heart,
My akeing heart! and triumphs in my pains?
That I cou'd cast her from my thoughts for ever!

Port. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
 Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
 What is Compassion, when 'tis void of love?
 Fool that I was, to chuse so cold a Friend,
 To urge my cause! compassionates my pains!
 Prithee, what art, what rhetorick did'st thou use,
 To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
 To one, that asks the warm returns of love,
 Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death---

Port. *Marcus*, no more! have I deseru'd this
 treatment?

Marc. What have I said? O *Portius*, O forgive
 me!

A Soul, exasperated in ills, falls out
 With ev'ry thing, it's Friend, it's self--- But hah!
 What means that shout, big with the sound of
 war?

What new alarm?

Port. A second, louder yet,
 Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in
 battel!

Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
 Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Port. Quick, let us hence; who knows if
Cato's life
 Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my heart
 Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high;
Be it your care, my Friends, to keep it up
In it's full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has spent it self on *Cato's* head.
Mean while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers may be safe.

(Exit.

1. *Lead.* We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our Friend.

Sempronius is as brave a Man, as *Cato*.
But heark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure, you beat him down, and bind him fast;
This day will end our toils, and give us rest;
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our Friend.

SCENE V.

Enter CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, and MARCUS.

CATO.

Where are these bold intrepid Sons of War,
That greatly turn their backs upon the
Foe',
And to their General send a brave defiance?

Semp. Curse on their dastard souls! they stand
astonish'd!

(Aside.

Cato.

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour

Your past exploits, and fully all your wars?
 Do you confess, 'twas not a zeal for *Rome*,
 Nor love of Liberty, nor thirst of honour,
 Drew you thus far; but hope to share the spoil
 Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces?
 Fired with such motives you do well, to join
 With *Cato's* foes, and follow *Cæsar's* Banners.
 Why did I 'scape th'invenom'd Aspic's rage,
 And all the fiery Monsters of the desert,
 To see this day? Why could not *Cato* fall
 Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men;
 Behold my bosom, naked to your Swords!
 And let the Man, that's injur'd, strike the blow!
 Which of you all suspects, that he is wrong'd,
 Or thinks, he suffers greater ills, than *Cato*?
 Am I distinguish'd from you, but by toils,
 Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
 Painful preeminence!

Semp. By Heav'ns they droop!
 Confusion to the Villains! All is lost. (*Aside.*)

Cato. Have you forgotten *Lybia's* burning
 waste,
 It's barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
 It's tainted air, and all it's broods of poison?
 Who was the first, to explore th'untrodden path,
 When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?
 Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
 When, on the banks of an unlook'd for stream,
 You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
 Who was the last, in all your Host, that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious source by chance
 appear'd
 Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
 And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*;
 Did he not dash th'untasted moisture from him?
 Did

Did not he lead you through the mid-day Sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

Cato. Hence worthless Men! Hence! &
complain to *Cæsar*,
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships, that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see th'unhappy men! they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your
Leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all therest.

Sempr. *Cato*, commit these wretches to my
care.

First let'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind;
The Partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up, and see their Fellow-Traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the Sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the
fate
Of wretched men?

Semp. How, wouldst thou clear Rebellion!
Lucius, (good Man) pities the poor Offenders,
That wou'd imbrue their hands in *Cato's* blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius*! --- See, they suffer
death;
But in their deaths remember, they are Men.
Strain not the Laws, to make their tortures
grievous.

Lucius, the base degenerate Age requires
Severity, and Justice in it's rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
Commands obedience, and gives force to Laws.
When,

When, by just vengeance, guilty mortals perish,
The Gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th'uplifted Thunder-bolt aside.

Sempr. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Mean while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
The generous plan of power, deliver'd down,
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your Children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

Exit Cato, &c.

SCENE VI.

Sempronius and, the Leaders of the Mutiny.

1. *Lead. Sempronius,* you have acted like your
self,
One would have thought, you had been half
in earnest

Semp. Villain, stand off! base grov'ling
worthless Wretches,
Mongrils in faction, poor faint hearted Traitors.

2. *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far,
Sempronius:
Throw of the mask, there are none here but
Friends,

Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves
presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: But if it fails,
They're sure to die, like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious Monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death. *Enter*

Enter Guards.

1. Lead. Nay, since it comes to this---

Semp. Dispatch'em quick: but first pluck out
their tongues,
Least, with their dying breath, they sow sedition.

(Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.)

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX, and SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

Our first design, my Friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My Troops are mounted; their *Numidian* Steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scow'r the desert:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our flight,
We'll force the Gate, where *Marcus* keeps his
Guard,
And hew down all, that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into *Cæsar's* Camp.

Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my
purpose:

Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind!

Syph. How! will *Sempronius* turn a Woman's
Slave?

Semp. Think not, thy Friend can ever feel the
soft

Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thy self,
Sempronius,

What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force? *Semp.*

Semp. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none, but *Juba*, and her Brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba's* dress, and *Juba's*
Guards;
The doors will open, when *Numidia's* Prince
Seems to appear before the Slaves, that watch
them.

Semp. Heav'ns, what a thought is there!
Marcia's my own!

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms;
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face.
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted Maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous
prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his Skies.

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

LUCIA, and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Now tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy Soul,
If thou believ'st, 'tis possible for Woman,
To suffer greater ills, than *Lucia* suffers?

Marc. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big swoln
heart

Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow;
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc.

Luc. I know, thou 'rt doom'd alike, to be
 belov'd
 By *Juba*, and thy Father's Friend *Sempronius*;
 But which of these has power to charm, like
Portius?

Marc. Still must I beg thee, not to name
Sempronius,

Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous Man :
Juba to all the bravery of a Heroe
 Adds softest love, and more then female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our Sex,
 Any of woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not *Marcia*? Come, you strive
 in vain
 To hide your thoughts from one, who knows
 too well
 The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Marc. While *Cato* lives, his Daughter has no
 right
 To love, or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But should this Father give you to
Sempronius?

Marc. I dare not think, he will : But if he
 should ---

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs, I suffer,
 Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
 I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
 Let us retire, and try, if we can drown
 Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
 When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
 (In spite of all the Virtue, we can boast,)
 The Woman, that deliberates, is lost.

(*Exeunt.*)

Tom. II.

Q

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Enter Sempronius, dress'd like Juba, with
Numidian Guards.*

S E M P R O N I U S.

The Deer is lodg'd: I've trackt her to her
covert.

Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.

Let not her cries, or tears, have force to move
you:

---How will the young *Numidian* rave, to see
His mistress lost? If aught could glad my Soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,

'Twould be, to torture that young gay Barbarians:
---But heark, what noise! Death to my hopes!

'tis he,
Tis *Juba's* self! there is but one way left---

He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through thole his Guards. --- Hah, Destards,

do you tremble?
Or act-like Men, or by yon azure Heav'n---

Enter Juba:

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares
usurp
The Guards and Habit of *Numidia's* Prince?

Semp. One, that was born to scourge thy
arrogance,
Presumptuous Youth.

Jub. What can this mean *Sempronius*?

Semp. My sword shall answer thee: Have at
thy heart!

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud,
barbrous Man!

*(Semp. falls. His Guards surrender.
Semp.)*

Semp. Curse on my Stars! Am I then doom'd
to fall

By a Boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless Woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! This my close of life!
O for a peal of Thunder, that wou'd make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and *Cato*
tremble! (*He dies.*)

Jub. With what a spring his furious soul
broke loose,
And left the limbs still quiv'ring on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those Slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there, at length, unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of Fate.

Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.

SCENE III.

Enter LUCIA, and MARCIA,

LUCIA:

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst it's sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at ev'ry sound.
O *Marcia*, should thy Brothers for my sake!--
I die away with horror at the thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood, here's blood
and murder!

Hah! a *Numidian*! Heavens preserve the Prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment.

But hah! Death to my sight! a Diadem!
And purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

Juba, the loveliest Youth, that ever warm'd
A Virgin's heart, *Juba* lies dead before us.

Luc. Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy
assistance

Thy wonted strength, and Constancy of mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater tryal.

Q 2

Marc.

Marc. Lucia, look there and wonder at my
Patience.

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

Luc. What can I think, or say, to give thee
comfort?

Marc. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead!

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That Man, that best of Men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? and was the false
Sempronius

That best of Men? O had I fallen like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been
happy!

Luc. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortur'd
breast.

This empty World, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left, to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Jub. I'm on the Rack! was he so near her heart?

Marc. Oh! he was all made up of love and
charms,

Whatever Maid could wish, or Man admire;
Delight of every eye! When he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladdened all, that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run mad

Marc. Juba, Juba, Juba!

Jub. What means that voice? did she not
call on Juba?

Marc.

Marc. Why do I think on what he was
 he's dead!
 He's dead, and never knew, how much I lov'd
 him.

Lucia, who knows, but his poor bleeding heart,
 Amidst it's agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
 And the last words, he utter'd, call'd me cruel!
 Alas, he knew not, hapless Youth, he knew not,
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and *Juba*!

Jub. Where am I? do I live? Or am indeed
 What *Marcia* thinks? all is Elisium round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of
 Men!

Nor Modesty, nor Virtue here forbid

A last embrace, while thus ---

Jub. See, *Marcia*, see,

(*Throwing himself before her.*

The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch

That dear embrace, and to return it too

With mutual warmth, and eagerness of love.

Marc. With pleasure and amaze I stand

transported;

Sure'tis a dream! Dead and alive at once!

If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch,

Disguised like *Juba* on a curs'd design.

The tale is long, nor have I heard it out,

Thy Father knows it all. I could not bear

To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,

But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee.

I found thee weeping, and confess this once,

Am rapt with joy to see my *Marcia's* tears.

Marc. I've been surpriz'd in an unguarded

hour,

But must not now go back: The love, that lay

Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through

all

It's weak restraints, and burns in it's full lustre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in extasie! and do'st thou love,
Thou charming Maid?

Marc. And do'st thou live, to ask it?

Jub. This, this is life indeed! Life worth
preserving!

Such life, as *Juba* never felt till now!

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought
thee dead
I did not know my self, how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate mistake!

Marc. O happy *Marcia*!

Jub. My joy! my best beloved! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my Soul?

Marc. *Lucia*, thy arm. Oh let me rest upon it --
The vital blood, that had forsok my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.
O Prince! I blush to think, what I have said;
But Fate has wrested the confession from me.
Go on, and prosper in the paths of Honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our love.

(*Ex. Marc. and Luc.*)

Jub. I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my Star.
What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd Towns
And Provinces, to swell the Victor's Triumph?
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let *Cæsar* have the World, if *Marcia's* mine.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE

SCENE IV

*A March at a distance.**Enter CATO and LUCIUS.*

LUCIUS.

I Stand astonish'd! what, the bold *Sempronius*?
That still broke foremost through the croud
of Patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness----

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius*,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpriz'd at
nothing.

---O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad world!
The day light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where *Portius* comes! What means this
haste?

Why are thy looks thus changed?

Port. My Heart is griev'd;
I bring such news, as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* blood?

Port. Not so.

The Traytor *Syphax*, as within the square
He exercis'd his Troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* Horse
To the south-gate, where *Marcus* held the
Watch.

I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain;
He tost his arm aloft and proudly told me,
He would not stay, and perish like *Sempronius*.
Cato. Perfidious Men! But haste my Son, and see

Thy Brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman's* part.

(Exit *Portius*.)

---- *Lucius*, the *Torrent* bears too hard upon me :
Justice gives way to Force : the conquer'd World
Is *Cæsar's* : *Cato* has no business in it.

Luc. While *Pride*, *Oppression*, and *Injustice*
reign,
The World will still demand her *Cato's* presence.
In pity to Mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live, to swell the
number

Of *Cæsar's* Slaves; or by a base submission
Give up the cause of *Rome*, and own a Tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungenerous terms. His Enemies confess,
The virtues of humanity are *Cæsar's*.

Cato. Curse on his virtues ! They've undone
his Country.

Such popular humanity is *Treason*---

But see young *Juba* ! the good Youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious Subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince ! his fate deserves
compassion.

Enter *Juba*.
Jub. I blush, and am confounded, to appear
Before thy presence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato. And a brave one too,
Thou hast a *Roman* Soul.

Jub. Hast thou not heard
Of my false Countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young Prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes---*Rome* has it's *Cæsars*.

Jub.

SCENE

Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distressed.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause, where 'tis deserv'd.
Thy virtue, Prince, has stood the test of Fortune,
Like purest Gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, & brings forth all its weight.

Jub. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* Empire.

Re - enter Portius.

Port. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus* -

Cato. Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Port. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Born on the shields of his surviving Soldiers,
Breathless and pale and cover'd o'er with wounds,

Long, at the head of his few faithfull Friends,
He stood the shock of a whole Host of Foes;
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Port. Nor did he fall, before
His Sword had pierc'd through the false heart of
Syphax:

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary Traytor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done
his duty.

Port. when I am dead, besure thou place
His urn near mine.

Port. Long may they keep afunder !

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy Soul with all it's
patience ;
See where the corps of thy dead Son approaches !
The Citizens and Senators alarm'd
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato Welcome my Son ! Here lay him down,
my Friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leifure
The bloody courfe, and count those glorious
wounds.

--- How beautifull is Death, when earn'd by
Virtue !

Who would not be that Youth ? what pity is it,
That we can die but once, to ferve our Country !

--- Why fits this fadness on your brows, my
Friends ?

If thou'd have blush'd, if *Cato's* House had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a Civil-war.

Portius, behold thy Brother, and remember,
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Jub. Was ever Man like this ! *(Aside.*

Cato. Alas my Friends !

Why mourn you thus ? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears.
The Mistress of the World, the feat of Empire,
The nurse of Heroes, the delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
And set the Nations free : *Rome* is no more.

O Liberty ! O Virtue ! O my Country !

Jub. Behold that upright Man ! *Rome* fills
his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son.

Aside.

Cato. Whate'r the *Roman* virtue has subdu'd,
The

The sun's whole course, the Day & Year, are
Caesar's.

For him the self devoted *Decii* dy'd,
 The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:
 Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Caesar*. O my Friends!
 How is the toil of Fate, the work of Ages,
 The *Roman* Empire fall'n! O curst Ambition!
 Fall'n into *Caesar's* hand! Our great Forefathers
 Had left him nought to conquer, but his Country.

Juba. While *Cato* lives, *Caesar* will blush to
 Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire:

Cato. *Caesar* ashamed! Has not he seen
Pharsalia?

Luc. Cato. 'tis time, thou save thy self and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me. I'm out of
 danger.

Heaven will not leave me in the Victor's hand.

Caesar shall never say, I conquer'd *Cato*.

But oh! my Friends, your safety fills my heart
 With anxious thoughts: A thousand secret terrors
 Rise in my Soul: How shall I save my Friends?
 'Tis now, O *Caesar*! I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Caesar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you, let him know,
 Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,

That I my self, with tears, request it of him,

The virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.

Should I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,

Or seek the Conqueror?....

Jub. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon *Juba*!

Cato. Thy virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,

Will one day make thee great: At *Rome*,

hereafter.

'Twill

'Twill be no crime, to have been *Cato's* Friend.
Portius, draw near ! My Son, thou oft hast seen
 Thy Sire engag'd in a corrupted State,
 Wrestling with Vice & Faction : Now thou
 see'st me
 Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success ;
 Let me advise thee, to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal Seat, the *Sabine* field,
 Where the great Censor toil'd with his own
 hands,
 And all our frugal Ancestors were bless'd
 In humble Virtues, and a rural life.
 There live retired ; pray for the Peace of *Rome* :
 Content thy self to be obscurely good.
 When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear
 sway,
 The post of honour is a private station.

Port. I hope, my Father does not recommend
 A life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewell, my Friends ! if there be any
 of you,
 Who dare not trust the Victor's clemency,
 Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command,
 (Their Sails already opening to the winds)
 That shall convey you to the wisht-for Port.
 Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for you ?
 The Conqueror draws near, Once more farewell !
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.

(*Pointing to his dead Son,*
 There the brave Youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
 Who greatly in his Country's cause expir'd,
 Shall know, he conquer'd. The firm Patriot there,
 (Who made the Wellfare of Mankind his care)
 Tho' still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune, cross'd,
 Shall find, the generous labour was not lost.

ACTE

The Soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
 The Wreck of Matter, and the crash of Worlds.
 What means this heaviness, that hangs upon
 me?

This lethargy, that creeps through all my senses?
 Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awaken'd Soul may take her flight,
 Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An offering fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb Man's rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
 Indifferent in his choice, to sleep, or die.

SCENE II.

C A T O, P O R T I U S.

C A T O.

But hah! how's this, my Son! Why this
 intrusion?
 Were not my orders, that I wou'd be private?
 Why am I disobey'd?

Port. Alas, my Father!

What means this sword? this instrument of
 death?

Let me convey it hence!

Cato. Rash Youth, forbear!

Port. O let the pray'rs, th' entreaties of your
 Friends,
 Their tears, their common danger wrest it
 from you.

Cato.

Cato. Would'st thou betray me? Would'st
 thou give me up
 A slave, a captive, into *Cæsar's* hands?
 Retire, and learn obedience to a Father,
 Or know, young Man! ---

Port. Look not thus sternly on me;
 You know, I'd rather die, than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of my self.
 Now, *Cæsar*, let thy Troops beset our gates,
 And bar each avenue, thy gath'ring Fleets
 O'er-spread the sea, and stop up every Port:
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
 And mock thy hopes. ---

Port. O Sir, forgive your Son,
 Whose grief hangs heavy on him! Oh my Father!
 How am I sure, it is not the last time,
 I e'er shall call you to? Be not displeased,
 O be not angry with me, whilst I weep,
 And in the anguish of my heart beseech you,
 To quit the dreadful purpose of your Soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

(*Embracing him.*)

Weep not, my Son. All will be well again.
 The righteous Gods, whom I have sought to
 please,
 Will succour *Cato*, & preserve his Children.

Port. Your words give comfort to my droop-
 ing heart.

Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my
 conduct:
 Thy Father will ne'er act what misbecomes
 him.
 But go, my Son, and see, if aught be wanting
 Among thy Father's Friends; see them
 embarked,
 And tell me, if the Winds and Seas befriend
 them.

My

My Soul is quite weigh'd down with care,
and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment sleep.
Port. My thoughts are more at ease, my
heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS and MARCIA.

PORTIUS.

O *Marcia*, O my Sister, still there's hope,
Our Father will not cast away a life,
So needful to us all, and to his Country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatcht me
hence

With orders, that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his Friends:
Marcia, take care, that none disturb his slumbers.

(Exit,

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard
the just,
Watch round his couch and soften his repose;
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easie dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And show Mankind, that goodness is your
care.

SCENE IV.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your Father, *Marcia*, where is
Cato?

Marc. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia,

Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my Soul, We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble, when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble !
Cato is stern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at humane frailty,
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the Foes
of *Rome*,
He is all goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his Friends ;
Fill'd with domestick tenderness, the best,
The kindest Father ! I have ever found him
Ealie, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd

Thy Brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament--

Marc. And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth !

Luc. Has set my Soul at large ; and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows *Cato's*
thoughts ?

Who knows, how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thy self ?

Marc. Let him but live ! commit the rest to
Heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the Virtuous
Man.

O *Marcia*, I have seen thy Godlike Father.
Some Power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him :
I saw him stretcht at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams ; as I drew near his couch ;

Tom. II.

R

He

He smil'd, and cry'd: *Cæsar*, thou canst not
hurt me.

Marc. His mind still labours with some
dreadful thought.

Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of
sorrow?

Dry up thy tears, my Child, we all are safe,
While *Cato* lives--- His presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Lucius, the Horsemen are return'd from
viewing

The number, strength and posture of our Foës,
Who now incamp within a short hour's march.

On the high point of yon bright western Tower
We kenn them from afar; the setting Sun

Plays on their shining Arms and burnish'd
Helmets,

And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy
Father,

Cæsar is disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance, till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of
importance.

What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Port. As I was hasting to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a Sail arrived
From *Pompey's* Son, who through the Realms of

Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his Father's death.
Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
Assert her rights, and claim her Liberty.

But

But heark! what means that groan! O give me

And let me fly into my Father's presence. (*Exit.*)

Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And, in the wild disorder of his Soul,
Mourns o'er his Country! Hah! a second groan!
Heav'n guard us all ---

Marc. Alas! 't is not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound ---

Re-enter Portius.

Port. O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his sword ---

Luc. O Portius!
Hide all the horrors of the mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Port. I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from
him,
Demands to see his Friends. His Servants
weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

(*The back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.*)

Marc. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my Father!

Jub. These are thy Triumphs, thy exploits, O
Caesar!

Luc. Now is Rome fall'n indeed! ---

(*Cato brought forwards in his Chair.*)

Cato. Here set me down ---
Portius come near me--are my Friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

O Lucius, art thou here? -- Thou art too good!
 Let this our Friendship live between our Children;
 Make *Portius* happy in thy Daughter *Lucia*.

Alas poor Man, he weeps! --- *Marcia*, my
 Daughter --

-- O bend me forward! *Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.
 A Senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
 Would not have match'd his Daughter with a
 King;
 But *Cæsar's* Arms have thrown down all
 distinction;

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a *Roman* ---

---- I'm sick to death --- O when shall I get loose
 From this vain World, th' abode of guilt &
 sorrow! ---

---- And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
 On my departing Soul. Alas! I fear
 I've been too hasty. O ye Powers, that search
 The heart of Man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
 If I have done amiss, impute it not! ----

The best may err, but you are good, & -- oh! (*Dies*
Luc. there fled the greatest Soul, that ever
 warm'd

A *Roman* breast. O *Cato*! O my Friend!

Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæsar*,

And lay it in his light, that it may stand

A fence betwixt us and the Victor's wrath;

Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.

From hence let fierce contending Nations
 know,

What dire effects from civil discord flow.

'Tis this, that shakes our Country with alarms,

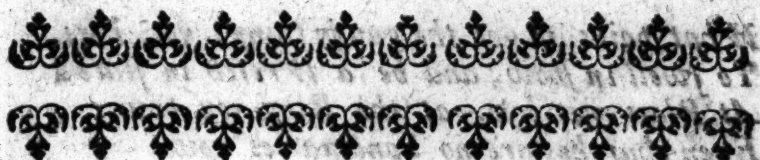
And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* Arms;

Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,

And robs the guilty world of *Cato's* life.

(*Exeunt omnes.*

End of the Fifth Act.



EPILOGUE.

By Dr. GARTH.

What odd fantastick things we Women do!
 Who would not listen, when young Lovers woo?
 But die a Maid, yet have the choice of two!
 Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
 Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
 Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves---you may:
 Be spiteful---and believe the thing, we say,
 We hate you, when you're easily said nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
 Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
 Our hearts are form'd, as you your selves would
 chuse,

Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
 We give to merit and to wealth we sell;
 He sighs with most success, that settles well:
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons, we have learn'd from you:
 Your breasts no more the fire of Beauty warms,
 But, wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;

*What pains to get the gaudy thing, you hate,
 To swell in show, and be a Wretch in state?
 At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
 Even churches are no Sanctuaries now.
 There golden Idols all your Vows receive;
 She is no Goddess, that has nought to give!
 Oh, may once more the happy Age appear!
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
 When Gold & Grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And Courts less coveted, than Groves and springs.
 Love then shall only mourn, when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel transport in it's chains;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;
 Virtue again to it's bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy, but time:
 The Fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's Son.*



AGAMEMNON

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. THOMSON.

R 4

A GAMMERNON

T. R. A. G. E. T.

BY MR. THOMSON.

TO HER MAJESTY
ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Princess of Wales.

Madam:

I humbly beg leave to put this Tragedy under the Protection of Your Royal Highness; and hope You will condescend to accept of it, as a Testimony of the most unfeigned and zealous Respect, due, no less to Your Amiable Virtues than to Your High Rank, from,

Madam

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Dutiful and most

Obedient Humble Servant,

James THOMSON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN:

AGAMEMNON.

ORESTES *Son of Agamemnon & Clytemnestra*

EGISTHUS

MELISANDER

ARCAS.

TALTHYBIUS,

Officer, Messenger, Assassins

WOMEN.

CLYTEMNESTRA

ELECTRA *Daughter of Agamemnon and
Clytemn:*

CASSANDRA

ATEENDANT *on Clytemnestra.*

CHORUS *of Trojan Captives.*

AGA-



AGAMEMNON

A TRAGEDY.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA *sitting in a disconsolate
Posture, and her ATTENDANT.*

ATTENDANT.

O Clytemnestra! O my royal Mistress!
Can then no Comfort sooth your Woes
a while?
E'er since that flaming Signal of sackt
Troy,
That Signal fix'd and promis'd by the King,
Was seen some Nights ago, nor Food has pass'd
Your loathing Lips, nor Sleep has bless'd your
Eyes.
Or if, perhaps, a transient Slumber hush'd
Your

Your Sighs a moment, and restrain'd your Tears;
Sudden you, starting wildly, would exclaim
Of Guilt, *Egisthus*, *Troy* and *Agamemnon*.
Sure, 'tis too much, my Queen.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Away! away!

Since my lost State admits of no Relief,
To that sad Comfort of the Wretched leave me,
To yield me to my Sorrows.

ATTENDANT.

Hear me, Madam,

Once the dear Burden of these aged Arms!
My tender Care from Life's first opening Bud!
My Joy! my Glory! hear your faithful Servant,
And let me add your Friend. - In Reason's Eye,
That never judges on a partial View,
Far less than your Misfortune is your Guilt. ---
Your Guilt --- Forgive me, 'tis too harsh a Word
For what deserves Compassion more than Blame.
I know the treacherous Ways, by which you
funk,
From pleasing Peace, to these unhappy Fears,
This anxious Tumult. - - -

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Hide me from the View!

All Comfort is in vain. - - - Away!

ATTENDANT.

Allow me,

To plead your injur'd Cause against yourself.
When *Agamemnon* led the *Greeks* to *Troy*,
And left you, Madam, for the Pomp of War;
Left you the Pride of *Greece*, in full-blown
Beauty,
The

The kindest Mother, and the fondest Wife;
 If Fame says true, for *Trojan* Captives left you---
 But that a part.--- How did he leave you, say?
 Afflicted, outrag'd, as a Queen and Mother,
 Betray'd to *Aulis* with your first-born Hope,
 The blooming *Iphigenia*, under Feint
 Of her immediate Marriage to *Achilles*;
 And there no sooner at the wind-bound Fleet
 Arriv'd, but you beheld her spotless Blood
 Stream on the sully'd Altar of *Diana*,
 The Price of Winds, of a dear purchas'd Gale,
 To bear them on to *Troy*. Thus pierc'd with Grief,
 Then fir'd by turns to Rage, almost to Vengeance,
 At an ambitious cruel haughty Husband;
 While all your Passions were together mix'd,
 And ready for a Change; was you not left
 In a submissive soothing Lover's Power,
 Ordain'd your Partner in the sovereign Rule
 O'er *Argos* and *Mycenæ*, but to you,
 As pliant still, as *Agamemnon* stately?

CLYTEMNESTRA, *rising*

Alas! too true! You touch the Source of Woe.
 Why did you leave me, barbarous *Agamemnon*?
 Why leave me weeping o'er a murder'd
 Daughter?
 Why helpless leave me to a troubled Mind?
 Ah! why yourself betray me to a Lover?
 What Arts *Egisthus* us'd too well I know;
 All that can softly steal, or gayly charm,
 The Heart of Woman-Hence, dear sad Ideas!
 Destroyers hence! And dare you tempt me still,
 Perfidious *Syrens*! in that very Moment,
 When your false Charms have wreckt my Peace
 for ever?
 Oh, Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we form'd
 One Contradiction? the continual Sport

Of

Of fighting Powers! Oh! wherefore hast thou sown
 Such war within us, such unequal Conflict,
 Between slow Reason and impetuous Passion?
 Passion resistless hurries us away,
 Ere lingering Reason to our Aid can come,
 And to upbraid us then it only serves.
 Tormentor, cease!

A T T E N D A N T.

You wrong yourself too much.

Think, Madam, how, for Years, you baffled Love:
 Nor could *Egisthus*, tho' he touch'd your Heart,
 Tho' many a midnight Tear, and secret Sigh,
 To me, and me alone, disclos'd the Pangs,
 That dim'd your fading Cheek; yet could he not,
 With all his Arts, his Love, Submission, Charms,
 O'ercome the struggling Purpose of your Soul;
 Till *Melifander*, to a desert Isle,
 He banish'd from your Ear.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Ah *Melifander*!

Given to the Beasts a Prey, or wilder Famine;
 Ah perish'd Friend! *Ierene* directing Light,
 By *Agamemnon* left to guide my Councils;
 Whom every Science, every Muse, adorn'd,
 While the good honest Heart enrich'd them all;
 Oh hadst thou still remain'd, then I, this Day
 Had been as glorious, as I now am wretched!
 There breathes a felt Divinity in Virtue,
 In candid unassuming generous Virtue,
 Whose very Silence speaks; and which inspires,
 Without proud formal Lessons, a Disdain
 Of mean injurious Vice. But lost with him,
 With *Melifander*, Reason, Honour, Pride,
 Truth, sound Advice, my better Genius fled;
 I friendless, flatter'd, importun'd and charm'd.

Was

Was left alone with all - seducing Love;
 Love to the Future blind, each sober Thought,
 Each Consequence despising, scorning all,
 Save what its own enchanting Dreams suggest.
 What could I do? - Away! Self-flattering Guilt!
 I should have thought, when Honour once is
 fully'd,
 Not weeping Mercy's Tears can wash it clean;
 And that one Blot on mine diffus'd a Stain
 O'er the proud Honour of a wedded King,
 And o'er my Children's, my poor blameless
 Children's!
 Whose Cheeks will kindle at their Mother's Name:
 I should have thought --- Would I could think no
 more!
 To think is Torture!

ATTENDANT.

What avails it, Madam --

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O *Melissander*! if the Dead could hear,
 I would invoke thy friendly Influence now,
 Would with thee present in this Hour of Trouble.
 Perhaps there is in Wisdom, gentle Wisdom,
 That knows our Frailties, therefore can forgive,
 Some healing Comfort for a guilty Mind,
 Some Power to charm it into Peace again,
 And bid it smile anew with right Affections.
 No! fruitless Wish! --- It cannot, cannot be!
Egisthus, who may henceforth give me Laws,
 Dread of Discovery, that worst Tyrant, Shame,
 And my own conscious blotted Heart forbid it,
 Forbid Retreat. . . .

ATTENDANT.

Madam, behold the Man,
 Who,

Who, then upon the Watch, observ'd the Signal
Of conquer'd *Troy*, and now attends your Orders,
To give a full Account of what he saw.

S C E N E II.

CLYTEMNESTRA, *her* ATTENDANTS,
and the MAN who observ'd the Signal!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Are you then sure, that you beheld this Signal?
Or was it not some Vision of the Brain,
That painted, while you slept, your waking
With?
Or else perhaps some Meteor of the Night?

M A N.

Madam, *Troy* doubtless lies one Heap of Ruins;
I saw the Signal of its Fate distinctly.
The Night was dark and still. A heavier Gloom
Ne'er cover'd Earth. In low'ring Clouds the Stars
Were muffled deep; and not one Ray, below,
O'er all *Mycenæ* glimmer'd, or around it:
When strait, at farthest East, a ruddy Light
Sprung up, and, wide - encreasing, roll'd along;
By turns diminish'd, and by turns renew'd,
A Wave of Fire: at last it flam'd confess'd,
From Isle to Isle, and beachy Point to Point;
Till the last Blaze at *Nauplia* ended, plain.
A glorious Sight! and as a *Greek* rejoic'd me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

How fits the Wind?

M A N.

It blows from *Troy*, direct;
A bold and steady Gale.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis well. Retire.
Your Care and faithful Pains shall be rewarded.

SCENE

SCENE III.

CLYTEMNESTRA *her* ATTENDANT.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He comes! he comes! the hapless Victor comes!
 Even now his trophy'd Vessel streaks the Main,
 And ploughs the Billows with triumphant Prow;
 Or, by glad Crouds receiv'd, perhaps, he hails
 His native Shore, and presses on to Shame.
 Even now, with Glory charg'd, with Conquest
 Crown'd with the Laurels of ten famous Years,
 He dreams to join them to the peaceful Olive;
 And, after rugged Toils and perilous War,
 Soft to repose him on the Myrtle Bed
 Of calm domestic Bliss. How vain the Hopes!
 How short the Prospect of believing Man!
 I dare not look before me, dare not paint
 The rising Storm.

ATTENDANT.

Behold *Egisthus*, Madam:

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leave me.

SCENE IV.

CLYTEMNESTRA, EGISTHUS:

EGISTHUS, *after some Silence.*

And is it thus, O *Clytemnestra*,

Thus that, in Hours of Danger, Lovers meet?

(*pausing.*

Still coldly silent, still the Look averted,

Where not one Softness glows? While Anger,

Fear,

Disgust and sick Repentance, shifting, cloud

Tom. II.

S

Your

Your vary'd Cheek. 'Tis plain you neve
lov'd

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh that I never had !

E G I S T H U S.

You never did.
The very Power to wish it proves, you did not.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He ne'er deserv'd my Love, who dares suspect it.

E G I S T H U S:

Not to suspect it Weakness were and Folly.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Nor only doubt ; believe your Doubts.

E G I S T H U S.

I do.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

You do.

E G I S T H U S:

Nay more, am of their Truth assur'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

This base ungrateful, an ungenerous Insult,
To tell me this. Urge not too far, *Egisthus*,
Urge not too far my guilt dejected Spirit.
Tho' you have trampil'd on my haughty Virtue,
That noble Pride of Soul, which knows no Fear,
And bears no Insult ; yet to you, at least,
To you of all Mankind, I will be bold,
As I had never err'd ; will be a Queen,
The Blood of *Jove*, be *Clytemnestra* still.

E G I S T H U S.

Be temperate, Madam : I have told you nothing,
But that I am not worthy of your Love.

CLY.

CLYTEMNESTRA:

Curse on that Pridel which, with affected Brow,
Humility conceals. And am I then so vile,
So lost to Reason, Honour, common Honour;
As, without Love, that all-compelling Fury,
Without debasing, thoughtless, blind blind Love,
To bow me, from the Height of happy Life,
To this low fearful State of coward Shame?
Mistake me not - I would not waste one Word;
One passing Word, affronted thus, to save you
From Jealousy's worst Rage; did not, alas!
A kind of mournful Justice to my self
Tear from my swelling Heart the mean Con-
fession.
How art thou fallen! to what Dishonour fallen!
Unhappy *Clytemnestra*!

EGISTHUS.

Harsh Construction!

And yet these Frowns delight, that Anger charms
me.

O more than lovely! O majestic Fair-one!
Since you then know the jealous Force of Love,
Forgive its tender Fears, its fond Offence;
Offence I could not mean.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ill - fated she!

Who must forgive.

EGISTHUS:

Nay rather cast me from you,
Than thus upbraid me with so forc'd a Pardon.

O *Clytemnestra*! where are now those Looks,
Those Looks of smiling Heaven, of radiant
Sweetness,
That wak'd our Morn of Love? within whose
Sphere,

No Evil durst approach, no Sadness dwell ;
 While the charm'd Gazer knew nor Fear nor
 Danger?
 And set they then at last in gloomy Quarrels ?
 Let us not quarrel ! Why should Lovers quarrel ?
 Life is for that too short, too precious Time ;
 These Moments chiefly , these impetuous
 Moments ;
 That to the Brink of Ruin seem to roll
 Our mingled Fate. Even now -

CLYTEMNESTRA:

'Tis true ! 'Tis true !

Alas ! methinks, in every hollow Blast,
 That shakes this Palace, *Agamemnon* comes.
 Yes, yes, *Egisthus*, still a Proof remains,
 A matchless Proof of Love, I mean to give you.
 Glad will I throw this Regal Pomp aside,
 And, instant, with you seek some distant Country;
 Some gloomy *Thracian* Dale, where piny *Hemus*
 May wrap us in impenetrable Shade.
 There, there, the coarsest Life, fed by hard Toil,
 Will be luxurious Fate to what I feel,
 To this big Pang, that labours at my Heart,
 And fires my mingling Passions into Anguish.
 Quick ! let us fly, *Egisthus*, fly this Moment !
 The next may seize us, bind us down to Shame,
 Detested Shame !

E G I S T H U S:

What ! *Clytemnestra* ! fly !

That is indeed the Road direct to Shame,
 To Infamy for ever. He who flies,
 In War, or Peace ; who his great Purpose yields,
 He is the only Villain of this World :
 But he who labours firm and gains his Point,
 Be what it will ; who crowns him with Success ;
 He

He is the Son of Fortune and of Fame,
By those admir'd, those specious Villains most,
That else had bellow'd out Reproach against him.

Besides your Husband, your vain - glorious
Husband,
Proud *Agamemnon*, who ten Years has warr'd
At *Troy*, to scourge your Sister *Helen's* Rape;
Dream you, that he would not pursue our Flight,
Tho' we took shelter in *Cimmerian* Shades,
And drag us back, the Scorn of hissing *Greece*,
To then deserv'd, to true unpity'd Shame.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Excuse my weaker Heart. But how, *Egisthus*,
How shall I bear an injur'd Husband's Eye?
The fiercest Foe wears not a Look so dreadful,
As does the Man, we wrong.

E G I S T H U S.

Madam, your Fears

Cast a false Glare upon your troubled Reason,
That blinds it quite. - An injur'd Husband he!
He wrong'd! No, *Clytemnestra* never, never,
Can never wrong her Tyrant *Agamemnon*,
Tyrant of common *Greece*; can never wrong
The Man, who leaves her, ten regardless Years,
For the vain Honours of a foolish War;
Nay, who consum'd those Years, if Fame speaks
true,

In nothing less than War; instead of War,
In shameful Squabbles, with his nobler Friends,
About their Captive Females, training out
An amorous Revel, rather than a War,
Far from his Country, Family, and Queen,
And can you wrong this False-one? Think of

Aulis.

How basely to that Port you was betray'd,

And what dire Nuptials wait'd there your
 Daughter.
 Think with what Price he bought his cruel
 Trophies.
 Behold the first-born Blossom of your Youth,
 Your *Iphigenia*, her mild Eyes dejected,
 Her Cheek o'ercast with Fear, her bosom bare,
 An helpless, harmless uncomplaining Victim,
 Stab'd by the murderous *Calchas*; whilst her
 Father,
 Her unrelenting Father, to protect
 The Sacrifice, stands by. Behold, she bleeds,
 Pours the rich Stream, she drew from that fair
 Bosom;
 Falls like a drooping Flower untimely cut,
 And all to purchase, for her Sire's Impatience,
 From some fell Demon, that bely'd *Diana*,
 A rising Gale. The Gale begins to blow,
 The Pendants flutter; when away he goes,
 Gayly he goes; and leaves a wretched Mother,
 To weep her murder'd Child. - If yet one Spark
 Of wonted Spirit burns in *Clytemnestra*;
 If she still lives to Justice and to Nature,
 These these are Wrongs, that call aloud for
 Vengeance;
 And there are Hands, that boldly - - start not
 Madam - -
 That will with Pride avenge you.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ha! what Hands?
 What Vengeance, say? Touch not so wild a
 String;
 It wakes new Discord in my jarring Soul.
 To the just Gods, not us, pertaineth Vengeance.
 I cannot, will not, e'er consent to-- Gods!
 Where roves my Tongue? - - You did not
 mention that,
 You

You did not mean it sure -- Oh spare, *Egisthus*,
In pity spare my last Remains of Virtue!
Oh make me not beyond Recovery vile!
A Horror to myself! -- How wretched they,
Who feel, yet cannot save, their dying Virtue!

(*A Shout heard.*)

What means this Transport of the madning
People?

Oh my presaging Heart! -- Save me! -- Again!
Ah! little think they how their Joy distracts me!

E G I S T H U S.

Some move this way -- Resume your Temper,
Madam.

SCENE V.

To CLYTEMNESTRA an OFFICER
belonging to the Court.

O F F I C E R.

Madam, the King is near, from *Nauplia* comes;
But such rejoicing Crouds around him throng,
As makes his Journey flow. Just now arriv'd,
Talthybius brings the News, and craves
Admittance.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Conduct him hither.

SCENE VI.

CLYTEMNESTRA, *alone.*

Oh too faithful Signal!

Now must I take another Step in Vice.
Down, stubborn Heart! and learn Dissimulation:
Yes learn to smile, tho' Sorrow wrap thee round;
Learn to be Friends with Baseness. --- See! how

This Herald strides along! Mistaken Man! SCE-
gay,

S C E N E V I I.

CLYTEMNESTRA, TALTHYBIUS,
*with some Grecian Soldiers that attend
 him.*

CLYTEMNESTRA:

Welcome, *Talthybius*! welcome, ye brave *Greeks*!
 How fares the King?

TALTHYBIUS,

Madam, the King is well ;

Health Happiness and Glory join to crown him.
 His Heart, impatient to confer with yours,
 Sends me before him with its warmest Wishes,
 Its warmest Gratulations. Tell, he said,

„ Go tell my *Clytemnestra*, that the Thoughts
 „ Of meeting her awake a dearer Joy,
 „ Than Conquest ever gave: even tedious
 seems

„ My People's Love, that looses me a Moment.
 This Crown, which circled once the Royal Brow.
 Of *Hecuba*, of Priam's lofty Queen,
 He prays you to accept.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

There, set it down.

I own, *Talthybius*, the soft Moisture fills
 My Woman's Eyes, while on the sudden Turns
 Of Fate I think, on Fortune's sad Reverses.
 Oft when blind Mortals think themselves secure,
 In height of Bliss, they touch the Brink of Ruin,
 But sure your Voyage has been wond'rous
 quick,
 Not three full Days. . . Is all the Fleet
 return'd?

TAL-

T A L T H Y B I U S.

No, Madam; none, except this single Ship,
Which bore the King: the rest are scatter'd wide.

When to the joyous Breeze we spread our Sails,
And left that Bay, where *Simois* and *Scamander*
Mix with the rapid *Hellepont*; while *Troy*,
Or what was *Troy*, yet wreathing smoak to
Heaven,

And *Ida's* woody Top, receding, sunk
Beneath the trembling Main: the Sky was fair;
And, wing'd our Course with slender Airs, we
sail'd,

Till Night, in goodly Company, along.
But strait, as Evening fell, the fluttering Gale,
Encreasing gradual, from the red North East,
Blew stiff and fierce. At last the Tempest holw'd.
Next Morning, nought but angry Seas and Skies
Appear'd, conflicting, round. Mean time, right on,
Our strong ribb'd Vessel drove before the Blast,
That, falling somewhat of its Fury, gave us
A quick auspicious Voyage. Safe, we pass'd
The *Cyclade* Isles, that, o'er the troubled Deep,
Seem'd then to float amidst the mingling Storm.
Only at one, with much ado, we touch'd,
Nor without risque.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A,

And why?

T A L T H I B I U S.

Madam, compell'd

By sacred Pity. On the foaming Beach,
A miserable Figure beck'ning stood,
Horrid and wild, with Famine worn away,
His plaintive Voice, half by the murmuring Surge
Absorb't, just reach'd our Ears. In *Greek* he call'd,
And strong adjur'd us by the gentle Gods,

That make the Wretched their peculiar Care,
To bear him thence, from savage Solitude,
Into the chearful Haunts of Man again.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What? - Of Condition look'd He?

TATTHYBIUS.

So he seem'd;

Tho' dim'd by helpless solitary Life.
The King regards him much --- Forgive me,
Madam;

I see the rueful Image but disturbs
Your generous Soul.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I thank you, good *Tatthybius*;
And from the King himself will learn the rest.
This Ring, on which a Victory is carv'd,
With curious Art, befits the News you bring;
I am your Debtor still; and, Soldiers, yours.

End of the First A C T.

A C T.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ATTENDANT.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Arriv'd so soon! I am not half prepar'd :
My Features all are sunk with conscious
Shame ;
My Eyes are yet too tender to dissemble.

ATTENDANT.

Madam, be firm. Wipe of these gloomy Tears,
In which too plain is read your troubled Soul.
Just now the Trumpet spoke the King's
Approach.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis come, at last, the trying Hour is come!
Oh that my Heart were hard, and Features
false! -
Again these Trumpets swell -

ATTENDANT.

A moment, Madam,
A moment will betray you.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And swallow up my Shame! - what can I do?
Where look? what say? Confusion! Torture!

ATTENDANT.

Madam -

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah, Coward that I am! Was there no Dagger,
To save this ten-fold Death?

ATTENDANT.

Hark! loud and near,
The

The Triumph comes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well---give me Breath---

Endeavouring to compose her Agitation.

AGAMEMNON, *behind the Scenes.*

A Moment,

Leave me, my Friends.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ha! heard you not his Voice?

Yes, yes, 'tis he! Go, bring my Children hither:
They may relieve me.

ATTENDANT

O remember!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Heavens!

SCENE I.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA.

A G A M E M N O N.

Where is my Life! my Love! my *Clytemnestra*!

O let me press Thee to my fluttering Soul,

That is on wing to mix itself with thine!

O thou, for whom I live, for whom I conquer,

Than Glory brighter! O my *Clytemnestra*!

Now, in this dear Embrace, I lose the Toils

Of ten Years War; Absence, with all its Pains,

Is by this charming Moment wip'd away.

All-bounteous Gods! Sure, never was a Heart

So full, so blest as mine, --- (*Discovering her*

Disorder.

But whence, my Fairest!

What mean these Tears? Not Tears of happy

Love;

Such

Such as I shed. - - - What means that clouded
 Whose downcast Sweetness will not shine upon ^{Look,}
 me?
 Why this cold Meeting? Why unkindly damp'd
 My Ardor thus? Oh speak, my *Clytemnestra*!

CLYTEMNESTRA,

Forgive me, *Agamemnon*; but I cannot,
 Alas! I cannot see your Face agzin,
 Without reflecting where I saw you last.
Aulis is present to my Eyes a - new,
 The Ships, the Chiefs, the Guards, the bloody
Calchas,
 All the dire Pomp of Sacrifice around:
 Anew my Daughter bleeds, basely deceiv'd!
 And when I see that awful Brow, that doom'd
 Her,
 Need *Agamemnon* wonder at my Tears!

A G A M E M N O N.

Why will my *Clytemnestra* add new Stings
 To what here rankles but too deep already?
 Ah! why impute to me the Work of Fate?
 'Tis not indulging private Inclination,
 The selfish Passions, that sustains the World,
 And lends its Rulers Grace: no, 'tis not thence,
 That Glory springs, and high immortal Deeds:
 The public Good, the Good of others, still
 Must bear fond Nature down in him, who dares
 Aspire to worthy Rule; imperious Honour
 Still o'er the most Distinguish'd lords it most.
 Was it for me? -- Let even your Passions judge--
 For *Agamemnon* was it, when ordain'd,
 By common Voice, the General of the *Greeks*;
 While twenty Kings beneath my Banner
 march'd;
 And

And while around me full assembled *Greece*,
 Indignant, kindled at your Sister's Rape,
 On her old native Foe demanding Vengeance
 On faithless *Asia* : Was it then for me,
 To quench this glorious Flame? and to refuse
 One Life to Thousands, to those generous
 Thousands,

That, for my Honour, for the dearer Honour
 Of *Clytemnestra's* Family, stood all
 Prepar'd to die? If to the mingled Voice
 Of Honour, Duty, Glory, Public Good,
 Of the commanding Gods, I had been deaf;
 And, in the feeble Father, poorly sunk
 The *Greek*, the Chief, the Patriot and the King,
 Greater than King, the General of the *Greeks*;
 Then you your self, my *Clytemnestra's* Self,
 Must (let her Heart avow the Truth) have scorn'd
 me :

Nor think it was an easy Resignation.
 Oh *Clytemnestra* ! Had you seen within,
 What here within my tortur'd Bosom pass'd;
 To that my Battles since were only Sport.
 No, not the kindest Mother, bath'd in Tears,
 As o'er her agonizing Babe she hangs,
 Feels what I suffer'd then - You may remember -
 Again the Father melts me at the Thought ---
 You may remember, how I hid my Face,
 Asham'd to let the *Greeks* around behold
 The Tears, that misbecame their General's
 Cheek.

Then cease to blame what rather merits Pity,
 I might add Praise. - He, who the Father's Heart,
 More tender has than mine, too tender has it.
 I love my Children, as a Father should;
 Besides, I love them from a softer Cause,
 I love my *Clytemnestra*.

C L Y.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Had, alas!

Had *Agamemnon* lov'd me, would he, nay,
 Could he have left me in the Rage of Grief,
 My Daughter yet fresh bleeding in my sight?
 Left me so long? Love surely must have found,
 In the Wide Round of ten revolving Years,
 Some way to see me, to prevent these Sorrows -
 Why was I thus abandon'd, *Agamemnon*?

A G A M E M N O N.

Let me kiss off these Tears-- O beauteous Tears!
 If shed by doubting Love, if shed for Absence.
 Instead of these Reproaches, ask me rather,
 How I that Absence bore: and here all Words
 All Eloquence is dumb, to speak the Pangs,
 That lurk'd beneath the rugged Brow of War.
 When glaring Day was clos'd, an hush'd the
 Camp;

Oh! then, amid ten thousand other Cares,
 Those stung the keenest, that remember'd Thee,
 That on my long - left *Clytemnestra* thought,
 On what wild Seas and Mountains lay between
 us.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Unhappy Man!

A G A M E M N O N.

What says my *Clytemnestra*?

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Unhappy Mortals! by vain Words deceiv'd,
 To their own Pride, to joyless Honour Slaves.

A G A M E M N O N.

He, he alone, can claim a Right to Bliss,
 Who has fulfill'd the painful Task of Honour.

CLY-

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

But what avails a Right to vanish'd Bliss?

A G A M E M N O N.

Let me once more adjure thee, *Clytemnestra*,
By every tender Name of Love adjure Thee,
To lose in kind Oblivion these our past---
I would not call them Quarrels--- Ah! there was,
There was a Time --- I will indulge the
Thought---

When everlasting Transport tun'd our Souls:
When, join'd to vernal Life, the Spring of Love
Around us gayly blow'd; and Heaven and
Earth,

All smiling Nature look'd delighted on.
Yet, would my *Clytemnestra* lend her Aid,
I know a Passion still more deeply charming,
Than fever'd Youth e'er felt; and that is Love,
By long Experience mellow'd into Friendship.
How far beyond that froward Child of Fancy!
With Beauty pleas'd awhile, anon disgusted,
Seeking some other Toy; how nobler far
Is this bright Offspring of unchanging Reason,
That fonder grows with Age, and Charms for
ever!

It is not often, *Clymenestra*, thus,
That I submit to double my Intreaties;
But, oh destroy not the collected Hopes
Of Life and Love! Oh make not Conquest
hateful!

I shall abhor it, if it cost me thee;
Cost me thy Love. A Daughter was too much,
And ten Years Absence from my *Clytemnestra*.
Add not to these a Loss, I cannot bear,
The Loss of thee, thou loveliest of thy Sex!
And once the kindest!

C L Y.

AGAMEMNON.

289

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh!

AGAMEMNON.

Turn not away ;

There is relenting Goodness in thy Look.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Alas ! untimely Fondness *Agamemnon* !

Too generous *Agamemnon* ! you distress me.

Would you were not so kind, so tender, now !

Or ne'er had been so cruel !

AGAMEMNON.

'Tis unjust

To call me cruel. Fate, the Gods, our Fortune

Were cruel to us both - What could I more

To sooth our parting Woes, and ease my

Absence ?

I left you *Melifander* to advise you,

Left you the wisest, faithfullest and best -

Oh whisp'ring Nature ! Are not these my

Children ?

SCENE III.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA,

ELECTRA, ORESTES.

AGAMEMNON.

My Daughter ! my *Electra* !

ELECTRA.

O my Father !

AGAMEMNON.

Come to my Arms, my Boy ! my dear *Orestes* !

In whom I live anew, my younger Self !

Tom. II.

T

And

And thou, Electra, in thy opening Cheek
 I mark thy Mother's Bloom: even so she
 look'd,
 Such the mild Light, with which her Beauty
 dawn'd.
 O thou soft Image of my *Clytemnestra* !
 My other *Iphigenia* !

E L E C T R A.

Oh my Father !
 My Joy ! my Pride ! my Glory ! whom, in
 Dreams,
 I oft have seen, as if return'd from *Troy* ;
 But still unwelcome Morning, with a Tear,
 Wip'd out the dear Illusion of the Night.
 And is it then no more a faithless Vision ?
 Oh 'tis my Father ! whose Departure hence,
 And *Iphigenia's* Death I just remember.
 How glorious, *Iphigenia*, was thy Death !
 A Death I envy rather than lament.
 Who would not die to gain immortal Fame,
 Deliver *Greece*, and crown a Father's Glory ?

A G A M E M N O N.

Come to my Arms again, my generous
 Daughter !
 And thou my Son ! O that thy tender Years
 Had suffer'd thee to share our Toils at *Troy* !
 'Tis War, that forms the Prince: 'tis Hardship,
 Toil ;
 'Tis sleepless Nights, and never-resting Days ;
 'Tis Pain, 'tis Danger, 'tis affronted Death ;
 'Tis equal Fate for all, and changing Fortune ;
 That rear the Mind to Glory, that inspire
 The noblest Virtues and the gentlest Manners.
 Where shall I find, to teach Thee these, *Orestes*,
 Another *Troy* ?

O R E.

ORESTES.

How happy had I been !
 To have beheld what I must only hear.
 But I will hear it often, every Day ;
 Will learn your Story, study your Example ;
 Will try to mix your Virtues with your Blood,
 And not disgrace the Laurels, I inherit.
 My Bosom flutters with I know not what - -
 - - Forgive me, Sir, I am too young to say it -
 But something here I feel, which bids me hope,
 That I shall not betray my Father's Honour.

AGAMEMNON.

Son of my Soul !-Look here, my *Clytemnestra* !
 Look here and weep with Tenderness and
 Transport !

What is all tasteless Luxury to this ?
 To these best Joys, which holy Love bestows ?
 O Nature ! Parent Nature ! Thou, alone,
 Art the best Judge of what can make us happy.

Enter an Officer belonging to the Court.

OFFICER.

Egisthus, Sir, attends.

AGAMEMNON.

Go, bid him enter.

Retire, my *Clytemnestra*, my dear Children :
 We soon shall meet again, till then farewell.

SCENE IV:

AGAMEMNON.

Obey me, *Feuces*, for one supple Moment :
 You shall not long be tortur'd. Here, in Courts,
 We must not wear the Soldier's honest Face.
 He little thinks I have him in the Snare

Of *Melifander*, whom, in my return,
I from that desert Island chanc'd to save,
To which the Russian - -

S C E N E V.

A G A M E M N O N, E G I S T H U S.

E G I S T H U S.

Health to *Agamemnon*!
And Happiness responsive to his Glory!

A G A M E M N O N.

Cousin, I greet you well.

E G I S T H U S.

Forgive me, Sir,
You have surpriz'd us with this quick Return:
For by that Signal, whose illustrious Flame
Rejoic'd all *Greece*, we did not hope your
Presence
These three days hence. Forgive, that unprepar'd,
We only with that Joy, that Transport, Wonder,
Which swell each *Grecian* Bosom, thus receive
you.

And truly such a Burst I have not seen
Of that best Triumph. City, Country, all,
Is in a gay triumphant Tempest tost.
I scarce could press along. The Trumpet's Voice
Is lost in loud repeated Shouts, that raise
Your Name to Heaven. Ten thousand Eyes,
below,
Ake to behold the Conqueror of *Troy*

A G A M E M N O N.

The noblest Praise, that can salute my Ear,
The sweetest Music, is my People's Joy.

But

But sure your Tongue has done it ample Justice;
Trust me, you blazon a Description well.
I have not heard so much obliging Speech
These many Years.

E G I S T H U S.

Misconstrue not my Zeal:

On the full Heart obedient Language waits.
I feel so deep your Glory, *Agamemnon*,
As mingles with my Joy a sort of Passion,
That almost touches Envy. O ye Gods!
Has, while I liv'd, a War, the most renown'd,
Which any Age e'er saw, or shall again
Be seen; a War, whose never dying Fame
Will cover Earth, and reach remotest Time;
Has such a War adorn'd my Days, and I
Not shar'd its Glory? Pining here, unknown,
In nameless Peace how have I lost my Life!

A G A M E M N O N.

This Ardor is the Mode. But know, *Egisthus*,
That ruling a free People well in Peace,
Without or yielding or usurping Power;
Maintaining firm the Honour of the Laws,
Yet sometimes softening their too rigid Doom,
As Mercy may require; steering the State,
Thro' factious Storms, or the more dangerous
Calms
Of Peace, by long Continuance grown corrupt;
Besides the fair Career, which Fortune opens,
To the mild Glories of protected Arts,
To Bounty, to Beneficence, to Deeds,
That give the Gods themselves their brightest
Beams:
Yes, know, that these are, in true Glory, equal,
If not superior, to deluding Conquest:

Nor less demand they Conduct, Courage, Care,
And persevering Toil.

E G I S T H U S.

Say thankless Toil,
Harsh and unpleasing ; that, instead of Praise
And due Reward, meets oftner Scorn, Reproach,
Fierce Opposition to the clearest Measures,
Injustice, Banishment, or Death it self :
Such is the Nature of malignant Man.
Not so the Victor's Meed: Him all approve,
Him all admire.

A G A M E M N O N.

Yet tho' a toilsome Task,
Tho' an ungrateful Labour oft to rule;
I not so hardly of Mankind, *Egisthus*,
Presume to judge. Truth, Wisdom, Courage,
Justice,
Beneficence, and to the Public Good
A constant Tenor of well-laid Designs;
These must be awful in the worst of Times,
Be amiable, dear ; while Worth, at last,
Will light up Worth, and Virtue kindle Virtue.
You was however eas'd of half the Toil,
By him, I left to counsel *Clytemnestra*,
By *Melisander*.

E G I S T H U S.

Wou'd to Heaven I had!

A G A M E M N O N.

You much amaze me. - Is not *Melisander*
Wise, just and faithful?

E G I S T H U S.

Sir, I own;
He wore a specious Mask. - - -

A G A -

A G A M E M N O N.

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A G A M E M N O N.

Beware, *Egisthus*;

I know his stedfast Worth, and will not bear
The farthest hint, that stains the Man I love.

E G I S T H U S.

Then urg'd by Truth hand in my own Defence,
I boldly wil assert him, *Agamemnon*,
To be more apt to trouble and embroil,
Than serve a State. A certain stubborn Virtue,
I would say Affectation of blunt Virtue,
Beneath whose outside Froth, fermenting lay
Pride, Envy, Faction, Turbulence of Soul,
And Democratic Views, in some sort made him
A secret Traitor, equally unfit
Or to obey, or rule. But that I check'd
His early Treasons, here, at your Return,
You might have found your Kingdom a
Republic.

A G A M E M N O N.

O I shall lose all Patience! - - -

Aside,

You do well,

To give your Accusation open Speech.
Meantime remember, you must fully prove it,
You must! - - - And he, who *Melissander* proves
The Wretch, you have describ'd, proves Man is
vain,
And saps the broad Foundations of all Trust.
I know, he would not patiently look on,
And suffer ill Designs to gather Strength,
Awaiting gentle Seasons; yes, I know,
He had a troublesome old - fashion'd way,
Of shocking courtly Ears with horrid Truth.

T 4

He

He was no civil Ruffian: none of those,
Who lye with twisted Looks, betray with
Shrugs - - -

I wax too warm - - - But he was none of those,
Is none of those dust licking, reptile, close,
Insinuating, speckled, smooth Court Serpents,
That make it so unsafe, chiefly for Kings,
To walk this weedy World - - - Pardon my
Heat - - -

I wander from the Purpose - - - You *Egisthus*,
Must prove your Charge, to *Meljander's* Face
Must prove it.

E G I S T H U S:

surely - - - since the Princely Faith
Of your own Blood you doubt - - -

A G A M E M N O N.

Friendship and Truth
Are more a - kin to me than Blood.

E G I S T H U S.

You shall,
You shall have Proof; but to his Face you
cannot,

A G A M E M N O N.

But to his Face I will! - - - I cannot! why?

E G I S T H U S.

He wanders far from hence, I know not where.
For when I found him an undoubted Traitor,
Tho' he the heaviest Punishment deserv'd,
Yet in regard to that Esteem, which, once,
You deign'd to bear him, Banishment alone
Was all I did inflict.

A G A M E M N O N.

I thank you, Sir - - -
O you

O you are wond'rous good! --- But tell me, how,
 How durst you meddle in the Sphere assign'd
 To *Clytemnestra*? He was left to Her;
 To be her Counsellor I left my Friend,
 Left *Melisander*; left a Man, whom long,
 Whom well I knew; perhaps, to check you, left
 him;
 And you pretend, you ! --- But I will be calm ---
 These Passions in a King to his Inferiors,
 Who cannot answer equal, are not comely.
 Forgive my Transport --- A more quiet Hour
 Shall sift this Matter to the bottom, shall
 Do *Melisander* or *Egisthus* Justice.

S C E N E VI.

E G I S T H U S.

Now go thy way, weak open-hearted Man,
 Thus to declare the Ruin, thou intendest.
 Go, rate thy *Trojan* Slaves; and elsewhere
 practise
 This Insolence of Camps. Tame, as I seem,
 Submissive, mild, and patient of thy Threats,
 Yet, ere to-morrow's Sun beholds *Mycenæ*,
 My sure - aim'd Blow shall pierce thy swelling
 Heart,
 And cool this Tyrant's Fever in thy Veins.
 Were not our Blood, our Kindred Blood at
 variance,
 And therefore burning with immortal Hate:
 Had not thy Father *Atreus*, at a Banquet,
 A dreadful Banquet! from whose Sight the Sun
 Turn'd back eclips'd, serv'd -- Monstrous! -- up
 to mine,
 To his own Brother, to the pale *Thyestes*,
 His murder'd Sons: didst thou not wear a
 Crown,
 Then

What wild Demand! Impossible!--- Even now,
 Endear'd by Danger, by Distress endear'd,
 I for thee feel a sonder Pang, than e'er
 I felt before.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

No! these deluding Words
 Can charm no longer; their Enchantment flies;
 And in my Breast the guilty Passions jar,
 Unkind, unjoyous, unharmonious all.
 Ah me! from real Happiness we stray,
 By Vice bewilder'd; Vice, which always leads,
 However fair at first, to Wilds of Woe.

E G I S T H U S.

Ah! *Clytemnestra*! didst thou love-

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

No more!
 Seduce my Soul no more! Here will I stop -
 Beyond this Line 'tis Misery, 'tis Madness;
 The Furies flash their Torches, Vultures tear,
 The mingled Tortures of the Damn'd await me.
 Oh! if your Passion be not merely selfish,
 If the least Tenderness for me you feel,
 Drive me no farther down the Gulph of Woe!
 To Happiness I bid a last farewell;
 I ask not Happiness: no, that I leave
 To Innocence and Virtue; Peace, alone,
 Some poor Remains of Peace is all I ask,
 Not to be greatly wretched, plung'd in Horrors.
 And yet, who knows, the heavenly Spark, that
 Beneath these Embers, yet may spread anew
 Its chearful Lustre - All may yet be well -
 For *Agamemnon* was so kind, so gentle,

With

With such a holy tender Flame he burn'd,
As might have kindled in a barbarous Breast
Humanity and Virtue.

E G I S T H U S.

All Pretence.

I guess his Aim ; I penetrate his purpose.
On you he lavish'd Fondness, while on me
He lowr'd Destruction. Doubtless, with his Ear,
Some Villain has been busy ; and he means
First to divide us, then with greater Ease,
To ruin both. - And can you then be caught,
Caught with these common prostituted Speeches,
That oft have sicken'd on the glowing Lip
Of many a *Trojan* Slave? *Chryseis* had them ;
Briseis too: and now *Cassandra*, she,
Who, liker a triumphant Queen than Captive,
Is every hour expected -

C L Y T E M N E S T R A

What *Cassandra*?

E G I S T H U S.

O it imports you little what *Cassandra*!
Thus poorly tame you ne'er will want
Cassandra's.

What is become of *Clytemnestra's* Spirit,
That she can thus forget her high Descent,
Forget her Rank, her Honour, nay forget
Her Injuries?

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

But what *Cassandra*, say?

E G I S T H U S.

Why *Priam's* Daughter, the prophetic Princess,
The proud, the young, the beautiful *Cassandra* :
So

So vain of Heart, she dreamt *Apollo* lov'd her,
 And, on her plighted Faith to crown his Love,
 Bestow'd the Gift of Prophecy; the Gift
 In her Possession, she deceiv'd the God;
 Whence he provok'd, with this Condition
 dash'd it,
 Of never gaining Credit. So the Tale,
 The Fable runs. Yet, on my Soul, I think,
 Did she give out, she should be Queen of *Argos*,
 She were indeed a Prophetess.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

'Tis well.

You mean it for an Insult this, you do.
 What else could tempt you to deride me, Sir
 With such Extravagance?

E G I S T H U S

Mistake me not;

I mean it, Madam, for a serious Truth,
 I mean it for a Certainty, if thus
 You droop, unnerv'd with these dejecting
 Fears.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Cassandra Queen of *Argos*!

E G I S T H U S.

Yes, of *Argos*;

While *Clytemnestra* in a Prison pines;
 Where she may weep, and moralize at leisure.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

By Heavens! she visits first her Father's Shade!

E G I S T H U S.

There shone your native Self. Let bright Revenge,
 I should say Justice, dissipate these Clouds,

These

These melancholy Whims of ill-judg'd Virtue,
 And show you burning with your former Lustre.
 Madam, our Fates are blended: know, we stand
 Or fall together. Shame Contempt and Ruin,
 Or Safety Love and Glory, is our Choice.
 And need we doubt a Moment?

C L Y T E M N E S T R A
 But, *Egisthus*.

E G I S T H U S.
 I know the Purpose of thy pleading Eye.
 Of that hereafter We shall meet again -
 My Presence now is wanted in the City.
 Fear nothing - Thou shalt know before we act,
 Thou, for whose sake alone I act and live!

The End of the Second Act.



ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

ARCAS, MELISANDER.

ARCAS.

And have I found my long-lost Friend again?
My *Melisander*! But so chang'd your Look,
So sickly'd with a kind of thoughtful Sadness;
So sunk each Feature, by seven drooping Years
Spent in that desert Isle, as baffled quite
My wandering Recollection.

MELISANDER.

True, dear *Arcas*:

For what a helpless Creature, by himself,
Is the proud Lord of this inferior World,
Vain feeble Man! The Commoners of Nature,
Each wing that flits along the spacious Sky,
Is less dependant than their boasted Master.

Hail social Life! into thy pleasing Bounds
Again I come, to pay the common Stock,
My Share of Service; and, in glad Return,
To taste thy Comforts, thy protected Joys.

ARCAS.

O greatly Welcome! You deserve them well,
You well deserve the social Life you polish.
Still on my thought your Strange Delivery dwells.
By *Agamemnon* left to aid the Queen,
With faithful Counsel, while he warr'd at *Troy*;
And thus by *Agamemnon* to be sav'd,
Returning from that Conquest! Wondrous
Chance!
Or rather wondrous Conduct of the Gods!
By Mortals, from their Blindness, Chance
misnam'd.

Mean

Mean time, instruct me, while the King reposes,
How was you snatch'd away? And how, so long,
Could you this dreadful Solitude support?
I burn to know the whole.

M E L I S A N D E R.

'Tis thus, my Friend.

While sunk in unsuspecting Sleep I lay,
Some midnigt Ruffians rush'd into my Chamber,
Sent by *Egisthus*, who my Presence deem'd
Obstructive (so I solve it) to his Views;
Black Views I fear, as you perhaps may know.
Sudden they seiz'd, and, muffled up in Darkness,
Strait bore me to the Sea, whose instant Prey
I did conclude my self, when first, around
The Ship unmoor'd, I heard the chiding Wave.
But these fell Tools of cruel Power, it seems,
Had orders in a desert Isle to leave me,
There hopeless, helpless, comfortless, to prove
The utmost Gall and Bitterness of Death.
Thus Malice often overshoots it self,
And some unguarded Accident betrays
The Man of Blood. Next Night a dreary Night!
Cast on the wildest of the *Cyclade Isles*,
Where never human Foot had mark'd the Shore,
These Ruffians left me: Yet, believe me, *Arkas*,
Such is the rooted Love we bear Mankind,
All Ruffians as they were, I never heard
A Sound so dismal as their parting Oars.
Then horrid Silence follow'd, broke alone
By the low Murmurs of the restless Deep,
Mixt with the doubtful Breeze, that now and
Sigh'd thro' the mournful Woods. Beneath a Shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at Heart, than e'er I felt

Before

Before. When *Philomela*, o'er my Head,
 Began to tune her melancholy Strain,
 As piteous of my Woes; till, by degrees,
 The balmy Sleep on wounded Nature shed
 A kind but short Relief. At early Morn,
 Walk'd by the Chaunt of Birds, I look'd around
 For usual Objects: Objects found I none,
 Except before me stretch'd the toiling Main,
 And Rocks and Woods, in savage View, behind:
 Wrapt for a Moment in amaz'd Confusion,
 My Thought turn'd giddy round; when, all at
 once,
 To Memory full my dire Condition rush'd.

A R C A S.

But of each Comfort each Convenience void,
 How could you Life sustain? how fence against
 Inclement Skies?

M E L I S A N D E R.

A mossy Cave, that fac'd
 The Southern Sea, and in whose deep Recess
 Boil'd up a lovely Fountain, was my Home.
 Herbs were my Food, those blessed Stores of
 Health!
 Only when Winter, from my daily Search,
 Withdrew my verdant Meal, I was oblig'd
 In faithless Snares to seize, which truly griev'd
 me,
 My sylvan Friends, that ne'er, till then, had
 known,
 And therefore dreaded less, the Tyrant Man.
 But these low Hardships scarce deserve
 my
 Regard:
 The Pangs, that sharpest stung, were in my Mind;
 There Desolation reign'd; and there, cut off
 From social Life, I felt a constant Death.

Tom. II.

V

And

And yet these Pangs at last forgot to throb :
 What cannot lenient gentle Time perform ?
 I eat my lonely Meal without a Tear ;
 Nor sigh'd to see the dreadful Night descend.
 In my own Breast, a World within my self,
 In Streams, in Groves, in sunny Hill and Shade ;
 In all that blooms with vegetable Life,
 Or joys with kindred animal Sensation ;
 In the full-peopled Round of azure Heaven ;
 Where'er I, studious, look'd, I found Companions ;
 But, chief, the Muses lent their softning Aid,
 At their enchanting Voice my Sorrows fled,
 Or learn'd to please ; while, thro' my troubled
 Heart,
 They breath'd the Soul of Harmony anew.
 Thus, of the great Community of Nature,
 A Denizen I liv'd ; and oft, in Hymns,
 And Rapturous Thought, even with the Gods
 convers'd,
 That not disdain sometimes the Walks of Man.
 So pass'd the Time, when, lo ! within my Call,
 Arriv'd the Ship, which Hope had often
 promis'd - - -
 The Ship ! - - O it surpass'd my fondest Dream,
 E'er to imagine the gay Ship, that came.
 As on the Deck I *Agamemnon* saw,
 All glorious with the Spoils of conquer'd *Troy* ;
 Ye Gods ! what Transport, what Amazement
 seiz'd me !
 What Adoration of your wondrous Ways !
 Expression sinks beneath them.

A R C A S.

Sweet Reward
 Of manly Patience ! that, to Fortune still
 Superior, scorns Despair.

M E L I S A N D E R :

This Theme, my Friend,
 Will

Will better suit a leifurable Hour :
The high Concerns of Lite now claim our Care.

I have already to the King imparted
Suspicious of *Egisthus*, and remain
In this Disguise, not to alarm his Guilt,
Till it more full appear, and proper Steps
To punish his Misgovernment be taken.
If he has ill Designs, you, *Arcas*, you
Must, while you seem'd regardless, must have
pierc'd them.
Your calm but keen Inspection, not disturb'd
By the vain Flutter of ill-tim'd Discourse,
Must reach the very Bottom of his Purpose.
In you the King confides, of you demands,
As of his best lov'd Subject in *Mycenæ*,
The Truth.

A R C A S.

O, I have precious Truths in store !
And that best Treasure will unlock before him.
Long has my silent Observation trac'd
Egisthus, thro' the doubling Maze of Treason;
But now his ill Designs are too too plain,
To all *Mycenæ* plain: and who, indeed,
Who can have good ones, that corrupts 'a
People ?

It was, however, hard, a bitter Task !
To wink at publick Villany, to wipe
Each honest Passion from my livid Face,
To bind my Hands, and seal my quivering Lips,
While my Heart burn'd with Rage, and
treasur'd up
A Storm of Indignation - - -

M E L I S A N D E R.

Give it way !
O 'tis a glorious Luxury ! Opprest,
For Years, beneath a Load of wicked Power,

To heave it off indignant, and assert
 The dear dear Freedom of a virtuous Mind:
 Curse on the Coward, or perfidious Tongue,
 That dares not, even to Kings, avow the Truth!
 Let Traitors wrap them in delusive Incense,
 On Flattery Flattery heap, on Falshood Falshood:
 Truth is the living liberal Breath of Heaven;
 That sweeps these Fogs away, with all their
 Vermin.
 And, on my Soul, methinks, that *Agamemnon*
 Deserves some touch of Blame. To put the
 Power,
 The Power of blessing, or oppressing, *Millions*,
 Of doing or great Good, or equal Mischief,
 Even into doubtful Hands, is worse than
 careless,
 Ye Gods, avert the Miseries, that hence
 On him and on his Family may fall!
 But, see, the King.

S C E N E VII.

A G A M E M N O N, M E L I S A N D A R A R C A S.

A G A M E M N O N.

Nay, *Arcas* to my Bosom, (*Arcas kneeling*,)
 Come, let me proudly take a faithful Heart!

A R C A S.

Thrice welcome, Sir, to *Argos* and *Mycenæ*!
 To Virtue welcome!

A G A M E M N O N.

In my own Dominions,
 I am a Stranger, *Arcas*. Ten full Years,
 Or even one Day, is Absence for a King,
 Without some mighty Reason, much too long.
 For me a just and memorable War,
 Whose Actions future Times perhaps may sing,
 My

My own, my Brother's, and my People's Honour,
With that of common *Greece*, must plead my

Pardon:

Now shall my Cares attend the Works of Peace:
Calm Deeds, that glare not on the vulgar Eye;
And yet it equal Courage oft demands,
To quell Injustice, Riot, factious Rage,
Dark-working blind Cabals, and bold Disorder,
As to confront the rigid Face of War.
Then tell me, *Arcas*, for, till self-inform'd,
I mean to see with your Discerning Eyes,
And sure I am they never will mislead me,
Have I much Subject for this peaceful Courage?
This Fortitude of State?

A. R. C. A. S.

Too much, my Lord.

Would to the Gods, our Virtues, here at home,
Could answer your Heroic Deeds abroad!
You, doubtless, from the rugged School of War,
Have brought sound manly Hearts, and generous
Spirits:

While we, alas! we rot in weedy Peace,
In slothful Riot, Luxury, Profusion,
And every Meanness, to repair that Waste:
I see the noble Blood, indignant, mount,
At this Relation, to my Sovereign's Check.
But, as Affairs now press, I were a Traitor,
If with a sparing Tongue I spoke the Truth.

A G A M E M N O N.

Immortal Gods! have I, these ten long Years,
Sustain'd a War at *Troy*, fill'd every day
With Cares incessant, Councils, Dangers, Toils,
Exploits of daring Brow, and signal Deeds,
To cherish Villains in licentious Ease?
Have I thus squander'd vile, on, *Phrygian* Plains,
The bravest Blood of *Greece*, to shelter such:

V 3

And

And to assert their Honour, who have none?

It was not well, methought, when *Melissander*
I in a desert Island pining found,
Abandon'd there by cruelty supreme;
Methought it was not well. Foul is the State,
And ill Designs ferment, when honest Eyes
With Woods alone converse, and rural Scenes.
But what can this perfidious, this *Egisthus*,
What can he, say, by such loose Rule propole?
Is it his native Bent? Or does he push
Some dark Design, by these detested Means?

A R C A S.

There is no Vice a Stranger to his Heart,
Conceal'd beneath refin'd Disimulation;
Disimulation, that on you your self
Impos'd. Meantime, Sir, his outrageous Views
Devour the Throne of Argos and Mycenæ.

A G A M E M N O N.

Said you the Throne of *Argos* and *Mycenæ*?
Already have I lost my noblest Throne,
If he has robb'd me of my People's Virtue;
'Tis but vain Pomp, a Tyrant's Toy, the other:
And dares he bear a giddy Look so high,
As to my Throne? The Villain! sure he dares
Nay more, my Lord----He scales the dazzling
Height,
And almost grasps with impious Hands your
Sceptre.

A G A M E M N O N.

To touch it is Perdition!---What! *Egisthus*!
Egisthus seize my Throne!

A R C A S.

So means the Traitor.

A G A M E M N O N.

That Creature of my Power! That Insect! rais'd
By the warm Beams of my mistaken Bounty!

Who

Whom, when my Father's Vengeance raz'd his
 Race,
 I sav'd, train'd up, with Favours, Honours heap'd;
 And trusted in his hands at last a Jewel;
 Too precious for the faithless Heart of Man --
 O gross gross Blindness -- Half my Kingly Pow'r!
 Ay, there breaks out his Father's treacherous
 Blood!
 There, there, too late, I find the base Thyestes!
 Forgive me *Atrous*! Oh my Royal Father!
 Forgive my trusting thus the Seed of him,
 Of an abhor'd, an execrable Brother,
 Who even profan'd thy Bed -- But, ere you Oub
 Shall from the purpled Ocean rise again,
 Oh injur'd *Atrous*! by thy sacred Shade,
 I swear, to make for this a full Attonement!

Is then this People, *Arcas*, grown so vile,
 So very vile, that he dares entertain
 The smallest Hope to rival me in Empire?
 I like not vaunting ---- But ungrateful People
 Can you prefer a nameless thing to me?
 Am I not rough with Scars on your account?
 And for the careful Love, I always bore you,
 Your Father nam'd? And yet prefer to me,
 One who ne'er saw the glorious Front of War,
 For nothing famous, but corrupting Peace,
 And whose sole Merit was my ill judg'd Favour?
 Can you - - away! - - Dishonour stains the
 Thought!
 How should this be?

A. R. C. A. S.

Not many, Sir, stand fix'd
 On the deep Principles of reason'd Virtue,
 Whom Time nor steals, nor Passion bears away.
 Mankind, in general, float along the Stream
 Of Custom, good or bad; and oft the Mind
 To that familiar grows, by gradual Ute
 And still-encroaching Vice, whose first Regard

Gave Horror, Hence ten loosely govern'd Years
 Have wrought such strange Events, that you
 Behold your antient *Argos* and *Micene*.
 These Cities now with Slaves and Villains
 At first *Egisthus*, popular and fair,
 All smiles and Softness, as if each Man's Friend,
 By hidden Ways proceeded, mining Virtue :
 He Pride, he Pomp, he Luxury diffus'd ;
 He taught them Wants, beyond their private
 Means ;
 And strait, in Bounty's pleasing Chains involv'd,
 They grew his Slaves. Who cannot live on little,
 Or as his various Fortune shall permit,
 Stand in the Market ready to be sold.

A G A M E M N O N.

O damn'd detested Traffick! -- But proceed.

A R C A S.

While the luxurious Fever thus increas'd,
 Still, in proportion, as it gather'd Rage,
 He lent it Fewel ; and, more bold, disclos'd
 His Noon-day Treason. Murmurs went about,
 And spread at last into the common Talk,
 That you was proud, severe, beneath the Task
 Of holding firm the Helm of State, a Tyrant ;
 That in vain Wars, which nought imported
 them,
 You spent their Treasure, shed their noblest
 Blood ;
 And that, *Troy* conquer'd once, to her rich
 Plains
 You meant from *Argos* to transplant your
 Empire.
 Mean

Mean time, in private, all, whom Vild
 Debauch
 Has set adrift from every human Tie;
 Whom Riot, Want, and conscious Guilt inflame,
 Holding the Gods and Virtue in contempt,
 Amidst their Bowls; such are his Bosom-
 Friends,
 And, join'd to them, a meaner ruffian Band,
 Whose Trade is Murder, and whose Harvest
 Crimes;
 Hang in Black Cloud around him; whence, I fear,
 A sudden Tempest is prepar'd to burst.
 This, Sir, from Duty and unfeigned Zeal,
 I plain unfold: nor on my word, alone,
 Believe these Accusations; clear as day,
 I for them will produce the strongest Proof.

A G A M E M N O N.

I thank thee, *Arkas*, Truth, tho' sometimes clad
 In painful Lustre, yet is always welcome,
 Dear as the Light, that shows the lurking Rock:
 'Tis the fair Star, that, ne'er into the Main
 Descending, leads us safe thro' stormy Life---
 Gods! how it tears me from each calmer
 Thought!
 To think this Traitor, that this double Traitor,
 This Traitor to my self and to my People,
 Should by such sneaking, such unmanly Ways,
 Thus filch away my Crown. ---
 Why stand I chafing here? One timely Deed
 Is worth ten thousand Words --- Come then,
 my Friends,
 Come and behold me seize amidst his Guards,
 His Coward Guards - - - Guilt ever was a
 Coward ---
 This Rival - King, and with him crown my
 Triumph.

Till then *Troy* smoaks in vain, and *Agamemnon*
Cannot be said to conquer.

M E L I S A N D E R.

Sir, beware ---

A G A M E M N O N.

Of what beware? Where am I, *Melisander*?
Am I not in *Micene*? in my Palace?
Are not these Crouds, that Stream along the
Streets,
My Subjects all? Of what should I beware?
Not seize a Traitor in my own Dominions?
Yes I will seize him, *Melisander*, --- will!

M E L I S A N D E R.

What Grace to Kings such generous Ardor
gives!
But tho' brave Deeds be warm at first
conceiv'd,
Let the best Purpose cool, nor miss your Blow.
More firm and sure the Hand of Courage strikes,
When it obeys the watchful Eye of Caution.
You hear from *Arcus*, Sir, what ruffian Bands,
What secret Deaths, what Daggers lurk around
him:
Be cautious then; for Virtue's, Glory's, sake!
And, when you strike, Strike home.

A G A M E M N O N.

O for those *Greeks*!
That this rude Day are tolling on the Seas;
Those hardy *Greeks*, whom ten Years War has
steel'd;
With Toils, with Danger, and with Death
familiar:
Then should you see what Chaff before the Wind
Are

Are these weak Sons of soft enteebling Peace ;
While I the sweetest Morfel of the Gods
Enjoy'd , on proud triumphant Vice just
Vengeance.

M E L I S A N D E R.

But since, my Lord, you cannot now exert
This nobler Force, let Prudence take its Place,
Have patience, only, till you safely can,
And surely, seize him.

A G A M E M N O N.

Well, till then I will.
And, tho' not made of patient Mold, in This
I will have patience, will, some tedious Hours,
Repress my Vengeance -

(pausing)

Yes, I like the Thought - -

He may be seiz'd this Evening at the Banquet,
Be there surpriz'd with ease--and shall! ---
For by th'eternal Gods, that rule Mankind!
The Sleep of Death alone shall seal these Eyes,
While such a Wretch holds power in my
Dominion.

Oh *Clytemnestra*! to the publick, now,
Succeeds the private Pang--- At thought of Thee,
New Rage, new Vengeance shake my immort Soul!
Was my Belov'd, my Queen, my *Clytemnestra*,
So long abandon'd in a Villain's power,
Who knows, it seems, no Limits, owns no Laws,
Save those, one Vice impleas on another?
And now the secret Cause, I fear, is plain,
Of that unusual Damp, that strange Dejection,
Which clouded her at Meeting. Still the more
I pour'd my Fondness, still the more distress'd
She

She seem'd, and, turning from my tender Gaze,
 The copious Shower stole down her troubled
 Check;
 As if the pity'd these my blind Endearments,
 And in her Breast some horrid Secret swell'd---
 Should it be so--- Confusion!--- Can I stoop
 Even to suppose it!--- How from slight Mistakes
 Great Evils spring! But the most fruitful Source
 Of every Evil --- O that I, in Thunder,
 Could sound it o'er the listening Earth to Kings!---
 Is Delegating Power to wicked Hands.

M E L I S A N D E R.

My Lord, let no Suspicions of the Queen
 E'er taint your Bosom: If I judge aright---

A G A M E M N O N.

No, *Melissander*, no; I am not jealous;
 In me that, Passion and Contempt were one:
 No, 'tis her Situation gives me Horror,
 Her dreadful Situation! --- But of This
 Enough.--- Then tell me, *Aras*, tell me truly;
 Are there a Few, say, do there yet remain
 A Faithful Few, to save the sinking State?
 Can you, ere Night, collect in honest Band,
 A Band of such, as worthy are to rescue
 Their King and Country from impending Fate?
 Ah! little thought I, that amidst my Subjects,
 Embosom'd Sweet in Peace, I, like a Tyrant,
 Should e'er have needed Guards.

A R C A S.

Yes, Sir, I know
 A Band of generous Youth, whom native Virtue,
 Unbroken yet by Avarice and Meanness,
 Fits for our Purpose: These I can collect--

A G A.

A G A M E M N O N. A

About it quickly, Arcas; lose no time:
 Go, bring me to the Banquet these brave
 Youths:
 I long for their Acquaintance. Till that Hour,
 Domestick Cares and Joys demand my Prefence:
 The Father's Heart now bears me to my
 Children.
 Farewell! My All depends upon your Conduct.

End of the Third ACT.



ACT.

318 A G A M E M N O N.

A C T: I V. S C E N E I.

A G A M E M N O N, M E L I S A N D E R.

A G A M E M N O N.

Domestick Pleasures spread their Charms in
vain - - -

O for the Hour of Vengeance ! I, till then,
But stalk about, the Shadow of a King.
Heard you from *Arcas* aught ?

M E L I S A N D E R.

Be patient, Sir.

As yet the Time permits not his Return.
Arcas is zealous, ardent in your Service,
And will not fail his Duty:

Enter an Officer belonging to the Court.

O F F I C E R.

Sir, *Cassandra*

Is just arriv'd.

A G A M E M N O N.

Conduct the Princess hither.

This Priam's fairest Daughter, *Melisander*,
Is a young Princess of engaging Beauty,
Rais'd by Distress; of noble Sense and Spirit - -
But, by Poetic Vilions led astray,
She dreamt *Apollo* lov'd her, and the Gift
Of Prophecy bestow'd, to gain her Promise :
The Gift once her's, the chastly-faithless Maid
Deceiv'd the God; who therefore, in Revenge,
Since he could not recall it, made it useless,
For ever doom'd to meet with Disregard.
E'er-since the lovely Visionary raves,
With Dignity; foretels the Fate of Nations ;
And,

And, judging of the Future from the Past,
Has oft been wond'rous happy in her Guesses;
Some strange, some recent Instances of this
Confirm her in her venerable Madness.

M E L I S A N D E R.

Be not too rash in judging, *Agamemnon*;
For we, blind Mortals, but a little know
Of boundless Nature - - - Hark! the Princess
comes:
I hear her Voice, I hear the Voice of Sorrow.

S C E N E II.

A G A M E M N O N, M E L I S A N D E R.

C A S S A N D R A attended by Trojan Captives.

C A S S A N D R A, entering.

O hostile Roofs! O *Ilium*! O my Country!

A G A M E M N O N.

I cannot blame your Grief, unhappy Princess:
But, if it can relieve you, here be sure
Of an Asylum, safe as *Priam's* Palace,

C A S S A N D R A.

O sweet Abode! O Palace of my Fathers!
My Heart bleeds Transport while I think of Thee;
Think of the Days of Innocence and Joy,
That shone upon me there. How chang'd, alas!
Ah! what a Scene, when I beheld thee last!
Rage, Blood, and Flames, and Shrieks of Murder
round me!
The Sword of *Pyrrhus*, and a feeble Father!
Where was you *Hector* then? Where all his Sons?
O *Priam's* numerous Race! what are you now

Become

Become? Ah me! the desolating Gods
Have laid their Hands, their iron Hands, upon us.

A G A M E M N O N.

From past Misfortunes, Princess, turn your Eye---

C A S S A N D R A,

'Tis true, the future may full well suffice;
Th' avenging Sisters trace my Footsteps still,
The Hunters still pursue the trembling Doe.
Where am I? --- Gods! --- Black heavy Drops of
Blood
Run down the guilty Walls-- With the dun Shades
Of Night ascending, lo! successive Troops
Of *Trojan* Ghosts are flocking to the Banquet:
Permitted by th' infernal Gods they come,
To feast them with the Horrors of this Night,
To snuff the Blood of Victims - Ha! the Car,
The gay triumphal Car, is turn'd, at once,
Into a mournful Bier, that nods along,
Solemn and slow -- Yes, *Troy* shall be aveng'd;
I shall the Vengeance see; and yet not see
Thy Light, returning *Phoebus*.

A G A M E M N O N.

Fair Cassandra,

Indulge no more these melancholy Views,
These Visions form'd by gloomy-minded Grief.
We will each Art, each tender Art employ,
To sooth your Sorrows, to restore your Peace.
You come not to the proud unfeeling Race
Of Yesterday: we know the Turns of Fortune;
Have drank the Cup, the wholesome Cup, of
Sufferings,
That not inflames, but moderates the Mind.
Then fear not, Princess; let me call you Daughter!
Your Treatment shall be such, as well becomes
The

The Dignity of Woe, becomes the great
The fair Unhappy. Nought shall touch your
Honour.

I know, I feel your Beauty: but here dwell
The Gods of Hospitality and Faith;
The Hymeneal Powers are honour'd here.
Yes, I will shield Thee, equal with *Electra*,
With my lov'd Daughter, in thy Friendship blest.

CASSANDRA.

In spite of swelling Tears, that choak the Way,
Of bitter Tears, by big Remembrance shed,
I own thy Goodness, thank Thee, *Agamemnon*.
Mean time in vain are all thy generous Cares
On my account. The Gods of Death will soon
Extend o'er me their all protecting Wing.
I shall not long, I shall not want Protection:
But who, devoted Prince, will give it Thee?
Even while we talk, the secret Wheels are turning,
That lift the Vile, and lay the Mighty low.
I pity Thee, the House of Pelops pity:
Forgive me, *Troy*: I pity thy Destroyers.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

A Messenger from *Arcas*, Sir - - -

AGAMEMNON.

'Tis well.
To my Apartment lead him--- You, mean while,
(*To Melisander.*)
Attend the Princess; grace her with such Honours,
As suits Her to receive, and Me to give.

SCENE III.

CASSANDRA, CHORUS of Trojan Captives,

MELISANDER.

MELISANDER.

Fair Princess, stop these Tears. Exert that best,
That noblest Virtue, which can master Fortune,
An equal Mind.

CASSANDRA.

Not for my self I weep! - - -
But, oh my dear Companions! How for you
My Bosom yearns!

CHORUS.

We have together liv'd,
Together let us die!

CASSANDRA.

Together liv'd!
At this ten thousand Images awake,
Ten thousand little Tendernesses throb.

CHORUS.

O Days of Youth! O careless Days! Untaught
To weep, if Love not own'd the pleasing Tear.

CASSANDRA.

O Woods! O Fountains! O delightful Meads!
That lent us Flowers, the Prime of blooming May,
To deck our Tresses.

CHORUS.

O the yellow Banks
Of fair *Scamander*! in whose silver Stream
We us'd to bathe, beneath the secret Shade.

CASSANDRA.

O chearful Ida's airy Summits! where
The Gods delight to dwell.

CHO-

C H O R U S.

O silent *Troy*!
Whose Streets have often echo'd with our Song.

C A S S A N D R A.

O the lost Labours of a ruin'd People!
O Country! Freedom! Friends! Relations! All,
That gives or taste, or dignity, to Life,
All, all is gone, beyond recovery gone!

C H O R U S.

Then let us die!

C A S S A N D R A.

For me, the hunted Hart
More fervent pants not for the cooling Stream,
Than I to wrap me in the quiet Shades
Of Death. But, ah! my helpless Friends, for you
I feel it's keenest Anguish.

C H O R U S.

Not for us;
Feel not for us: What Comfort have we left?
What Hope, what Wish in Life? One healing
Pang,
And then we weep no more.

C A S S A N D R A.

Refreshing Thought!
And then from Bondage, Pain, from every Ill
For ever free, we meet our Friends again,
Our Parents, Brothers, Sisters, Lovers meet,

C H O R U S.

Then let us die! and sudden be the Blow!

Each tender Feeling from the human Breast,
 Goodness it self even turns in me to Gall,
 And serves alone to heighten my Delpair.
 How kind was *Agamemnon*? generous! fond!
 How more than usual mild! As if, on purpose,
 To give these Tortures their severest Sting,
 Happy! compar'd to this tormented State,
 Where Honour only lives, with inward Lash,
 To punish Guilt; happy the harden'd Wretch,
 Who feels no Conscience, and who fears no
 Crime! --

Oh Horrid! Horrid! Oh flagitious Thought!
 How is it with the Mind, that can endure
 A Thought so dire! --- My sole remaining Hope
 Is Death, kind Death, that amiable Sleep,
 Which wakes no more, - - - at least to mortal
 Care. ---

But then the dark Hereafter, that may come, ---
 There is no Anchor, that against this Storm,
 This mighty Sea of Doubts and Fears, can hold.
 Hopeless I drive. - - - One Thought destroys
 another. ---

This Stranger too. -- Should it be *Melissander* ---
 Is there a Fear, however idle, wild,
 And even almost impossible, which Guilt,
 The feeble - hearted Guilt not entertains? ---
 I order'd his Attendance. --- See, he comes.

) o (

X 3

SCE-

SCENE V.

CLYTEMNESTRA , MELISANDER.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Are you not, Stranger, he, whom *Agamemnon*,
By an amazing Chance, in his Return,
Sav'd from a desert Isle ?

MELISANDER.

Madam, the same:

CLYTEMNESTRA:

I much admire your fortunate Deliverance,
And wish to hear your Story : Why there left,
And how sustain'd. Indulge me with it, Stranger.

MELISANDER.

Madam, I come this moment from the King,
Charg'd with a Matter, which requires Dispatch:
But that transacted once, without Delay,
I will attend your Orders.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Then, it seems,

You are not quite a Stranger in *Mycenæ*.
What is your Country ?

MELISANDER.

Greece.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What Part of *Greece* ?

MELISANDER.

'I am of *Athens* born.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But in *Mycenæ*,
Have

Have you not in *Mycenæ* been before?

M E L I S A N D E R.

There are not, Madam, many Parts of *Greece*.
To me unknown.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Why thus avoid my Question? ---
Have you been here before?

M E L I S A N D E R.

Madam, I have,

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Herein this Palace? -- Ha! why stand you silent?
You keep your Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground.
What should this mean? Beneath that rough
Disguise
There lurks, methinks, a Form, which some-
where I
Have seen

M E L I S A N D E R.

The Dream of Fancy, that the more
It is indulg'd, perplexes still the more.
I tarry here too long; the King's Commands
Admit of no Delay.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

'Tis so! 'tis so!
Air, Features, Manner, Voice, this study'd Haste,
The Shifts of one unpractis'd in Deceit;
All all conspire---One Image wakes another,
And thick they flash upon me!

M E L I S A N D E R,

You grow pale,

X 4 You

You tremble, Madam; that Mistake, I find,
Concerning me, turns wilder and disturbs you.
Let me retire - - -

C L Y T E M N E S T R A

A Moment - - - stay - - -

M E L I S A N D E R

I find it is in vain to wrap me longer
In these Evasions. in vain,

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Melifander!

M E L I S A N D E R.

Madam - - -

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

And can it be? Behold I then the Man,
Whom I so long have number'd with the Dead?
Almighty Gods! Behold I *Melifander*?
But, Ah! how chang'd! how darken'd with
suspicion!
Yes I am deem'd the Author of his Woes,

M E L I S A N D E R.

Madam, forgive - - -

C L Y T E M N E S T R A:

Why else from me conceal
Your wish'd Return---I plainly am distrust'd ---
By *Agamemnon* too - - - It was unkind,
Unjust, unfriendly, shocks me, *Melifander*.

M E L I S A N D E R.

Indeed you wrong me, Madam, wrong me much;
To judge me apt or to conceive, or spread
Distrust. I would have perish'd by my self,

Un-

Unknown, unwept, in helpless Solitude,
 Rather than here return, to this full World,
 To set my Mistress and her Lord at Variance.
 O think me not a busy Peace-Destroyer!
 Accursed is the Wretch, to social Life
 The most inhuman Foe, who in the nice,
 The tender Scenes of Life dōes rashly meddle,
 And sow Division between Friends and Lovers.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The generous Heart is ever slow to blame.
 But, *Melissander*, not to me were owing,
 Not in the least to me, those cruel Woes,
 This worse than Death, which you so long have
 suffer'd.
 Instead of that, your Fate, how, whither gone,
 If carry'd off, or secretly destroy'd,
 Was all a mournful Mystery to me,
 Dark as the Night, on which you disappear'd.
 Did you but know, here in my secret Soul,
 What undissembled Pangs your Absence rōuz'd;
 What I have felt for you, and for my self,
 In losing such a wise and faithful Friend;
 Knew you but these, o know you, *Melissander*,
 How your Disaster has been truly mine,
 You never could suspect me.

MELISSANDER.

Witness Heav'n!

I never did-- Your Heart I know disdains
 A Thought, that looks like Cruelty, or Fraud.
 From the first moment, that his Ruffians seiz'd me,
 I had no doubt, I knew it was *Egisthus*.
 Some time before I mark'd the rising Storm,
 And meant to warn you, as it sudden burst,
 And bore me far away, far from all Means,
 X 5 Even

Even from all Hope of lending you Assistance.
 Ay! there I suffer'd most: My Fears for you,
 At once by Guile and Violence beset,
 Took off the Point of my own proper Woes.
 But when your awful Virtues struck my Thought,
 Your Wisdom, Spirit, Resolution, Truth;
 That dread Effulgence of the spotless Soul,
 Which smites the hardest Villain into Shame;
 My Fears appear'd impertinent and vain.
 Yet doubtless, Madam, you have had occasion
 For a firm ruling Hand and watchful Eye,
 For every Virtue; and I truly joy,
 That *Agamemnon* finds, at his Return,
Egisthus by your Conduct thus restrain'd.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

By Heavens! he tries me. --- O suspicious
 Guilt; (*Aside*:
 Your Words are friendly, but your Deeds are
 doubtful.
 No, *Melissander*, Friendship with Distrust
 Can never dwell: And that I am distrusted,
 To me is certain --- In a Matter too,
 That much concern'd my Peace, concern'd my
 Honour.
 For did you even ascribe your Woes to me,
 You could not manage with more distant
 Caution.

M E L I S A N D E R.

Whence is it, that the noble *Clytemnestra*,
 Who us'd to shine in a Superior Sphere
 Of fair Serenity and candid Peace,
 Should to these Doubts descend, these dark
 Suspicions?
 For me, I here attest the Gods, my Soul
 Ne'er

Ne'er knew a Thought, that swell'd not with
 Esteem,
 With Love, and Veneration of your Virtues.
 And for the King, no young enraptur'd Lover,
 In all the first Effusions in his Soul,
 New to the mighty Charm; no Friend, who meets,
 After long Years of dark and silent Absence,
 His happy Friend again, feels livelier Joy,
 Than *Agamemnon* feels, while his glad Tongue
 Runs out in endless Praise of *Clytemnestra* - - -
 But I must wait his Orders. - - -

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Do your Duty.

I too must go, must to *Egisthus*, strait, (*Aside*
 Impart this dreadful News.

S C E N E V I.

MELISANDER. *alone.*

She went abruptly - - -

And as we talk'd, methought strange Passions
 shook
 Her inward Frame, and darken'd every Feature.

Behold, the black, the guilt-concealing Night
 Fast closes round. Wide, thro' this ample Palace,
 The Lamps begin to shine. The Tempest falls;
 The weary Winds sink, breathless. But, who
 knows,
 What fiercer Tempest yet may shake this Night.
 Soul-chearing *Phoebus*, with thy sacred Beams,
 O quickly come, and chase these sullen Shadows!

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT.

A C T. V. SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA, EGISTHUS,

EGISTHUS.

Ah! *Clytemnestra*! what a Change is here!
 And must I then thus steal an Interview?
 Are we alone?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

You fright me with that Question:
 You look astonish'd.

EGISTHUS.

On the Brink of Ruin
 We, tott'ring, stand.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

That is no News to me.

EGISTHUS.

But . . .

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What?

EGISTHUS.

We are discover'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ha! discover'd!

EGISTHUS.

Yes certainly discover'd. *Aras* now,
 By *Agamemnon's* Orders, in the City,
 Collects a Band to seize me at the Banquet,
 A short Hour hence. And my Accusers, Madam,
 You may be well assur'd, are not your Friends.

CLY.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis plain! 'tis plain! The parting Fogs disperse:
And now the doubtful Scene stands all reveal'd -
Who could have thought they should dissemble
thus?
But I can tell you more.

E G I S T H U S.

What, Madam? speak;
For Danger presses on us,

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Saw you him,
This seeming stranger, sav'd by *Agamemnon*.

E G I S T H U S.

Arcas and he to-day, my Friends inform me,
Were busy with the King; and doubtless, then,
It was concerted, that I should be seiz'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah! did you know, *Egisthus*, who he is? -

E G I S T H U S.

Who?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Melifander.

E G I S T H U S.

Gods! and does he live?
For my Confusion sav'd! O gross, gross Folly!
To do an Action of that kind by halves.
Had he been silent Dust-- To please you, Madam,
Because of that Regard, you deign'd to bear him,
From a false Tenderness for you, he lives -

CLY.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A mighty Merit ! Glorious Boast indeed !
 Hear him, ye weeping gentle Powers of Love !
 From Tenderness for me, he did not murder
 A worthy blameless Man, who never hurt him ;
 He murder'd not my Friend, my faithful Friend.
 Ah ! 'tis such Tenderness, as makes me wretched !
 Such Tenderness, that still in blacker Guilt,
 In the last Deeps of Misery, would plunge me.

E G I S T H U S.

It is not, Madam, now a time for This.
 Think of our Situation ; close beset
 By all those Ills, which Mortals most abhor,
 Whom have we to confide in but each other ?
 And this sad Meeting is perhaps our last.
 Concord alone, and vigorous Measures, can
 Prevent our Ruin - - But, from *Melissander*,
 What did you learn ? Are you your self suspected ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I cannot find I am : - And yet I must.

E G I S T H U S.

But, as for me, my Ruin is no Secret ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Tis true, some dark Attempt goes on against you.

E G I S T H U S.

Then have I rightly done.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What have you done ?

E G I S T H U S.

What Prudence, Justice, Love and Vengeance, all
 Demand -

CLY-

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Immortal Powers! you have not! ---

EGISTHUS.

No:

But must, and will. What else can you propose?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh! any thing besides! Immediate Flight,
Eternal Absence, Death! -

EGISTHUS.

Let others die!

Let the proud faithless false injurious Tyrant;
The Hero, glorious in his Daughter's Murder;
The Scourge of Greece, who has, from wild
Ambition,
Shed so much Blood; let Agamemnon die!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh Heavens and Earth! you shock me to
Distraction!

I have, *Egisthus*, hitherto avoided
This dreadful Point, still hoping you might drop
Your horrid Resolution: now I tell you,
Before the listening Gods, I plainly tell you,
That *Agamemnon* shall not fall, unwarn'd,
You shall not rise by me into his Throne:
I will not be the Tool of your Ambition;
Will not be wretched, infamous for ever,
The Blush of Woman, the Disgrace of Nature!
That you may gain your execrable Views,
Mask'd under smooth Pretences, I am guilty;
Alas! I am. But think not therefore, Tyrant!
To give me Law. There are Degrees in Guilt;
And I have still my Reason left, have left
Some Resolution, some Remains of Virtue:
Yes, I dare die; and who dares die, *Egisthus*,
Ne'er

Ne'er need be driven to villainous Extremes !
 Mark me, insulting Man ! - My certain Cure
 Of every Woe, my cordial Draught is ready ;
 And if you do not promise me, here swear,
 To drop your fell Deligns on Agamemnon,
 To quit this Palace-- You may still escape--
 And never see me more ; I go, I go,
 This moment to discover all and die !

E G I S T H U S.

What ! Clytemnestra ! -

C R Y T E M N E S T R A.

Nothing shall dissuade me :
 I will not argue more - Say, only say,
 Must I betake me to this cruel Refuge ?
 This dire Necessity !

E G I S T H U S.

Permit me, Madam ;
 Hear me but once, and then pursue your Purpose
 Suppose us guilty, what you will ; --- yet,
 Madam,
 Shall we acknowledge and proclaim that Guilt ?
 Shall we, by patient waiting for our Doom,
 By pitiful Neglect of Self defence,
 Unheard of Meanness ! stamp it into Shame ?
 No ; let us wipe it out with bold Success.
 It is Success, that colours all in Life :
 Success makes Fools admir'd ; makes villains
 honest ;
 All the proud Virtue of this vaunting World
 Fawns on Success, and Power, how'er acquir'd.
 If then, supposing Guilt, it were a Meanness,
 To stoop to Shame ; can Words express the
 Madness
 Of stopping short, with Infamy and Ruin,
 When

When Justice, Love, and Vengeance urge to
Glory?

Instead of being deem'd a generous Queen,
The brave Avenger of her Sex's Honour,
Fam'd for her Spirit, for her just Resentment;
Who greatly punish'd a perfidious Husband,
A cruel Tyrant; one, who from his Bed,
His Throne, propos'd, with open Shame, to turn
her,

And to her place to take his Country's Foe,
To take a *Trojan* Captive, proud *Cassandra* :
Instead of such Renown, can *Clytemnestra* --
Forgive the Doubt -- Can she submit to pass,
Thro' future Times, for an abandon'd Woman?
A feeble, spiritless abandon'd Woman! - - -
Nay, Madam, hear the Truth, -- What now I
tell you

Must, in a little scanty Hour, take place ;
In a few Moments, you must be the first,
Or last of Women ; be the publick Scorn,
Or Admiration of approving *Greece* --
You know you must; -- be *Agamemnon's* Slave,
Cassandra's Slave, or nobly punish Both,
And reign with me in Happiness and Glory.

Consult your Heart ; can you resolve on
Shame?

On voluntaty Shame? That only Ill,
The Generous fear, which kills the Soul it self.
Where these fair Features, full of lovely Grandeur,
Form'd for Confusion? That majestic Front,
To be bow'd down with Infamy and Vilenets?
Ah! can you bear contempt? The venom'd
Tongue

Of those, whom Ruin pleases? The keen Sneer,
The lewd Reproaches of the rascal Herd ;
Who for the self- same Actions, it successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in your Praise? - - -

Tom: II.

Y

To

To sum up all in one---can you support
 The scornful Glances, the malignant Joy,
 Or more detested Pity of a Rival?
 Of a triumphant Rival? --- No; you cannot.
 That conscious Worth, which kindles in your
 Eye,
 Tells me you cannot. - - -

But, in vain Disputes,
 No more to squander these importan Moments;
 Know, that I have not, to the frail Decision
 Of wav'ring Fear and Female Weakness, left
 Our Freedom, Safety, Happiness and Honour.
 Even in your own Despight you shall be sav'd,
 And, could you be so lost to Reason, wild,
 To do what Woman never did before,
 What shocks Humanity, accuse your self,
 You only court Dishonour to no purpose:
 For *Agamemnon* now cannot escape;
 I am already Master of this Palace;
 All is prepar'd, my People all are fix'd,
 All properly dispos'd; and here I swear,
 By sacred Justice, Glory, Love and Vengeance!
 He dies!---dies in the Bath, before the Banquet!--
 And with him dies *Cassandra*, she who durst,
 Even in presumptuous Thought, usurp thy
 Honours.

She weeps! -- O my ador'd! my *Clytemnestra*!
 Forgive this barbarous necessary Truth!
 Did I not love thee, love thee more than Empire,
 Than Life and Glory; would I thus disclose
 These dangerous Secrets? Could I not have veil'd,
 And, with more certain Caution, gain'd my
 Purpose?

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Oh that you had, *Egisthus*! then, alas!
 I should have fondly thought my self less guilty.

E G I-

E G I S T H U S.

I lose my self in Softness, while the Time;
With Danger big, demands intrepid Deeds.
Wipe off these Tears --- When next we meet
again
All will be well.

S C E N E II.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Ah ! when we meet again ! - -
I stand, at last, convinc'd, and must dissemble --
Yet how dissemble? Painted, in my Face,
Are the full Horrors of this bloody Deed, - - -
But who are these approaching ! - - Ha ! -

Cassandra !

How fair she seems! how lovely! - - hateful Charms!
That well may rival mine, decay'd, and sunk,
By Guilt and Sorrow - - - She possess my Bed!
Possess my Scepter! - This restores my Spirit; - -
I am abus'd ! too patient ! - - Perish all !
Perish my self, *Egisthus, Agamemnon !*
So this proud Rival this *Cassandra* perish !

S C E N E III.

CASSANDRA, Trojan Captives, MELISANDER.

M E L I S A N D E R.

Daughters of *Illum* ! By the King's Command,
I come to ask your Presence at the Banquet,
Till then allow me to partake your Woes :
I have a Reverence for them. I my self,
Thanks to the gracious Gods ! have known
Misfortune ;
I am with Grief acquainted, therefore can
For others feel. Sweet Source of every Virtue,
O sacred Sorrow ! He who knows not Thee,
Y^a Knows

Where, unsuspecting Harm, he bathes at Noon.
Soon will these guiltless Waters blush with Blood.

M E L I S A N D E R.

There is a sort of gloomy Light in this,
That flashes Horror on me.

C A S S A N D R A.

A black Swarm
Of fell Ideas seize my Fancy. ---- Hence!
O snatch me from this Palace! Shambles rather!
It smells of Carnage; breathes an hideous Steam,
As if from gaping Sepulchers exhal'd.
And, lo! the spotless Loves, the Sports, the Joys,
The weeping *Lares* fly: while, in their place,
The Vices all, the raging Furies come,
And with them *Comus*, the flush'd God of
Banquets,
Besmear'd with Gore--They sing the funeral
Hymn--

What do I see? what mean these mangled Forms?
These pale, these Nightly Phantoms; Such as rise,
To working Fancy's Eye, in troubled Dreams? ---
See, where they sit for ever at the Gates,
Demanding Vengeance - - - Vengeance is at
hand--

Ha! 'tis the murder'd Boys, whose Limbs were,
here,
Sery'd up to their own Sire, to be devour'd! - - -

M E L I S A N D E R.

She wakes my Dread-- The Story of Thyestes! - -

C A S S A N D R A.

With this devoted Race involv'd I fall:
Nor falls the Slave alone-- the Master falls--
But Man shall die for Man, for Woman Woman
Remember this.

MELISANDER.

The Slave, the Master fall!

CASSANDRA.

Ah Bosom-Traitress! Ill - persuaded Queen!
And canst thou then the barbarous Secret keep?--

MELISANDER.

What Queen? what Secret? Speak more plain
Cassandra!

CASSANDRA.

From Guilt, in vain, to greater Guilt you fly,
From Crime to Crime precipitated... No!
The wicked find no Peace... Distraction waits
Thee!...

One Effort more - Yes, save thy Lord, and die -
That Throw belong'd to Virtue Cannot then
The gentle Powers prevail? - A Moment yet -
The doubtfull Ballance yet allows a Moment -
Down, down it goes, for Vengeance, and for Treachery!
But ah! such Vengeance, as even Foes themselves
Abhor to see!

MELISANDER.

She staggers all my Reason.

Unveil these dreadful Oracles... Perhaps...

CASSANDRA.

Yes, in a moment, they will be too plain,
The Moment comes! The Furies lash it on!
Ha Now!

MELISANDER.

Unusual Horror Creeps...

CASSANDRA.

Alas!
Keep from the murderous Sacrificer's Hand,
O keep the Victim Bull! Lo! seiz'd, he spurns,
He foams in vain... Behold the lifted Blow!

Behold

Behold the thirsty Steel! They strike him! Hark!
What Dismal Echoes run from Room to Room!

M E L I S A N D E R.

I heard a distant Noise! - - -

(The Noise of Agamemnon's Assassination heard indistinctly, and at a distance, behind the Scenes.

C A S S A N D R A.

Again! - - - They strive,
Th' Assassins labour who shall wound him most.
'Tis done! - - - He falls - - -

AGAMEMNON, *behind the Scenes.*

(The Noise heard distinctly, and near.

Off! Villains! Cowards! off! - - -

By Villains murder'd! - - - Oh! - - -

M E L O S A N D E R.

Great Gods! the King! - - -

S C E N E I V.

MELISANDER CASSANDRA, Trojan
Captives, ELECTRA, ORESTES.

E L E C T R A.

Stop, generous Stranger! Agamemnon's Friend!

M E L I S A N D E R.

What would *Electra*! what with *Melisander*?

E L E C T R A.

Heavens! *Melisander*!

M E L I S A N D E R.

To the King's Assistance

I fly; detain me not.

E L E C T R A.

He is no more! -

M E L I S A N T E R.

Ha ! dead !

E L E C T R A.

Yes, murder'd by *Egisthus*! dead!Pierc'd with unnumber'd Wounds ! O Horror !
Horror !We have not time for Grief-- *Orestes*--Quick !
Fly ! save my Brother !

O R E S T E S.

Leave my Father ! - No !

It is but once, that I have ever seen him ;
Shall I no more ?

E L E C T R A.

But to revenge his Death,
O fly, *Orestes*, for that glorious Purpose !
Tremendous Gods ! Methinks, I see his Ghost,
That beckons you away !

O R E S T E S.

I come ! I come !

On *Melissander* - -

E L E C T R A.

Brother !

O R E S T E S.

Oh, my Sister !
What will become of thee ?

E L E C T R A.

Good *Melissander* !O guard my Brother ! save our only Hope ! -
I heard a Noise-- Farewell ! -

O R E S T E S.

Ah ! poor *Electra* !

S C E.

SCENE V.

ELECTRA, CASSANDRA *Trojan Captives;*

ELECTRA.

The murderers, come! stain'd with my Father's
Blood!

Hide me, *Cassandra*, hide me from a Sight
I cannot bear, a Scene to Nature shocking!

SCENE VI.

*The Back Scene opening discovers, at a distance,
Agamemnon's Body. Electra throws herself by it.*

CASSANDRA, *Trojan Captives*, EGI-
STHUS, *with some of his Party.*

E G I S T H U S.

Enough, my Friends! - How low, how silent, now,
The mighty Boaster lies! - Another Blow
Crowns my Revenge -

C A S S A N D R A.

It shall not, base Assassin!

The Gods are just; amidst the Crimes of Men,
Are firmly just, supremely wise and good;
The Gods are here, in all their Terrors present!
See, where in dreadful Majesty they sit!
And write thy Doom in Agamemnon's Blood!

E G I S T H U S,

Think not to shake me with these gloomy Fables:
This Arm, that has acquir'd, shall guard my
Power;
And since I now enjoy my long - wish'd
Vengeance,
All here is calm and chearful.

Y 5

CAS-

C A S S A N D R A.

The false Boast
 Of agonizing Guilt! Thy Soul, I see,
 Beneath this harden'd Pride, this brutal Courage,
 Boils with black Torments, and with inward
 Tempest.
 I know whence breaks that Gleam of Joy a-
 thwart thee,
 As Lightning flashes o'er a troubled Sky;
 Thou dreamst the Prince now falls beneath thy
 Fury:
 But hear and tremble---young *Orestes* lives!

E G I S T H U S.

Hence with thy vain Predictions, doating
 Woman? - -

S C E N E V I I.

EGISTHUS, CASSANDRA, &c. and to them
Assassins sent to murder ORESTES.

E G I S T H U S.

Well, is *Orestes* dead?

A S S A S S I N.

Ah, Sir! escap'd - -
 When all was in Confusion, here, and Tumult.

E G I S T H U S.

O nothing then is done! - - Fly! tardy Villains!
 Pursue him to the farthest Verge of Earth,--
 No dark Retreat, no Country-- But here comes
 Another Storm. Distraction wings her Pace.

S C E.

S C E N E V I I I.

CLYTEMNESTRA, EGISTHUS,
CASSANDRA. &c.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Off! give me way! to desarts let me fly!
The wildest Savage there! - -
Why Pierce me thus with Looks? - - In every
Eye

There is a Dagger; chief in thine (to Egistus) - -
Ha! Villain?

I know Thee, know these Eyes, where smiling
Love,

To the red Glarings of a Fury's Torch,
Is now transform'd. -- Yes, Traitor! turn away:
But, ere you go, give me my Peace again;
Give me my happy Family around;
Give me my Virtue, Honour, nay my Glory;
Or give me Death, tho' Death cannot relieve me,
Are these the Deeds of Love? - - I cannot step,
Unless I dip my shivering Feet in Blood.
Compar'd with this polluted, this dire Palace,
The Sepulcher is gay. --- But whither fly? - -
Ah! what avails it where the Guilty fly,
Since from themselves they cannot! - - - Ha!
Behold!

The black Abyfs discloses to my View;
And down I go, a dark a deep Descent! - -
Hell from beneath is mov'd at my Approach,
It's Princes flock around. Behold, they say,
The greatly-wretched, greatly wicked Woman!
She who preferr'd the Villain to the Hero!
The Trojan Shades, with sharp Derision, thank
me:
The Grecian droop--- Lo! where he comes himself!
See!

See! How in fullen Majesty he stalks! . .
 Oh look not on me with that silent Scorn! . .
 I am too curs'd already! . (*Faints into the Arms*
of her Attendants.

E G I S T H U S.

Bear her hence :

And look she be attended well. . At last,
 I shall o'er toiling Fate the Victory gain .
 What new Alarm ?

S C E N E I X.

EGISTUS, CASSANDRA, &c. *to them a*
 MESSENGER.

M E S S E N G E R.

As Melifander, Sir,

Bore of *Orestes*, to th' Assembled Senate
 He show'd the Prince, and rous'd them to Revenge.
 'Tis nought but Rage. The People, in a Torrent,
 By *Arcas* headed, pour upon the Palace.
 Besides, each moment, Agamemnon's Troops--

E G I S T H U S.

Quick! summon here my Friends-In Io's Grove
 They ready wait. We this important Day
 Will or with Conquest crown, or bravely die.

C A S S A N D R A.

No, Tyrant, no! the Gods refuse thee that:
 Not like the Brave, but like the trembling
 Coward,
 Th' assassinating Coward, thou shalt die;
 There! in that Spot, where Agamemnon lies!

EGI.

A G A M E M N O N. 349

E G I S T H U S.

Lead these ill - boding Women to their Fate;
And guard *Electra*.

C A S S A N D R A.

The most grateful Gift

A Tyrant can bestow is instant Death.
We shall be happy soon. But all the Gods,
Combining all their Mercy, from Remorse,
From Scorn and Misery, cannot save the Villain.

T H E E N D.



An



AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT-
EST ENGLISH POETS.

To Mr. Henry Sacheverell, April, 3. 1694.

Since, dearest *Harry*, you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse possest,
That, down from *Chaucer's* days to *Dryden's*
times,

Have spent their noble rage in *British* rhimes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their Verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull fore fathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till *Chaucer* first, a merry Bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme, and prose.
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old *Spenser* next, warm'd with poetick rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age, that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where e'er the Poets fancy led, pursu'd

Thro'

Thro' pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
 To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
 But now the myttic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
 Can charm an understanding age no more;
 The long-spun allegories fullsom grow.
 While the dull moral lies too plain below.
 We view well pleas'd at distance all the sights
 Of arms and palfries, battels, fields and fights,
 And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
 But when we look too near, the shades decay,
 And all the pleasing landskip fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
 O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought :
 His turns too closely on the reader press:
 He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
 One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
 With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
 As in the milky way a shining white
 O'er flows the heav'ns with one continued light;
 That not a single Star can shew his rays,
 Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
 Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
 Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
 Thy fault is only wit in its Excess;
 But wit like thine in any shape will please,
 What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
 And fit the deep mouth'd *Pindar* to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
 And forc'd expression imitate in vain?
 Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
 And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a
 nobler flight.

Blest man! whose spotless life and charming
 lays
 Employ'd the tuneful Prelate in thy praise;
 Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known,
 In *Sprat's* successful labours and thy own.

But

But *Milton* next, with high and haughty stalks,
 Unfetter'd in majestick numbers walks:
 No vulgar hero can his *Muse* ingage;
 Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
 See! see! he upwards springs, and tow'ring high
 Spurns the dull province of mortality,
 Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
 And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
 What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,
 Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
 Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
 And seems above the critick's nicer laws.
 How are you struck with terror and delight,
 When Angel with Arch-Angel copes in fight!
 When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
 How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
 What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder,

scare,

And stun the reader with the din of war!
 With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
 To see the Seraphs sunk in clouds of fire.
 But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
 And view the first gay scenes of *Paradise*;
 What tongue, what words of rapture can express
 A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
 Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
 To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
 His other works might have deserv'd applause!
 But now the language can't support the cause;
 While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
 Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my *Muse*, a softer strain rehearse,
 Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
 The courtly *Waller* next commands thy lays:
 Muse tune thy verse, with art, to *Waller's* praise.
 While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
 Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;

So

So long shall *Waller's* strains our passions move,
And *Saccharissa's* beauty kindle love.

Thy verse, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward
strong.

Thy verse can show ev'n *Cromwell's* innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.

Oh had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great *Nassau* on the British throne!

How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page;
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!

What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had *Bein's* wide current reek'd in blood!

Or if *Maria's* charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smother numbers and a softer verse;

Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And *Gloriana* woud have seem'd more fair.

Nor must *Roscommon* pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n *Rules* a noble poetry;

Rules, whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers
show

The best of criticks, and of poets too.

Nor, *Denham*, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While *Cooper's* Hill commands the neighb'ring

plains.

But see where artful *Dryden* next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.

Great *Dryden* next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.

Whether in Comick sounds, or Tragick airs
She forms her voice; she moves our smiles, or

tears.

If Satire, or heroick strains she writes,
Her Hero pleases, and her Satire bites.

From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

How might we fear, our English Poetry,
That

That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
 Did not the Muses other Hope appear,
 Harmonious *Congreve*, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
 Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
 And *Dryden's* Muse shall in his Friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and wou'd fain give
 o'er,

But justice still demands one labour more:
 The noble *Montague* remains unnam'd,
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
 To *Dorset* he directs his artful Muse,
 In numbers such as *Dorset's* self might use.
 How negligently graceful he unreins
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains:
 How *Nassau's* godlike acts adorn his lines,
 And all the Hero in full glory shines!
 We see his army set in just array,
 And Boia's dy'd waves run purple to the Sea.
 Nor *Simois* choak'd with men, and arms, and
 blood;

Nor rapid *Xanthus*' celebrated flood,
 Shall longer be the Poet's highest themes,
 Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in
 their streams.

But now, to *Nassau's* secret councils rais'd,
 He aids the Hero, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear Friend,
 receive

The last poor present, that my Muse can give.
 I leave the arts of poetry and verse
 To them, that practise'em with more success.
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
 And so at once, dear Friend and Muse, farewell!



A

LETTER from ITALY,
To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord. HALIFAX.
In the Year MDCCI.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis & artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geor. 21

While you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from *Britannia's* publick posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme,
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on *Classic* ground;
For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,

Z z

And

And lev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.
 How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!
 To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,
 And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,
 To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
 And hoary *Albula's* infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoaking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
 The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
 The towering *Alps* of half their moisture drains,
 And proudly sworn with a whole winter's snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels
 dry)

Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
 And the fam'd river's Empty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength deives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
 Yet sung so often in poetick lays,
 With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys;
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the *Boin*, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobser'd in wild *Meander's* play'd;
 'Till by Your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the Heroe's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
 And *Virgil's Italy* shou'd yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of *Britain's* stormy Isle,
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice
 ferments

To nobler Tastes, and more exalted scents.
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
 And trodden Weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some God, to *Bata's* gentle seats,
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruine lye.
 An Amphitheater's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its publick shows Unpeopled *Rome*,
 And held Uncrowded nations in its Womb:
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the Skies;
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wond'ring at their height through airy
 channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown.

And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence, a majestick band,
 Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
 fu'd,
 Still show the charms, that their proud hearts
 subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's Godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and
 light

A new creation rises to my sight;
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts, that heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The red'ning Orange and the swelling Grain:
 Joyless he sees the growing Oils and Wines,
 And in the Myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the laden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh

Oh Liberty, thou Goddess heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
 Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the
 Day.

Thee, Goddess, thee, Britannia's Isle adores;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
 On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
 The Grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With Citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat Olive swell with floods of oil:
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent Skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine:
 'Tis Liberty, that crowns Britannia's Isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
 mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the
 sight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
 A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
 And hold in Balance each contending state,
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' Pray'r,
 The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
 By foreign gold, or by domestick spire,
 But strives in vain to conquer, or divide
 Whom *Nassau's* arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
 The distant climes and different tongues
 resound,

I bridle in my strugling Muse with pain,
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
 Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays,
 And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, shou'd
 praise.



THE

THE
CAMPAIGN.
A POEM

To his GRACE the
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

---- *Rheni pacator & Istri.*
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeja favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem, quae sua impensa,
suo Labore ac periclobella gerat pro Liberta-
te aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinque
vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti
junctis præstet. Maria traiciat: ne quod
 toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit,
& ubique jus, fas, lex potentissima sint.

Liv. Hist. Lib. 33.

While crowds of Princes your deserts proclaim
Proud in their number to enroll your Names;
While Emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your Fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new:

Z 5

Ten

Ten thousand wonders, op'ning to my view,
 Shine forth at once; Sieges and Storms appear,
 And Wars and Conquests fill th' important year:
 Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain;
 An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring
 pride,
 His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side;
 Pirene's lofty barriers were subdu'd, 15
 And in the mid't of his wide Empire stood;
 Ausonia's states, the Victor to restrain,
 Oppos'd their Alpes and Appenines in vain;
 Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks
 immur'd,
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd: 20
 The rising Danube it's long race began,
 And half it's course through the new conquests
 ran;
 Amaz'd and anxious for her sov'reign's fates,
 Germania trembled through a hundred states;
 Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear; 25
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
 His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in Pray'r.

TO BRITAIN'S QUEEN the Nations turn
 their eyes,
 On her resolves the Western World relies, 30
 Confiding still, amidst it's dire alarms,
 In ANNA'S Councils, and in CHURCHILL'S
 Arms:
 Thrice happy BRITAIN, from the kingdoms
 rent,
 To fit the Guardian of the Continent!
 That sees her bravest Son advanc'd so high, 35
 And flourishing so near her Prince's eye;
 Thy Favorites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
 Or

Or from the crimes, or follies of a Court ;
On the firm basis of Desert they rise,
From long try'd faith, and Friendship's holy
ties: 43

Their Sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they
share,

Her ornaments in Peace, her strength in War ;
The Nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings Heav'n approves their
choice ;

Envy it self is dumb, in wonder lost, 45
And Factions strive, who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as the vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's Colours in the zephyrs fly ;
Her Chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces, himself had won,
'Till the Moselle, appearing from afar , 50
Retards the progress of the moving War.
Delightful stream ! had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul ;
But now a purchase to the Sword she lyes,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise ; 55
Each Vineyard doubtful of it's Master grows,
And to the Victor's bowl each Vintage flows :
The discontented shades of slaughter'd Hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her Hero's Ghosts 60
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's Arms appear,
The vengeance, due to their great deaths, was
near.

Our God-like Leader, ere the Stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought ; 65

His bosom glow'd with Battels yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube, to the Maese ;
Between

Between whose floods such pathlets forests grow,
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow : 70
 The toil looks lovely in the Hero's eyes,
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the Fate of Europe, he renews
 His dreadful course, and the proud Foe pursues:
 Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat, 75
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
 'Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds :
 Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold; 80
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
 (Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
 To prize their QUEEN, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their way 85
 Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
 When now the Neckar, on it's friendly coast,
 With cooling streams revives the fainting Host,
 That chearfully it's labours past forgets,
 The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats. 90

O'er prostrate Towns and Palaces they pass,
 (Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
 Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein :
 Here shatter'd Walls, like broken rocks, from far,
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war ; 96
 Whilst here the Vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's Hero drew
 Eugenio to the glorious interview ;
 Great Souls, by instinct, to each other turn,

Demand

Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out
rays

They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in Courts, and harden'd in the field, 105
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with Virtue overrul'd,
Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd, 110
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of Battel shown:

To Souls, like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heav'n dares entrust the cause of Human-Kind.
Britannia's graceful Sons appear in Arms, 115
Her harras'd Troops the Hero's presence warms;
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound.
Doubling their speed they march with fresh
delight,

Eager for glory, and require the fight. 120
So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dew,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees.
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he hoots away 125
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various Realms are
past,

Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like Hills th' aspiring Ramparts rise on high,
Like Vallies at their feet the Trenches lye; 150
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,

Whilst

Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders
sleep:

Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the
glorious fight,
His march o'er paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western Sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd ; but oh what Hosts of Foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close ! 140
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm
array,

The close compacted Britons win their way ;
In vain the Cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battel waste ;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke 145
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the Foe.

High on the works the mingling Hosts engage ;
The battel, kindling into tenfold rage, 150
With shower's of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire ;
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lye.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom, 155
New to the Field, and Heroes in the bloom !
Th' illustrious Youths, that left their native shore,
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of Fame ! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the Brave and Great!) 160
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Strech'd on Bavarian Ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no Complaints appear,
Not blot the day with an ungrateful tear :

While

While MARLBRO lives, Britannia's Stars
dispense 165

A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery Steed
Where - e'er his Friends retire, or Foes succeed ;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight. 170

Forbear, Great Man, renown'd in Arms,
forbear

To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of Foes,
Britannia's safety, and the World's repose :
Let Nations, anxious for thy life, abate 175
Thisicorn of danger, and contempt of Fate :
Thou liv'st not for thy self ; thy QUEEN
demands

Conquest and Peace from thy victorious hands ;
Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed Pass they gain,
By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain ;
The War breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their Camp with British Legions fill'd.
So Belgian Mounds bear on their shatter'd sides 185

The sea's whole weight, encreas'd with swelling
tides ;

But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds ;
The trembling Peasant sees his Country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in Oceans drown'd. 190

The few surviving Foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry rustling wind the Victor hear,
And MARLBRO's form in ev'ry shadow fear ;
'Till

'Till the dark cope of Night, with kind embrace,

195

Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donawert, with unresisted force,

The gay victorious Army bends its course:

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,

Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields, 200

(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,

The food of Armies, and support of Wars:

With Magazines of death, destructive balls,

And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,

The Victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd, 205

And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness crost,

And all the gaudy dream of Empire lost,

That proudly set thee on a fancy'd Throne,

And made imaginary Realms thy own! 210

Thy Troops, that now behind the Danube join,

Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,

Nor find it there: Surrounded with alarms,

Thou hop'st th'assistance of the Gallic Arms;

The Gallic Arms in safety shall advance, 215

And croud thy standards with the pow'r of

France,

While, to exalt thy doom, th'aspiring Gaul

Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded Courage and Compassion join'd,

Temp'ring each other in the Victor's mind, 220

Alternately proclaim him good and great,

And make the Hero and the Man compleat.

Long did he strive th'obdurate Foe to gain

By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;

'Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain, to spare 225

His rising wrath, and gives a loose to War.

In vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his hand

With

With sword and Fire, and ravages the Land,
 A thousand Villages to ashes turns,
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn. 230
 To the thick woods the woolly Flocks retreat,
 And, mixt with bellowing Herds, confus'dly
 bleat;

Their trembling Lords the common shade
 partake,

And cries of Infants sound in every brake :
 The list'ning Soldier fixt in sorrow stands, 235
 Loth to obey his Leader's just commands;
 The Leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the Trumpet, terrible from far,
 In shriller clangors animates the War; 240
 Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
 And ecchoing Hills the loud alarm repeat :
 Gallia's proud Standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
 Unfurl their gilded lillies in the wind:
 The daring Prince his blasted hopes renews, 245
 And, while the thick embattled Host he views
 Strecht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain : 250

States, that their new captivity bemoan'd;
 Armies of martyrs, that in exile groan'd;
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard;
 And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
 Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd, 255

And ANNA's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
 The day was come, when Heav'n desigh'd to
 show

His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!

260

Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quell's the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds controul; 295
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
O'er-look the Foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his Host:
Tho' fens and floods possess the middle space,
That, unprovok'd, they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens, nor floods, can stop Britannia's Bands,

271

When her proud Foe rang'd on their borders
stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou
find,
To sing the furious troops in battel join'd!
Methinks, I hear the Drum's tumultuous sound.

275

The Victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of Cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battel rise.

'Twas then great MARLBRO's mighty Soul was
prov'd,

That, in the shock of charging Hosts, unmov'd,

280

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of War;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battel where to rage.

So

So when an Angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past;
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast; 290
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirl wind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty Household - Troops
advance!

The dread of Europe, and the pride of France;
The war's whole art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
296

Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain Insolence with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave: 300
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each Nation's glory in each Warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th'important day,
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay.
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
305

Triumphant Laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lye,
And troops of Heros undistinguish'd dye.
O Dörner, how can I behold thy Fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate! 310
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of War, and lye unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic Squadrons run 315
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun.
Thousands of fiery Steeds with wounds
transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead Masters mixt,
A a 2 Midst

Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n
around,

Lye in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd.

320

Troops of bold Youths, born on the distant Soan,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Sein her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding Vineyards
glides,

In heaps the rolling billows sweep a way, 325

And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey!

From Blerheim's Tow'rs the Gaul, with wild
affright,

Beholds the various havock of the fight :

His waving Banners, that so oft had stood

Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,

So wont the guarded Enemy to reach, 331

And rise triumphant in the fatal beach,

Or pierce the broken Foe's remotest lines,

The hardy Veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! O who can name

The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame, 335

That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd!

When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops
repell'd,

Thine only Son pierc'd with a deadly wound,

Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,

Thy self in bondage by the Victor kept;

The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept, 341

An English Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th'unhappy Man forgets the Foe.

Greatly distress! thy loud complaints forbear, 345

Blame not the turns of Fate, and chance of War;

Give thy brave Foes their due, nor blush to own

The fatal Field, by such great Leaders won,

The

The Field, whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day. 350

With floods of gore, that from the vanquisht
fell,

The marshes itragrate, and the rivers swell;
Mountains of slain lye heap'd upon the ground,
Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive Hosts the Conqueror detains 355
In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those, who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier Lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat 359
MARLBRO's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high Domes & Augs-
burg's Walls,

The distant battle drives th'insulting Gauls;
Free'd by the terror of the Victor's name
The rescu'd States his great protection claim; 364
Whilst Ulme th'approach of her Deliv'rer waits
And longs to open her obsequious gates,

The Hero's breast still swells with great
designs,

In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the Foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends; 370
If Sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an Army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on it's event.
What distant land, what region can afford 375
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all it's
force,

Divides the hostile Nations in it's course, 380
While each contracts it's bounds, or wider
grows,

Enlarg'd, or straiten'd, as the river flows;
On Gallia's side a mighty Bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands:
Twice, since the War was kindled, has it try'd

The Victor's rage, and twice has chang'd it's
side; 385

As oft whole Armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on it's walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his arms directs,
Hence future Triumphs from the war expects;

And, tho' the Dog-star had it's course begun, 390
Carries his Arms still nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats:
No toils are painful, that can danger show, 395
No climes unlovely, that contain a Foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land;
But soon as the victorious Host he spies, 399
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of MARLBRO'S Sword, and HOGSTET'S fatal
plain:

In vain Britannia's mighty Chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the Conqueror's approaching fame, 400
That bears the force of Armies in his name.

Austria's young Monarch, whose Imperial
sway

Sceptres and Thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted Ancestry so high extends,

That

That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,
Comes from a-far, in gratitude to own 410
The great supporter of his Father's Throne.
What tides of Glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th'embraces of the God-like Man?
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,

415
Such easie greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the Camp, or Court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace, 419
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great Father of Almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd,
In all the charms of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth, by MARLBRO's presence
charm'd,

Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd, 425

On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on it's walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the Hero's fight. 430

The British Chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing it's borders from usurping Foes, 435
And blest by rescu'd Nations, as he goes.

Treves fears no more, free'd from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his Arms;
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While MARLBRO presses to the bold attack, 440
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his Cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.

Scar'd at his near approach Great Louis fears
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway, 445
 And scarce can teach his Subjects to obey;
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th'ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
 The work of Ages sunk in one Campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain. 430

Such are th'effects of ANNA's Royal cares:
 By her Britannia, great in foreign Wars,
 Ranges through Nations, where'soe'er disjoin'd
 Without the wonted aid of Sea and Wind.
 By her th'unfetter'd Ister's States are free, 455
 And taste the sweets of English Liberty.
 But who can tell the joys of those, that lye
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall,
 Like Heav'ns indulgence, and descend on all, 460
 Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
 Make ev'ry Subject glad, and a whole People blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's Wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
 That, if such Numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell Posterity the wond'rous tale.
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 Cities and Countries must be taught to speak;
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And Rivers from their oozy-beds arise; 470
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the Hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
 MARLBRO's exploits appear divinely bright,
 And proudly shine in their own native light; 474
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they
 boast,
 And those, who paint 'em truest, praise 'em most.

ARGV.

A R G V M E N T

TO THE FOLLOWING POEM.

Abelard and Eloisa flourish'd in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous, than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contain'd the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This, awakening all her tenderness, occasion'd those celebrated letters, (out of which the following is partly extract'd) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

E L O I S A

T O

A B E L A R D.

B Y M R. POPE.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where, heav'nly - pensive, contemplation
dwells,

And ever-musing melancholy reigns ;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins ?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
Why feels my heart it's long forgotten heat ?
Yet, yet I love ! - - From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd.
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies.
O write it not, my hand -- The name appears
Already written -- wash it out, my tears !
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates ; and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round
contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;

Ye

Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn;
 Shrines, where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep!
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Tho' cold, like you, unmov'd, and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot my-self to stone.

Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'ers, nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well known name awakens all my woes.
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear!
 I tremble too where e'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe:

Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern religion quench'd th'unwilling
 flame,

There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griets, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away,

And is my Abelard less kind than they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,

Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;

No happier task these faded eyes pursue,

To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;

Ah more than share it, give me all thy grief!

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretches aid,

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:

They live, they speak, they breathe what love
 inspires,

Warm

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st, how guiltless first I met thy
flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's
name ;
My fancy form'd thee of angelick kind,
Some emanation of th'all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempt'ring every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day :
Guiltless I gaz'd, heav'n listen'd, while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that
tongue;
From lips, like those, what precepts fail'd to
move ?

Too soon they taught me, 'twas no sin to love.
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel, whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heav'n, I lose for thee.

How oft' when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those, which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth and honour! what are you to
love?

The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions, in revenge, inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,

Who

Who seek in love for aught, but love alone.
Should at my feet the World's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his World, I'd scorn'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove:
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet an other name, more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips
it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the
heart.

This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian stay! that bloody hand restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd - - -
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget, what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell;
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew
pale;

Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquests, it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows, I made:
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:

Not

Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my
woe;

Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prest;
Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and desarts led.
You * rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert
smil'd,

And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs, as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These mols - grown domes, with spiry turrets
crown'd,

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy Eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears;
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.

See

* *He founded the Monastery.*

See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity !)
But why should I on others pray'rs depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband,
friend !

Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love !
The darksome pines, that, o'er yon rocks
reclin'd,

Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind ;
The wand'ring streams, that shine between the
hills ;

The grotts, that echo to the tinkling rills ;
The dying gales, that pant upon the trees ;
The lakes, that quiver to the curling breeze ;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid :

But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
Long sounding illes, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose :

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad proof, how well a lover can obey !
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here ev'n then shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait, 'till 'tis no sin, to mix with thine.

Ah wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in
vain,

Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me heav'n ! but whence arose that pray'r ?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair ?

Ev'n

Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires,
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought,
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now, turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence;
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all, affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science, to forget!
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense;
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
 E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, relent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain--do all things, but forget!
 But let heav'n seize it! all at once 'tis fir'd,
 Not touch'd, but rapt, not waken'd, but
 inspir'd!

Oh! come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, my self--and you:
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind,
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd:
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even,
 Tears, that delight, and sighs, that waft to
 heaven.

Grace

Grace shines around her with sereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals ſing;
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy;
When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away;
Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear, Horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight?
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy
charms.

And round thy phantom glue my clasping Arms.
I wake---no more I hear, no more I view ;
The phantom flies me, as unkind, as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say;
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away :
To dream once more I close my willing eyes:
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!

Alas no more ! --- methinks we wand'ring go
'Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's
woe ;

Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy
creeps,

And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the
deeps,

**Sudden you mount! you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpolate, waves roar, and winds arise.**

I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs, I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows;
Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead;
Cut from the root my perish'd joys I see,
And love's warm tyde for ever stopt in thee.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold ---- yet Eloisa loves.

Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those, that burn
To light the dead, and warm th'unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where - e'er I turn my
view?

The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes!

I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear:
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul;
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye;
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul;

Come,

Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thy self to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the skies:
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
tears,

Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,
Assist the Fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all, I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I
view!)

Long-lov'd, ador'd ideas! all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine Oblivion of low thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her Cell sad Elcisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

Come, Sister come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister come away!
Once, like thy self, I trembled, wept, and
pray'd,

Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep,
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;

Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear :
 For God, not Man, absolves our frailties here.
 I come, ye ghosts! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tingle, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul!
 Ah no---in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see;
 It will be, then, no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly;
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
 And ev'n my Abelard belov'd no more.
 O Death all - eloquent! you only prove
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
(destroy,

Then too, when fate shall thy dear frame
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee
round,
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!
 May *one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When

* *Abelard and Aloisa were interr'd in the same grave in the Monastery of the Paraclete. He died in the Year 1142. She in 1163.*

When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs;
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tear, each other sheds;
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd;
 Oh may we never love, as these have lov'd!
 From the full quire when loud Hosanna's rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone, where our cold reliques lie;
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure if Fate some future Bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms, he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who love so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell.
 The well-sung woes shall sooth my pensive
 ghost;
 He best can paint'em, who shall feel'em most.



THE
UNIVERSAL-PRAYER.
DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all ! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that my self am blind;
Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to doe,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
 Thy Goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume Thy Bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy Foe:

If I am right, oh teach my heart
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, thy grace impart
 To find that better Way!

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
 Or impious Discontent,
 At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
 Or ought thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
 To hide the Fault I see;
 That Mercy I to others show,
 That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath:
 Oh lead me wherefoe'r I go,
 Thro' this day's Life, or Death:

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot :

All else beneath the Sun

Thou know'st if best bellow'd or not ,

And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,

Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,

One Chorus let all Being raise !

All Nature's Incence rise !



THE
TEMPLE
OF DEATH

by his GRACE the
DUKE OF BUCK-M.

In those cold climates, where the Sun appears
 Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
 A dismal vale lies in a desert isle,
 On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile.
 There a thick grove of aged cypress trees,
 Which none without an awful horror sees,
 Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
 Whole flocks of ill-presaging birds receives.
 Poisons are all the plants, that soil will bear,
 And winter is the only season there.
 Millions of graves o'erspread the spacious field,
 And springs of blood a thousand rivers yield;
 Whose streams, oppress'd with Carcasses and
 bones,
 Instead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
 Within this vale a famous Temple stands,
 Old as the World it self, which it commands:
 Round is its figure; and four iron gates
 Divide mankind by order of the Fates.
 Thither in crouds come to one common grave
 The young, the old, the Monarch, and the Slave.

Old age and pains, those evils, man deplores,
 Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors ;
 All clad in mournful blacks, which sadly load
 The sacred walls of this obscure abode :
 And tapers, of a pitchy substance made,
 With clouds of smoke increase the dismal shade.

A Monster, void of reason and of fight,
 The Goddess is, who sways this realm of night:
 Her pow'r extends o'er all things, that have
 breath,

A cruel Tyrant, and her name is **DEATH**.
 The fairest object of our wondring eyes
 Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice ;
 Th' adjoining places, where the altar stood,
 Yet blushing with the fair Almeria's blood ;
 When griev'd Orontes, whose unhappy flame
 Is known to all, who e'er converse with Fame,
 His mind possess'd by fury and despair,
 Within the sacred Temple made this prayer ;
 Great Deity ! who in thy hands do'st bear
 That iron scepter, which poor mortals fear ;
 Who, wanting eyes thy self, respectest none,
 And neither spar'st the Laurel, nor the Crown !
 O thou, whom all mankind in vain withstand,
 Each of whose blood must one day stain thy
 hand !

O thou, who ev'ry eye, that sees the light,
 Closest for ever in the shades of night !
 Goddess attend, and hearken to my grief,
 To which thy pow'r alone can give relief !
 Alas ! I ask not to defer my fate,
 But wish my hapless life a shorter date,
 And that the earth would in it's bowels hide
 A wretch, whom heav'n invades on ev'ry side :
 That from the sight of day I could remove,
 And might have nothing left me, but my love.

Thou

Thou only comforter of minds oppress'd ;
The port, where weary'd spirits are at rest ;
Conductor to Elysium, take my life ;
My breast I offer to thy sacred knife :
So just a grace refuse not, nor despise
A willing, tho' a worthless sacrifice.
Others, (their frail and mortal state forgot,)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without constraint ; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of ev'ry sex and age ;
The blade all reeking in the gore, it shed,
With sever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread ;
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire :
This tragick scene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd, which they should freely give :
Yielding unwillingly what Heav'n will have,
Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave :
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one ;
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast,
And he a murderer, who was a Priest.
But against me thy strongest forces call,
And on my head let all the tempest fall ;
No mean retreat shall any weakness show,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow ;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not, that time, our wonted sure relief,
That universal cure for ev'ry grief,
Whose aid so many Lovers oft have found,
With like success can ever heal my wound :
Too weak the pow'r of Nature, or of Art ;
Nothing but death can ease a broken heart.
And that thou may'st behold my helpless state,
Learn the extremest rigour of my fate.
Amidst th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the Queen of Cities, does contain,

(The

(The fairest town, the largest, and the best) -
 The fair Almeria shin'd above the rest.
 From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame
 Was of our youth the most ambitious aim ;
 Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
 She made a Prince, whene'er she made a Slave.
 Love, under whose tyrannick pow'r I groan,
 Shew'd me this Beauty, e're 'twas fully blown ;
 Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
 Their first assurance from my conquest took ;
 By wounding me she learn'd the fatal art,
 And the first sigh, she had, was from my heart :
 My eyes, with tears moist'ning her snowy arms,
 Render'd the tribute, owing to her charms.
 But as I soonest of all mortals paid
 My vows, and to her beauty altars made ;
 So, among all those slaves, that sigh'd in vain,
 She thought me only worthy of my chain.
 Love's heavy burden my submissive heart
 Endur'd not long, before she bore her part ;
 My violent flame melted her frozen breast,
 And in soft sighs her pity she express'd ;
 Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains ;
 And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains
 Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
 And tender looks were cast on me alone ;
 My hopes and dangers were less mine, than hers,
 Those fill'd her soul with joy, and these with
 fears.

Our hearts united had the same desires,
 And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.

Too faithfull memory ! I give thee leave
 Thy wretched master kindly to deceive ;
 Oh, make me not possessor of her charms,
 Let me not find her languish in my arms ;
 Past joys are now my fancy's mournfull themes :
 Make all my happy nights appear but dreams :

Let

Let not such blis before my eyes be brought ;
O hide those scenes from my tormenting
thought ;

And in their place disdainfull beauty shew ;

If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so :

And, something to abate my deep despair,

O let, her seem less gentle, or less fair.

But I in vain flatter my wounded mind,

Never was Nymph so lovely, or so kind :

No cold repulses my desires suppress'd,

I seldom sigh'd, but on Almeria's breast :

Of all the passions, which mankind destroy,

I only felt excess of love and joy :

Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and
they

Were, as my love, without the least allay,

As pure, alas ! but not so sure to last,

For, like a pleasing dream, they all are past.

From Heav'n her beauties, like fierce light'nings,
came,

Which break through darkness with a glorious
flame ;

A while they shine, a while our minds amaze,

Our wond'ring eyes are dazled with the blaze ;

But thunder follows, whose resistless rage

None can withstand, and nothing can assuage ;

And all that light, which those bright flashes gave,

Serves only to conduct us to our grave.

When I had just begun love's joys to taste,

(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)

A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought

The richest work, that ever Nature wrought.

All things below, alas ! uncertain stand ;

The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand :

Under this law both Kings and Kingdoms bend,

And no beginning is without an end.

A sacrifice to Time Fate dooms us all,

And

And at the Tyrant's feet we daily fall:
 Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust
 Mankind, and Temples too, in which they trust.

Her wasted spirits now begin to faint,
 Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
 And in her heart as in a fort remains;
 But yields at last to her relentless pains.
 Thus, while the fever, am'rous of his prey,
 Through all her veins makes his delightfull way,
 Her fate's like Semele's; the flames destroy
 That beauty, they too eagerly enjoy.

Her charming face is in it's spring decay'd;
 Pale grow the roses, and the lillies fade;
 Her Skin has lost that lustre, which surpass'd
 The Sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last:
 Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
 Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
 Those stars now heavily and slowly move,
 And sickness triumphs in the throne of love:
 The fever ev'ry moment more prevails,
 It's rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
 She, whose disdain so many Lovers prove,
 Sighs now for torment, as they sigh for love;
 And with loud cries, which rend the neighb'ring
 air,

Wound my sad heart, and waken my despair.
 Both men and Gods I charge now with my loss,
 And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other
 cross;

My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
 This sends up humble prayers, while that blas-
 phemes;

I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
 And mingle sacrilege with piety.
 But that which must yet more perplex my mind,
 To love her truly, I must seem unkind:
 So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,

I must

I must restrain unruly floods of tears;
 My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
 I shew a calmness in the midst of storms;
 I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,
 And almost dead with grief, discover none.
 But who can long deceive a loving eye,
 Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die?
 When passion had with all its terrors brought
 Th'approaching danger nearer to my thought,
 Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,
 And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes:
 My apprehensions now, no more confin'd,
 Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind;
 The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,
 Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my
 fears:

With sad presages of her hopeless case,
 She reads her fate in my dejected face;
 Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
 While I am sensible of her's alone;
 Each does the other's burden kindly bear,
 I fear her death, and she bewails my fear:
 Tho' thus we suffer under Fortune's darts,
 'Tis only those of Love, which reach our hearts.

Mean while the fever mocks at all our fears,
 Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears:
 Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
 Like wind and oil, increase the fatal fire.
 Almeria then, feeling the Destinies
 About to shut her lips and close her eyes,
 Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand;
 And with these words, I scarce could understand,
 Her passion in a dying voice express'd
 Half, and her sigh's, alas! made out the rest:

'Tis past; this pang -- Nature gives o'er the
 strife;

Thou must thy Mistress lose, and I my life.

I die:

I die : but dying thine, the Fates may prove
Their conquest over me, but not my love :
Thy memory, my glory, and my pain,
In spite of death it self shall still remain.
Dearest Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That Hope is the last thing, which in us dies :
From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts
are fled,

And Love survives it, tho' my Hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit:
My flame increases as my strength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will
raise:

That still remains, tho' I from hence remove;
I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.

The sigh, which sent forth that last tender
word,
Up tow'rd's the heav'n's, like a bright meteor,
foar'd;

And the kind Nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathless in her Lover's arms.

Goddeſs, who now my fate haſt underſtood ;
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood :
Here let me end the ſtory of my cares,
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares.
Judge thou, by all this miſery diſplay'd,
Whither I ought not to implore thy aid :
Thus to ſurvive reproaches on me draws,
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.

Come then, my only hope: in ev'ry place,
Thou visitest, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a Swain, that does the blow demand.
Vouchsafe thy dart: I need not one of those,

With

With which thou do'st unwilling Kings
 depose;
 A wellcome death the slightest wound can
 bring,
 And free a soul already on her wing:
 Without thy aid, most miserable I
 Must ever wish, yet not obtain, to die.

The

RECOVERY.

By the same hand.

Sighing and languishing I lay,
 A stranger grown to all delight,
 Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
 And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
 Was how my fatal love to hide;
 For ever drooping with despair,
 Neglecting all the world beside:

Till, like some Angel from above,
 Cornelia came to my relief;
 And then I found, the joys of love
 Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes, I now pursue,
 Might fail, if you could prove unjust;
 But promises from Heav'n and you
 Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my doubts and troubles end;
 One tender word my soul assures;
 Nor am I vain, since I depend
 Not on my own desert, but yours.

Tom. II.

© c

BRU-

BRUTUS.

By Mr. Cowley

Excellent *Brutus*, of all humane race
The best, till *Nature* was improv'd by
Grace,

Till men above themselves *Faith* rais'd more,
Than *Reason* above *Beasts* before.
Virtue was thy *Life's Center*, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense

The gentle vigorous *Influence*
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*;
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord, or disorder see

In all their *Contrariety*.
Each had its motion natural and free,
And the *Whole* no more mov'd, than the *whole*
World could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst
swerve

(*Mistaken Haste* men) in *Cæsar's* blood:
What *Mercy* could the *Tyrant's Life* deserve
From him, who kill'd *Himself* rather than *serve*?
Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*

Are so far from *Understood*,
We count them *Vice*: alas our *Sight's* so ill,
That things, which swiftest move, seem to stand
still.

We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,
On her supreme *Idea*, brave and bright,
In the *Original Light*.

But as her *Beams* reflected pass
Through our own *Nature*, or in *Custom's Glass*,
And

And 'tis no wonder so,
 If with dejected Eye
 In standing Pools we seek the sky,
 That Stars so high above should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see
 Our Mother robb'd, and bound, and ravisht be,
 Yet not to her assistance stir,
 Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the
Ravisher?

Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
 The cancell'd Name of Friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?

Ingrateful Caesar, who could Rome enthrall!
 An act more barbarous and unnatural,
 (In th'exact ballance of true *Virtue* try'd)
 Than his *Successor Nero's Parricide!*

There's none, but *Brutus*, could deserve,
 That all men else should wish to serve,
 And *Caesars* usurpt place to him should proffer;
 None can deserve't but he, who would refuse
 the offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a Body thee t'affright,
 And wrapt it self i'th' terrors of the night:
I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the Spright;
I'll meet thee there, saidst Thou,
 With such a voice, and such a brow,
 As put the trembling Ghost to sudden flight;
 It vanisht, as a Tapers light

Goes out, when Spirits appear in light.
 One would have thought, 't had heard the
morning crow,

Or seen her well appointed Star
 Come marching up the Eastern Hill afar.
 Nor durst it in *Philippi's* field appear,
 But unseen attack'd thee there.
 Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
 Thou wouldst have forc'd it back upon thy foes,

Or slain't, like *Cæsar*, though it be
 A *Conqueror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than *He*,
 What joy can *humane things* to us afford,
 When we see perish thus, by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched *Accidents*,
 The best *Cause* and best *Man*, that ever drew
 a *Sword*?

When we see
 The false *Octavius*, and wild *Antony*,
 God-like *Brutus*, conquer *Thee*?
 What can we say, but thine own *Tragick Word*,
 That *Virtue*, which had worshipt been by thee
 As the most solid *Good*, and greatest *Diety*,
 By this fatal proof became
 An *Idol* only, and a *Name*.
 Hold noble *Brutus* and restrain
 The bold voice of thy generous *Disdain*:
 These mighty *Gulphs* are yet
 Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.
 The *Time's* set forth already, which shall quell
 Stiff *Reason*, when it offers to *rebell*;
 Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,
 And new *Philosophies* reveal.
 A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,
 Would have confounded *Humane Virtues* pride,
 And shew'd thee a *God crucify'd*.

Or seen her well appointed
 Come marching up the Hill
 Nor durst it in Pompey's field appear,
 But was attack'd there
 Had it prov'd in any other place to oppose
 Then would have forc'd it back upon thy foes

On Mr.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

*His Death and Burial amongst
The Ancient Poets.*

Old *Chaucer*, like the Morning Star,
 To us discovers Days from far,
 His Light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
 Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
 But he descending to the Shades,
 Darkness again the Age invades.
 Next (like *Aurora*) *Spenser* rose,
 Whose Purple Blush the Day foreshews;
 The other three, with his own Fires,
Phœbus, the Poets God, inspires;
 By *Shakespear's*, *Johnson's*, *Fletcher's* Lines
 Our Stage's Lustre *Rome's* outshines:
 These Poets near our Princes sleep,
 And in one Grave their Mansion keep.
 They liv'd to see to many days,
 Till Time had blasted all their Bays:
 But curst be the fatal Hour,
 That pluckt the fairest, sweetest Flow'r,
 That in the Muses Garden grew,
 And amongst wither'd Laurels threw.
 Time, which made them their Fame outlive,
 To *Cowley* scarce did Ripeness give.
 Old Mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespear and *Fletcher* all they have;
 In *Spencer*, and in *Johnson*, Art
 Of flower Nature got the start;
 But both in him to equal are,
 None knows, which bears the happy'st share:
 To him no Author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own;

Cc 3

He

He melted not the ancient Gold,
 Nor, with *Ben Johnson*, did make bold,
 To plunder all the *Roman* stores
 Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his Wit, and *Virgil's* State,
 He did not steal, but emulate,
 And when he would like them appear,
 Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear;
 He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,
 Like *Jason*, brought the Golden Fleece;
 To him that Language (though to none
 Of th'others) as his own was known,
 On a stiff gale (as *Flaccus*† sings)
 The *Theban* Swan extends his wings,
 When through th'ætherial Clouds he flies,
 To the same pitch our Swan doth rise;
 Old *Pindars's* Flights by him are reacht,
 When on that Gale his wings are stretcht,
 His Fancy and his Judgment such,
 Each to the other seem'd to much,
 His severe Judgement (giving Law)
 His modest Fancy kept in awe:
 As rigid Husbands jealous are,
 When they believe their Wives too fair,
 His English Streams so pure did flow,
 As all, that saw and tasted, know.
 But for his Latin Vein, so clear,
 Strong, *full, and high it doth appear,
 That, were immortal *Virgil* here,
 Him, for his Judge, he would not fear;
 Of that great Portraicture so true
 A Copy Pencil never drew.
 My Muse her Song had ended here,
 But both their *Genii* strait appear;
 Joy and Amazement her did strike,

† His *Pindaricks*. * His last works.

Two Twins she never saw so like,
 Twas taught by wise *Pythagoras*,
 One Soul might through more Bodies pass,
 Seeing such Transmigration there,
 She thought it not a Fable here,
 Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,
 Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
 And shew the World this Parallel;
 Fixt and contemplative their Looks,
 Still turning over Nature's Books:
 Their Works Chaste, Moral, and Divine,
 Where Profit and Delight combine;
 They, gilding dirt in noble Verse,
 Rustick Philosophy rehearse;
 When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings
 They praise, on their exalted Wings
 To the Celestial Orbs they climb,
 And with th' Harmonious Spheres keep time:
 Nor did their Actions fall behind
 Their Words, but with like candour shin'd:
 Each drew fair Characters, yet none
 Of these, they feign'd, excels their own;
 Both by two generous Princes lov'd,
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busie Throng retire,
 Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,
 Car'd not to propagate their Kind:
 Yet though both fell before their hour,
 Time on their Off-spring hath no pow'r,
 Nor Fire, nor Fate their Bays shall blast,
 Nor Death's dark Vail their day o'rcast.

On Exodus III. 14. *I am that I am.*

An O D E

Written 1638, as an Exercise at St. JOHN'S
College, CAMBRIDGE.

By Mr. P R I O R.

MAN! Foolish Man!
Scarce know'st thou, how thy self
began;
Scarce hast thou Thought enough to prove,
Thou art;
Yet, steel'd with study'd Boldness, thou dar'st
try,
To send thy doubting Reason's dazled Eye
Through the mysterious Gulph of vast
Immenfity:
Much thou canst there discern, much thence
impart.
Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing Pride;
Mortify thy learned Lust:
Vain are thy Thoughts, while thou thy self art
Dust.

II.

Let Wit her Sails, her oars let Wisdom lend,
The helm let politick Experience guide:
Yet cease to hope, thy short-liv'd Bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable Tide.

What

What, tho' still it farther tend;
Still 'tis farther from its End;
And, in the Bosom of that Boundless Sea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its Way.

III.

With daring Pride and insolent Delight
Your Doubts resolv'd you boast, your Labours
crown'd;
And, EYPHKA! your God, forsooth! is found
Incomprehensible and Infinite.
But is he therefore found? Vain Searcher I no:
Let your imperfect Definition show,
That nothing You, the weak Definer, know.

IV.

Say, why should the collected Main
It self within it self contain?
Why to its Caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted Silence sleep
On the lov'd Bosom of its Parent Deep?
Why should its num'rous Waters stay
In comely Discipline, and fair Array,
Till Winds and Tides exert their high
Commands?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising Surges spread
Their op'ning Ranks o'er Earth's submissive
Head,
Marching thro' different Paths to different
Lands?

V.

Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run?
Why does he order the Diurnal Hours
To leave Earth's other part, and rise in ours?

Why does He wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
Commanding Her with delegated Pow'rs
To beautify the World, and bless the Night?

Why does each animated Star
Love the just Limits of its proper Sphere?

Why does each consenting Sign
With prudent Harmony combine
In Turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year?

V I.

Man does with dangerous Curiosity
These unfathom'd Wonders try:
With fancy'd Rules and arbitrary Laws
Matter and Motion he restrains,
And study'd Lines and fictitious Circles draws:

Then with imagin'd Sovereignty
Lord of his new Hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns: How long? 'till some Usurper rise;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns.
From this last Toil again what knowledge
flows?

Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his Predecessor's Rules
Were empty Cant, all Jargon of the Schools:
That he on th' other's Ruin rears his Throne,
And shows his Friend's Mistake, and thence
confirms his own.

V I I.

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies,
Mountainous Heaps of Wonders rise,
Whose towering Strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's Batteries, or the Mines of Wit:
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man,

Each

Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dares onward
 And levelling at God his wandering Guess,
 (That feeble Engine of his reasoning War,
 Which guides his Doubts, and combats his
 Despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can
 Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that
 Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill;
 Can tell us, whence all Beings are, and how
 they move and live,
 Thro' either Ocean, foolish Man,
 That pregnant Word sent forth again,
 Might to a World extend each Atom there,
 For every Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for
 every star.

VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide;
 And only lift thy staggering Reason up
 To trembling CALVARY's astonish'd Top;
 Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound
 thy Pride,
 Explaining, how Perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd:
 How by her Patient Victor Death was slain,
 And Earth prophan'd, yet bless'd, with Deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted Volumes, down!
 Only reserve the Sacred One:
 Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn Knowledge bow;
 Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's Eyes;
 Deject thy self, that thou may'st rise:
 To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering Light,
 Shall give
 Her immortal Perspective;
 And Grace's Presence Nature's Loss retrieve:
 Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,
 That all the Volumes of Philosophy,
 With all their Comments, never cou'd invent
 So politick an Instrument,
 To reach the Heav'n of Heav'n's, the high Abode,
 Where Moses places his Myſterious God,
 As was that Ladder, which old Jacob rear'd,
 When Light Divine had human Darkneſs clear'd,
 And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road,
 Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

T H E

LADY'S LOOKING - GLASS.

By the ſame.

Celia and I, the other Day,
 Walk'd o'er the Sand-Hills to the Sea:
 The ſetting Sun adorn'd the Coaſt,
 His Beams intire, his Fierceneſs loſt:
 And, on the Surface of the Deep,
 The Winds lay only not aſleep:
 The Nymph did like the Scene appear,
 Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair,
 Soft fell her Words, as flew the Air.
 With ſecret Joy I heard Her ſay,
 That She would never miſs one Day
 A Walk ſo fine, a Sight ſo gay.

But,

But, on the Change ! the Winds grow high ;
 Impending Tempests charge the sky ;
 The Light'ning flies, the Thunder roars,
 And big Waves lash the frighten'd Shoars.
 Struck with the Horror of the Sight
 She turns her Head, and wings her Flight ;
 And trembling vows, She'll ne'er again
 Approach the Shoar, or view the Main.

Once more, at least, look back, said I,
 Thy self in that large Glass descry :
 When thou art in good Humour drest,
 When gentle Reason rules thy Breast ;
 The Sun upon the calmest Sea
 Appears not half so bright as thee :
 'Tis then, that with Delight I rove
 Upon the boundless Depth of Love :
 I bless my Chain, I hand my Oar ;
 Nor think on all, I left on Shoar.

But when vain Doubt and groundless Fear
 Do that Dear Foolish Bolom tear ;
 When the big Lip, and wat'ry Eye
 Tell me, the rising Storm is nigh :
 'Tis then, thou art yon' angry Main,
 Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain ;
 And the poor Sailor, that must try
 It's Fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make,
 While Love and Fate still drive me back :
 Forc'd to doat on thee thy own Way,
 I chide thee first, and then obey.
 Wretched, when from Thee, vex'd, when nigh,
 I with thee, or without thee, die.

To

To CLOE Weeping.

By the same.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair CLOE, see
 The World in Sympathy with thee:
 The chearful Birds no longer sing,
 Each droops his Head, and hangs his Wing;
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
 And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r.
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares,
 They heave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears.
 Fantastick Nymph! that Grief should move
 Thy Heart, obdurate against Love!
 Strange Tears! whose pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear Breast, on which they fall.

CUPID Mistaken.

By the same.

As after Noon, one Summer's Day,
 VENUS stood bathing in a River;
 CUPID a-shooting went that way,
 New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.
 With skill He chose his sharpest Dart,
 With all his Might his Bow he drew;
 Swift to His beauteous Parent's Heart
 The too well-guided Arrow flew.

THE

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd:
O Cruel! could'st thou find none other,
To wreak thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like NERO, thou hast slain thy Mother.

IV.

Poor CUPID sobbing scarce could speak,
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye;
Alas! how easy my Mistake!
I took You for your Likeness CLOE.

VENUS Mistaken.

By the Same.

I.

WHEN CLOE's Picture was to VENUS
shown;
Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for her own.
And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I Bathing thus, and Naked seen?

II.

Pleas'd CUPID heard, and check'd His Mother's
Pride;
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin
cry'd:
'Tis CLOE's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and
Breast:

Friend HOWARD's Genius fancy'd all the rest.

THE

THE GARLAND.

By the same.

I.

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I chose,
The Violet sweet, and Lilly fair,
The dappl'd Pink, and blushing Rose,
To deck my charming CLOE's Hair.

II.

At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf't to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
The Flow'rs less blooming than her Face,
The Scent less fragrant than her Breath.

III.

The Flow'rs she wore along the Day;
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
That in her Hair they lookt more gay,
Than glowing in their Native Bed.

IV.

Undrest at Evening, when she found
Their Odours lost, their Colours past,
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland and her Eye she cast.

V.

That Eye dropt Sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's Tongue could speak,
When from it's Lid a pearly Tear
Ran-trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My Love, my Life, said I, explain

This

This Change of Humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling Tear--What does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd, she smil'd: and to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the Lovely Moralift said:
See Friend, in some few fleeting Hours,
See yonder, what a Change is made?

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming Pride of MAY,
And that of Beauty are but One:
At Morn Both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At Dawn poor STELLA danc'd and sung;
The am'rous Youth around her bow'd:
At Night her fatal Knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her Shroud.

X.

Such as she is, who dy'd to Day;
Such, I, alas! may be to Morrow.
Go, DAMON, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy CLOE's Sorrow.

CLOE JEALOUS.

By the same.

I.

FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep,
Next CLOE to her shepherd said:
'Tis for my two poor straggling Sheep
Perhaps, or for my Squirrel dead.

For mind & what you late have wait?

Your subtile Questions, and Replies;

Emblems, to teach a Female Wit

The Ways, where changing Copies lies.

III.

Your Riddle, purpos'd to rehearse

The general Pow'r, that Beauty has:

But why did no peculiar Verse

Describe one Charm of GLO's Face?

IV.

The Glass, which was at VENUS' Shrine,

With such Mysterious Sorrow, laid;

The Garland, (and you call it mine)

Which shew'd how Youth and Beauty fade.

V.

Ten Thousand Trifles, light as these,

Nor can my Rage, nor Anger move;

She shou'd be humble, who wou'd please,

And she must suffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my Glass I chanc'd to look;

Of VENUS what did I implore?

That ev'ry Grace, which thence I took,

Shou'd know to charm my DAMON more.

VII.

Reading thy verse, who heeds, said I,

If here or there his Glances flew?

O free for ever be his Eye,

Whose Heart to me is always true.

VIII.

My Bloom indeed, my little Flow'r

Of Beauty, quickly lost it's Pride;

For sever'd from it's Native Bow'r;

It on thy glowing Bosom dy'd.

LX.

X.
 Yet car'd I not, what might presage
 Or withering Wreath, or fleeting Youth:
 Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
 And Time less permanent, than Truth;

X.
 Why then I weep, forbear to know.
 Fall uncontroll'd my Tears, and free:
 O DAMON, 'tis the only Woe,
 I ever yet conceal'd from Thee.

XI.
 The secret wound, with which I bleed,
 Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my Herse:
 But on my Tomb-stone thou shalt read
 My Answer to thy dubious Verse.

THE

ANSWER.

By the same.

I.
DEAR CLOE ! how blubber'd is that pretty
 Face?

Thy Cheek all on Fire, and thy hair all
 uncurl'd,

Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (*as Old Falstaff*
says)

Let us e'en talk a little like Folks of this
 World.

II.
 How canst Thou presume thou hast leave to
 destroy

D d 2

The

The Beauties, which VENUS but lent to
thy keepings;
Those looks were delight'd to inspire Love and
joy:
More ord'nary Eyes may serve People for
weeping.

III.

To be vext at a Trifle, or two. that I writ,
Your Judgment at once, and my Passion
you wrong:
You take that for Fact, which will scarce be
found Wit:
~~Od's Life! must one swear to the Truth of~~
a Song?

IV.

What I speak, my fair CLOE, and what I
write, shews
The Difference, there is betwixt Nature and
Art:
I court others in Verse; but I love thee in Prose:
And they have my Whimsies, but thou hast
my Heart.

V.

The God of us Verse-Men (you know Child)
the Sun,
How after his Journeys he sets up his Rest:
If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run;
At Night he reclines on his THETIS's Breast.

VI.

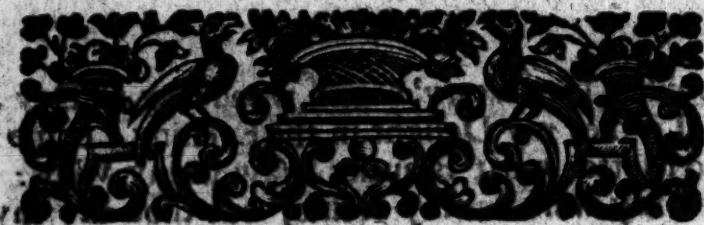
V I.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day,
To thee my Delight in the Evening I come:
No Matter what Beauties I saw in my Way:
They were but my Vains, but thou art my
Home.

V I I.

Then finish DEAR CLOE, this Pastoral War;
And let us like *Horace* and *Lydia* agree;
For thou art a Girlas much brighter than Her,
As He was a Poet tublinner than Me.





I I V

An O D E,

Presented to the King,

On His Majesty's Arrival in *Holland*, after the
QUEEN'S Death, 1695.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Mæpamene.*

I

AT *Mary's Tomb*, (sad, sacred place!)
The Virtues shall their Vigils keep:
And every Mute, and every Grace,
In solemn State shall ever weep.

I I.

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd Urn.

I I I.

III.

For her the Wife and Great shall mourn,
When late Records her Deeds repeat;
Ages to come, and Men unborn
Shall bless her Name, and sigh her Fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy Queen's sad Reliques guard;
Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,
And gives the Saint her full reward.

But let the King dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on his fair Renown;
And take the Cypre's from his brows;
To put his wonted Laurels on.

VI.

If prest by grief our Monarch stoops,
In vain the *British* Lions roar:
If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,
The *Belgic* Darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattl'd Princes wait the Chief,
Whose Voice should rule, whose Arm should
lead;

And, in kind murmurs, chide that Grief,
Which hinders *Europe* being freed.

VIII.

The great Example they demand,
Who still to Conquest led the Way;
Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

IX.

They seek that Joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the Hero's face;
When the thick Squadrons prest the Foe,
And *William* led the Glorious Chace,

X.

To give the mourning Nations Joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great Sun! with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight,

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
For *Mary's* setting rays atone:
Our lustre, with redoubl'd force,
Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious King, with different strife
Thy struggling *Abion's* Bosom torn;
So much she fears for *William's* Life,
That *Mary's* Fate she dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her Beauty, in thy foster Half,
Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve;
But let her Strength in thee be safe;
And let her weep, but at her live.

XIV.

Thou, Guardian Angel, save the Land
From thy own Griet, her fiercest Foe;
Lest *Britain*, rescu'd by thy Hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unless new trophies still be sought;

And

And hoary Majesty sustain
The Battels, which thy Youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the wars Alarms?
That soft excess, with which she strove
To keep her Hero in her Arms?

XVII.

While still the child the coming Spring,
Which call'd him o'er his subject Seas:
While, for the safety of the King,
She wish'd the Victor's Glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd, 'tis gone: sad Britain now
Hastens her Lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe,
Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear;
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty Prince, let France be taught,
How constant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the Land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the Battel make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that, which struck the beauteous Queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her Master was not near;
D d 5 With

With sullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

X X I I.

As waters from her huices, flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

X I V.

But when her anxious Lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She smiles, as *William* ne'er had mourn'd;
She looks, as *Mary* ne'er had dy'd.

X X V.

That Freedom, which all sorrows claim,
She does for thy content resign:
Her piety it self would blame,
If her regrets should waken thine.

X X V I.

To cure thy woe, she shews thy Fame,
Lest the great Mourner should forget,
That all the Race, whence *Orange* came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

X X V I I.

William his Country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her Freedom seal:
Maurice, and *Henry* guard that right,
For which their pious Parent fell.

X X V I I I.

How Heroes rise, how Patriots set,
Thy Father's bloom and death may tell;
Excelling others these were great;
Thou, greater still, must these excell.

X X I X.

The last fair instance thou must give,
Whence *Nassau's* virtue can be try'd:

And

And shew the world, that thou canst live
Intrepid, as thy Consort dy'd.

X X X.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
No dire Event could ever stay,
Must carry on it's destin'd course;
Tho' Death and Envy stop the way.

X X X I.

For *Britain's* sake, for *Belgia's*, live,
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own:
New toils endure, new Conquests give;
And bring them ease, tho' thou hast none.

X X X I I.

Vanquish again; tho' she be gone,
Whose Garland crown'd the Victor's hair:
And reign; tho' she has left the Throne,
Who made thy Glory worth thy care.

X X X I I I.

Fair *Britain* never yet before
Breath'd to her King a useless pray'r:
Fond *Belgia* never did implore,
While *William* turn'd aside his ear.

X X X I V.

But should the weeping Hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove;
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
The object of his grief and love:

X X X V.

Her Face, with thousand beauties blest;
Her Mind, with thousand virtues stor'd;
Her Pow'r, with boundless joy confest;
Her Person, only not ador'd:

X X X V I.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his passions to abate;

If

If the great Mourner would reflect;
Her Glory in her death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great King, by long obeying thee;
Her Scepter, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the Isles, and rul'd the Sea.

XXXVIII.

But, oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy Fame;
In death, 'twas worthy William's Wife,
Amidst the Stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives it's forms, thy virtues rowl:
From *Mary's* glory Angels trace
The beauty of her Partner's soul.

XL.

Wise Fate, which does it's Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy Triumph; half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy Renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go:
While the great Saint rejoices Heav'n;
And thou sustain'st the Orb below.

HENRY

HENRY and EMMA.

A POEM

Upon the Model of

The NUT-BROWN MAID.

To CLOE

Thou, to whose eyes I bend, at whose
command,

(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)

I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,

Careless of what the cens'ring World may say;

Bright *Cloe*, object of my constant Vow,

Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?

Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy Lover's Strains,

And with one Heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?

No longer shall the *Nut brown Maid* be old;

Tho' since her youth three hundred Years have
roll'd;

At thy desire she shall again be rais'd;

And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer Man or Woman shall complain,

That he may love, and not be lov'd again;

That we in vain the fickle Sex pursue,

Who change the constant Lover for the new:

Whatever has been writ, whatever said,

Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,

Henceforth shall in my Verse refuted stand,

Be said to Winds, or writ upon the sand:

And

And while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd Love, and ever during flame;
 O fairest of thy Sex! be thou my Muse;
 Deign on my work thy Influence to diffuse.
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse;
 And grant me Love, the just reward of Verse.

As Beauty's potent Queen, with ev'ry grace,
 That once was *Emma's*, has adorn'd thy face;
 And as her Son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame, which faithful *Henry* felt;
 O let the Story with thy life agree:
 Let men once more the bright example see:
 What *Emma* was to him, be thou to me.
 Nor send me by thy frown, from her, I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd Man, to rove;
 But oh! with pity, long intreated, crown
 My pains & hopes; & when thou say'st, that one
 Of all mankind thou lov'st, Oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous *Isis* and her Husband *Tame*
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
 In times of yore an ancient Baron liv'd,
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.
 When dreadful *Edward* with successful care
 Led his free *Britons* to the *Gallie* War;
 This Lord had headed his appointed Bands,
 In firm Allegiance to his King's commands;
 And, all due honours faithfully discharg'd,
 Had brought back his paternal Coat, enlarg'd
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
 And no inglorious part of foreign Spoil.

From the loud Camp retir'd, and noisy Court,
 In honourable ease and rural sport
 The remnant of his days he safely pass;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast:
 He made his wish with his Estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a Daughter chaste and fair ;
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's Heir :
 They call'd her *Emma*; for the beauteous Dame,
 Who gave the Virgin birth, had born the name ;
 The Name th' indulgent Father doubly lov'd ;
 For in the child the Mother's charms improv'd,
 Yet, as when little round his knees she plac'd,
 He call'd her oft in sport his *Nut-brown Maid* :
 The Friends and Tenants took the fondling word ;
 (As still they please, who imitate their Lord)
 Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun ;
 The mutual terms around the lands were known ;
 And *Emma*, and the *Nut-brown Maid* were one ;
 As with her Stature still her Charms encreas'd ;
 Thro' all the Isle her Beauty was confess'd :
 Oh ! what perfections must that Virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair ?
 From distant Shires repair the noble Youth ;
 And find, Report for once had lessen'd Truth :
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
 They came, they saw, they marvel'd, & they
 lov'd.
 By publick praises, and by secret sighs
 Each own'd the general pow'r of *Emma's* Eyes :
 In Tilts and Turnaments the Vailant strove,
 By glorious deeds, to purchase *Emma's* Love :
 In gentle Verse the Witty told their flame ;
 And grac'd their choicest Songs with *Emma's*
 name :
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ ;
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit :
 Great *Venus* only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair one's heart ;
 Spight of th' attempts of force, & soft effects of
 art :
 Great *Venus* must prefer the happy one :
 In *Henry's* Cause her favour must be shown ;
 And *Emma* of Mankind must love but him alone.
 While

While these in publick to the Castle came ;
 And by their Grandeur justify'd their flame ;
 More secret ways the careful *Henry* takes ;
 His Squires, his Arms, and Equipage forsakes :
 In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
 Oft he finds means to see the beauteous Maid.

When *Emma* hunts, in Huntsman's habit drest
Henry on foot pursues the bounding Beast :
 In his right hand his beachen Pole he bears ;
 And graceful at his side his horn he wears ;
 Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
 Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
 And shows the path her Steed may safest take :
 Directs her Spear to fix the glorious wound ;
 Pleas'd in his toils to have her Triumph crown'd,
 And blows her praises in no common sound.

A Falk'ner *Henry* is, when *Emma* hawks ;
 With her of Tarsels, and of lures he talks :
 Upon his wrist the tow'ring Merlin stands ;
 Fractis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands :
 And when superior now the Bird has flown ;
 And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry
 down ;
 With humble reverence he accosts the Fair ;
 And with the honour'd Feather decks her hair.
 Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
 His down-cast eye reveals his inward woe ;
 And by his look and sorrow is exprest
 A nobler Game pursu'd, than Bird, or Beast.

A Shepherd now along the plain he roves ;
 And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves :
 The neighb'ring Swains around the Stranger
 throng,
 Or to admire, or emulate his Song :
 While with soft sorrow he renews his Days,
 Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise :
 But

But soon as *Emma's* eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain;
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantick Gipsy now the house be haunts;
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond Maids in Palmistry he deals:
They tell the Secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What Groom shall get, & Squire maintain the
Child.

But when bright *Emma* wou'd her fortune know;
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow:
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye;
And in soft accents forms the kind reply:
That she shall prove as fortunate, as fair;
And *Hymen's* choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had *Henry* chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous *Emma's* eyes;
Oft had found means alone to see the Dame;
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft, the pangs of absence to remove,
By letters, soft Interpreters of Love.
'Till Time and Industry (the mighty two,
That bring our Wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining Fair
Receiv'd his Vows with no reluctant ear;
That *Venus* had confirm'd her equal Reign;
And dealt to *Emma's* heart a share of *Henry's*

pain.
While *Cupid* smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the Love increas'd;
The am'rous Youth frequents the silent Groves;
And much he meditates; for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true, and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present Flame;

Tem. II.

E e

But

But smiling, will she ever be the same;
 Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
 And summer Seas are turn'd by sudden Winds;
 Another love may gain her rapt Youth:
 Time changes thought; and Flatt'ry conquers
 Truth.

O impotent estate of human Life,
 Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife:
 Where fleeting Joy does lasting doubt inspire,
 And most we question, what we most desire.
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
 Our cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in; nor put the Draught
 With nauseous grief; for our ill judging thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
 Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with Jealousies oppress'd,
 (Alternate Tyrants of the human breast)
 By one great trial he resolves to prove
 The Faith of Woman, and the force of Love.
 If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
 That brauteous frame inclose a steady mind;
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
 And live a Slave to Hyman's happy pow'r.
 But if the Fair one, as he fears, is frail,
 If pois'd aright, in Reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure Arms, and shine again in War.

South of the Castle, in a Verdant glade,
 A spreading Beach extends her friendly shade.
 Here oft the Nymph his breathing Vows had
 Here oft her Silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
 And genial life inform'd the verdant Woods,

Henry

Henry, in Knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his Flame
 Upon this Tree; and as the tender mark
 Grew with the Year, and widen'd with the
 Bark,

Venus had heard the Virgin's soft Address,
 That as the wound, the passion might encrease.
 As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs,
 And deck'd the various Mead with opening
 flow'rs;

Upon this Tree, the Nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's Hair:
 Which as with gay delight the Lover found;
 Pleas'd with his Conquest, with her Present
 crown'd,
 Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
 And to each Swain the mystick Honour shewn,
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret Note the troubled Henry writes;
 To the known Tree the lovely Maid invites:
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
 That he must something to her ear commend,
 On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the Fair one had the Note receiv'd;
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
 For different this from ev'ry former Note,
 Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
 Which told her all his future hopes were laid
 On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
 Which always bless'd her eyes, & own'd her
 pow'rs,
 And bid her oft adieu, yet add'd more.

Now, night advanc'd: the House in sleep were
 laid,
 The Nurse experienc'd, and the prying Maid;
 And last that Sprite, which does incessant haunt

The Lovers steps, the ancient Maiden-Aunt:
 To her dear *Henry Emma* wings her way,
 With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay.
 For *Love*, fantastic Pow'r, that is afraid
 To stir abroad, 'till watchfulness be laid,
 Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
 And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
 Not *Argus* with his hundred eyes shall find,
 Where *Cupid* goes, tho' he poor Guide is blind.

The Maiden first arriving sent her eye
 To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh
 With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
 She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
 But oh! his steps proclaim no Lover's haste;
 On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
 His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
 And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
 His painted grief does real sorrow move
 In the afflicted Fair: Adown her cheek
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break.
 Attentive stood the mournful Nymph; the Man
 Broke silence first; the Tale alternate ran.

H E N R Y.

Sincere O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what Woman knows to feign?
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
 With the first tumults of a real Love?
 Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his way;
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
 Thy Virgin softness has thou e'er bewail'd,
 As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
 And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his extatick smart,
 And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart?
 If so, with Pity view my wretched state;

At

At least deplore, and then forget my Fate;
 To some more happy knight reserve thy Charms,
 By Fortune favour'd, and successful Arms:
 And only, as the Sun's revolving ray
 Brings back, each Year, this melancholy day;
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
 To an abandon'd Exile's endless care.
 For me, alas! Out cast of human Race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace:
 For lo! these hands in Murther are imbru'd;
 These trembling feet by Justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful Death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and Love,
 Condemn'd in lonely Woods a banish'd Man
 to rove.

E M M A:

What is our bliss that changeth with the Moon?
 And day of life, that darkens e'er 'tis noon?
 What is true Passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's Joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain, I bear,
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare
 Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The flames, which long have in my bosom
 reign'd:

The God of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his Rage, and Dread, & Grief, & Care,
 His Complement of stores, and total War.

Oh cease then coldly to suspect my love;
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas! no Youth shall my endearments share;
 Nor day, nor night shall interrupt my care:
 No future Story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indiff'rence of the Nut-brown Maid:
 Nor to hard Banishment shall Henry run;

While careless *Emma* sleeps on beds of down,
View me resolv'd where e'er thou lead'st, to go;
Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe:
For I attest fair *Venus*, and her Son,
That I of all Mankind will love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;
And take good heed, what Men will think and
say:
That beauteous *Emma* vagrant Courses took;
Her Father's house and civil life forsook;
That full of youthful blood, and fond of Man,
She to the woodland with an Exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd;
And Virgin honour once, is allways stain'd.
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No Penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out
shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love;
And leave a banish'd Man thro' lonely Woods
to rove.

E M M A.

Let *Emma*'s hapless case be falsly told
By the rash Young, or the ill-natur'd Old;
Let ev'ry tongue it's various censure chuse,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O let my presence make thy Travels light;
And potent *Venus* shall exalt my Name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame:
Nor from that busie Demon's restless pow'r

Will

Will ever *Emma* other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the World be
 known:
 That I of all Mankind have lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou wield the Sword, and bend the
 Bow?

With active force repel the sturdy Foe?
 When the loud Tumult speaks the Battel nigh;
 And winged Deaths in Whistling Arrows fly;
 Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay?
 Perform the part, and share the dangerous day?
 Then, as thy strength decays, the Heart will
 fail:

Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale,
 With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious Maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy Love betray'd:
 Then to thy Friend, by Foes o'er charg'd, deny
 Thy little useless aid, and Coward fly:
 Then wilt thou curse the chance, that made
 thee love

A banish'd Man, condemn'd in lonely woods to
 rove.

E M M A.

With fatal certainty *Thalestris* knew,
 To send the Arrow from the twanging Yew:
 And great in Arms, and foremost in the War,
Bouduca brandish'd high the British Spear.
 Could thirst of Vengeance, and desire of Fame
 Excite the Female breast with martial flame?
 And shall not Love's diviner pow'r inspire
 More hardy Virtue, and more generous fire?
 Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide;
 And fall, or vanquish fighting by thy side.
 Tho' my inferior strength may not allow,

That I should bear, or draw the Warrior Bow;
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply;
 And joy to see thy Victor Arrows fly:
 Touch'd in the Battel by the hostile reed,
 Should'st thou (but Heav'n avert it!) should'st
 thou bleed;

To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear;
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with
 my hair:

Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
 That I of all Mankind could love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou, tender Maid, can'st thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or Hunger's pressing pain?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From Sun-beams guarded, and of Winds afraid,
 Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
 The parching Dog Star, and the bleak North-east?
 When chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsom plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
 Berries and Acorns, from the neighb'ring wood;
 And find amongst the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste, and weeping try,
 (Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy Father's hospitable Gate,
 And Seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding fate?
 Those Seats, whence long excluded thou must
 mourn;

That Gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated Love?
 And hate a banish'd Man, condemn'd in woods
 to rove?

EMMA

E M M A.

Thy rise of Fortune did I only wed,
 From it's decline determin'd to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
 On the smooth surface of a Summer's Sea,
 While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
 But would forsake the Ship, and make the Shoar
 When the Winds whistle, and the Tempests
 roar?

No, Henry, no: One sacred Oath has ty'd
 Our Loves; One Destiny our Life shall guide;
 Nor Wild, nor Deep our common way divide.)

When from the Cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods, and route the bounding Prey;
 The Cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And cheerful sit, to wait my Lord's return.
 And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten

Deer;
 (For seldom, Archers say, thy Arrows err,)
 I'll fetch quick fewel from the neighb'ring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food.
 With humble duty and officious haste,
 I'll cull the furthest Mead for thy repast:
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
 And draw thy water from the freshest Spring,
 And when at night with weary toil oppress,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
 Watchful I'll guard thee; and with midnight
 pray'r

Weary the Gods to keep thee in their Care;
 And joyous ask at Morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
 My thought shall fix, my latest wish depend
 On thee, Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father,
 Friend:

By all these sacred Names be *Henry* known)
 To *Emma's* heart ; and grateful let him own,)
 That she of all Mankind could love but him)
 alone.

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou tell'st me what the Woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
 Thou, e'er thou goest, unhappy'st of thy Kind ;
 Must leave the habit, and the Sex behind,
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;
 Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
 In graceful breeds, with various ribbon bound ;
 No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd
 From thy full bosom to thy slender waste,
 That air and harmony of shape expresses,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,
 Nor shall thy lower garments artful pleat
 From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
 Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
 And double ev'ry Charm, they seek to hide.
 Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
 Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
 Shall stand uncouth ; a Horle-man's coat shall
 hide,
 Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side:
 The short trunk hose shall shew thy foot and
 knee ;
 Licentious, and to common eye-sight free ;
 And with a bolder stride, and looser air,
 Mingled with Men, a Man thou must appear.
 Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
 Mistaken Maid, shalt thou in forests find :
 'Tis long since *Cynthia* and her train were there,
 Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their care.
 Vagrants and Out-laws shall offend thy view ;
 (For

(For such must be my Friends,) a hideous crew,
 By adverse Fortune mix'd in social ill;
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill.
 Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The Beadle's lash still flagrant on their back,
 By sloth corrupted, by Disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread.
 With such must *Emma* hunt the tedious day,
 Assist their violence, and divide their prey;
 With such she must return at setting light;
 Tho' not Partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
 And pitying Love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene, and vulgar Ribaldry,
 The ill bred question, and the lewd reply:
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent Oath, the direful Curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches war,
 And Blasphemy, sad Comrade of Despair.

Now, *Emma*, now the last Reflection make,
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must
 forsake:

By our ill-omen'd Stars and adverse Heav'n
 No middle object to thy choice is given:
 Or yield thy Virtue, to attain thy Love;
 Or leave a banish'd Man, condemn'd in woods
 to rove.

E M M A.

O Grief of heart! that our unhappy Fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy Honour hates:
 Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
 Too near the paths, which Virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her *Henry* still let *Emma* go;
 With him abhor the Vice, but share the Woe:
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst, if *Henry* still be there.

Our .

Our outward act is prompted from within;
 And from the Sinner's mind proceeds the Sin:
 By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd:
 Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
 In a small Isle, amidst the widest Seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat:)
 In vain the Syrens sing, the Tempests beat;)
 Their Flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.)
 For thee alone these little Charms I drest;
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test:
 In comely figure rang'd my Jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone:
 For thee again they shall be laid aside;
 The Woman, *Henry*, shall put off her pride
 For thee, my Cloaths, my Sex exchange'd; for
 thee,)
 I'll mingle with the People's wretched Lee,)
 (Oh! line extream of human infamy!))
 Wanting the scissars with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight,) this load of hair:
 Black foot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
 This little red and white of *Emma's* face:
 These nails with scratches shall deform my
 breast,)
 Lest, by my look, or colour, be express'd)
 The mark of ought high born, or ever better
 dress'd,)
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to *Henry's* eyes:
 Lost to the World, let me to him be known:)
 My Fate I can absolve, if he shall own,)
 That, leaving all Mankind, I love but him
 alone.

H E N-

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd Mind!
 Name, Habit, Parents, Woman left behind;
 Ev'n Honour dubious, thou preferr'd to go
 Wild to the Woods with me; said Emma so?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said?
 O guilty error! and oh wretched Maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same,
 With him, who next should tempt her easie same,
 And blow with empty words the susceptible
 flame.

Now why should doubtful terms thy mind
 perplex?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the Sex:
 No longer loose desire for constant Love
 Mistake; but say 'tis Man, with whom thou
 long'st to rove.

E M M A.

Are there not Poisons, Racks, & Flames, &
 Swords;
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
 Yet what could Swords or Poison, Racks or
 Flame
 But mangle & disjoint this brittle Frame?
 More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's
 Fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung?
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain
 Courting my grace, yet courting in vain,
 Call'd Sighs, and Tears, and Wishes to it's aid,
 And whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown-
 Maid.

Let

Let envious Jealousie and canker'd Spight)
 Produce my action to severest light ;)
 And tax my open day, or secret night ;)
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the Wanton's part ?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell?
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that, which I must ever own ;)
 That I of all Mankind have lov'd but thee alone)

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :
 Each Man is Man, and all our Sex is one.
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind :)
 Nor in Love's Ritual can we ever find)
 Vows made to last, or Promises to bind.)

By Nature prompted, and for Empire made,
 Alike by strength, or cunning, we invade:
 When, arm'd with rage, we march against the
 Foe;

We lift the Battel-ax, and draw the Bow :
 When, fir'd with Passion, we attack the Fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear,
 Our falsehood and our Arms have equal use,
 As they our conquest, or delight produce.

The foolish Heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 (The only boon departing Love can give)

To be less wretched, be no longer true :)
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou)

Forget the present flame; indulge a new,
 Single the loveliest of the amorous Youth,

Ask for his Vow, but hope not for his truth,
 The next Man (and the next thou shalt believe,)

Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive ;)
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.)

Hence

Hence let thy Cupid aim his Arrows right,)
 Be wise, and false, shun trouble, seek delight,)
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy Lover's)
 Also flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let Nature judge
 I saw the young, and fair, pursu'd the chase
 Of Youth, and Beauty: I another saw
 Fairer, and younger, yielding to the Law
 Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
 More youth, more Beauty: Bleft vicissitude
 My active Heart still keeps its pristine Flame,
 The object alter'd, the desire the same:

This younger fairer pleads her rightful
 Charms:

With present power compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear from my subjected mind,
 (If Beauty's force to constant love can bind)
 That Years may roll, e'er, in her turn, the Maid
 Shall weep the fury of my Love decay'd,
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle Clamours of a broken Vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope, that thou may'st live with her/
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows,
 Cupid averse rejects divided Vows.
 Then from thy foolish heart, vain Maid, remove
 A useless sorrow, and an ill star'd Love,
 And leave me with the Fair, at large in woods
 to rove

E M M A.

Are we in life thro' one great error led?
 Is each Man perjur'd, and each Nymph betray'd?
 Of the superior Sex art thou the worst?
 Am I of mine the most compleatly curst?

HEM

Yet

Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent Beauty, this triumphant Fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; Her let me attend;

A Servant: (She may scorn the name of Friend.)

What she demands, incessant I'll prepare,

I'll weave her Garlands, and I'll plait her hair:

My busie diligence shall deck her board,

(For there at least I may approach my Lord)

And when her *Henry's* softer hours advise

His Servant's absence; with dejected eyes

Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise;

Yet when encreasing Grief brings slow Disease;

And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,

Will have it's little lamp no longer fed:

When *Henry's* Mistress shows him *Emma* dead;

Rescue my poor Remains from vile neglect,

With virgin Honours let my Hense be deckt,

And decent Emblem, and at least persuade

This happy Nymph, that *Emma* may be laid,

Where thou, dear Author of my Death, where

the,

With frequent eye, my Sepulchre may see.

The Nymph amidst her joys may haply breath

One pious Sigh, reflecting on my death,

And the sad Fate, which she may one day

prove,

Who hopes from *Henry's* Vows eternal Love.

And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,

If *Emma's* Image ever touch'd thy heart,

Thou sure must give one thought, & drop one

tear

To her, whom Love abandon'd to Despair;

To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone

Bid it in lasting characters be known,

That of Mankind she lov'd but thee alone.)

H E N R Y.

Hear, solemn *Jove*; and conscious *Venus* hear;
 And thou, bright Maid, believe me, whilst I
 swear,
 No time, no change, no future flame shall move
 The well plac'd basis of my lasting love:
 O powerful Virtue! O Victorious Fair!
 At least excuse a tryal too severe;
 Receive the Triumph, and forget the War.

No banish'd Man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy Love:
 No perjur'd Knight desires to quit thy Arms,
 Fairest Collection of thy Sexe's Charms:
 Crown of my Love, and Honour of my Youth,
Henry, thy *Henry* with eternal truth,
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life imploy,
 And found his glory in his *Emma's* joy.

In me behold the potent *Edgar's* Heir,
 Illustrious Earl: Him terrible in War,
 Let *Loyre* confess; for she has felt his Sword,
 And trembling fled before the British Lord.
 Him great in Peace and Wealth fair *Deva*
 knows;

For she amidst his spacious meadows flows:
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
 And sees his numerous Herds imprint her sands.
 And thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy
 thought

To greatness next to Empire; shalt be brought,
 With solemn pomp, to my Paternal seat,
 Where Peace and Plenty on thy word shall wait.
 Musick and Song shall wake the marriage day;
 And while the Priests accuse the Bride's delay,
 Myrtles and Roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening Feasts adorn,
 And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.
 Succeeding Years their happy race shall run;

And Age unheeded by Delight come on,
 While yet superior Love shall mock his Pow'r:
 And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
 Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold;
 What rests of both, one Sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my *Emma's* breast
 (That Heav'n of softness, and that Seat of rest)
 Ye Doubts and Fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting Grief, and all that trouble Love,
 Scatter'd by winds recede, & wild in Forests rove.)

E M M A.

O day the fairest sure, that ever rose,
 Period and end of anxious *Emma's* woes;
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
 O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy
 white.

Yet tell thy Vot'ry, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my *Henry*, will he never rove?
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
 And is there yet no Mistress in the wood?
 None, none there is: The thought was rash
 and vain,

A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
 Anxious Jealousie's corroding smart.
 Nor other Inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of Plenty ebb and flow,
 And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow;
 If at my feet the suppliant Goddess stands,
 And sheds her Treasures with unweary'd hands,
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
 If she reclaims the temporary Boon,
 And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;

Secure

Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
 And unconcern'd return the good, she lent.
 Nor happyness can I, nor Misery feel,
 From any turn of her fantastick Wheel:
 Friendship's great Laws, & Love's superior
 Powr's,

Must mark the colour of my future hours;
 From the events, which thy commands create,)
 I must my blessings, or my sorrows date,)
 And *Henry's* will must dictate *Emma's* Fate.)

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
 (Which, from the World my careful Soul shall
 hide)

I see thee, Lord and end of my desire,
 Exalted high, as Virtue can require,
 With powr's invested, and with pleasure
 chear'd,

Sought by the Good, by the Oppressor fear'd,
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
 Which human Vows at smoking Shrines
 implore;

Grateful and humble grant me to employ
 My life, subservient only to thy Joy,
 And, at my Death, to bless thy Kindness shown
 To her, who of Mankind could love but thee
 alone.

While thus the constant Pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd
 Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
 Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they
 bow'd:

They tumbled all their little Quivers o'er,
 To chuse propitious Shafts, a precious store;
 That, when their God should take his future
 darts,

To strike (however rarely) constant Hearts,
 His happy skill might proper Arms employ,

All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should
imitate

These Lovers constancy, should share their fate.
The Queen of Beauty stop'd her bridled Doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual Vow to hear,
And to the Triumph call'd the God of War :)
Soon as she calls, the God is always near.)

Now *Mars*, she said, let Fame exalt her
voice,

Not let thy Conquests only be her choice :
But when she sings great *Edward* from the
Field

Return'd, the hostile Spear and captive shield
In *Concord's* Temple hung, and *Gallia* taught)
to yield:

And when, as prudent *Saturn* shall compleat
The Years, design'd to perfect Britain's State,
The swift-wing'd Power shall take her Trump
again,

To sing her Fav'rite *Anno's* wond'rous Reign :
To recollect unweary'd *Marlbro's* Toils,
Old *Rufus'* Hall unequall to his Spoils,
The British Soldier, from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul, thrice vanquish'd by his
hand:

Let her at least perform what I desire,
With second breath the vocal Brass inspire ;
And tell the Nations, in no Vulgar strain,
What Wars I manage, and what Wreaths I
gain.

And when thy Tumults and thy Fights are
past ;

And when thy Laurels at my feet are cast ;
Faithful may'st thou, like British *Henry*, prove,
And *Emma* - like let me return thy Love:

Renown'd

Renown'd for truth let all thy Sons appear;
 And constant Beauty shall reward their care.
Mars smil'd and bow'd; the Cyprian Deity
 Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the Sky:
 And thou, she smiling said, Great God of days
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my Praise.
 As on the British earth, my Fav'rite Isle,
 Thy gentle Rays and Kindest Influence smile;
 Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
 From ev'ry annual course let one great day
 To celebrated Sports and floral play
 Be set aside, and in the softest Lays
 Of thy Poetic Sons be solemn Praise;
 And everlasting marks of Honour paid
 To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.





Two Passages out of MILTON'S
Paradise lost

The 11. Book. v. 43.

He * ceas'd; and next him *Moloch*, sceptred
King

Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit,
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and, rather than be less,
Car'd not to be at all. With that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:

My sentence is for open war: of Wiles,
More inexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive, who need, or when they need, not now:
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here,
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The Prison of his tyranny, who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather chuse
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his Almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see

Black

* *Satan.*

Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but fell of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken reer,
Insulting, and pers'd us through the deep;
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
Th' eyent is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some thing worse his wrath may
Find to our destruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse,
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss,
Condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of inextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd, than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? Which, to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst

On

On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient, to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

Book IV. v. 411.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
 Dearer thy self than all! Needs must the Pow'r,
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his goods
 As liberal and free, as infinite;
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Ought, whereof he hath need: he who requires
 From us no other service, than to keep
 This one, this easie charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only Tree
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life.
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death be:
 Some dreadful thing no doubt: for well thou
 God hath pronounc'd it death, to taste that
 Tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left,
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
 Confer'd upon us, and dominion giv'n
 Over all other creatures, that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:

But

But let us ever praise him, and extoll
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flow'rs;

Which, were it toil some, yet with thee were
sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd: O thou, for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and right:
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks: I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee,
Præminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find,
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring
where,

And what I was, whence thither brought, and
how.

Not distant far from thence a murmuring
sound

Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain then stood unmov'd,
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky:

As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me. I started back;
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire;

Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou
seest,

„What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy
self :

„With thee it came and goes: but follow me,

„And I will bring thee where no shadow stays

„Thy coming, and thy soft embraces : him

„Woofe image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy

„Inseparably thine ; to him shalt bear

„Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd

„Mother of human race. "What could I do,

But follow straight, invisibly thus led ;

Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,

Under a plantain, yet methoughtless fair,

Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth watry image : back I turn'd,

Thou following cry'dst aloud, return fair Eve,

Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him
thou art,

His flesh, his bone: to give thee being, I lent

Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,

Substantial life, to have thee by my side

Henceforth an individual solace dear.

Part of my Soul, I seek thee, and thee claim

My other self! --- with that thy gentle hand

Seis'd mine. I yielded, and from that time see,

How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,

And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes

Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,

And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd

On our first father : half her swelling breast

Naked met his under the flowing gold

Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight

Both of her beauty and submissive charms

Smil'd with superior love, as JUPITER

On JUNO smiles, when he impregns the clouds

That

That shed MAY flow'rs; and press'd her
matron lip
With kisses pure. A side the devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous jeer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus
plain'd:

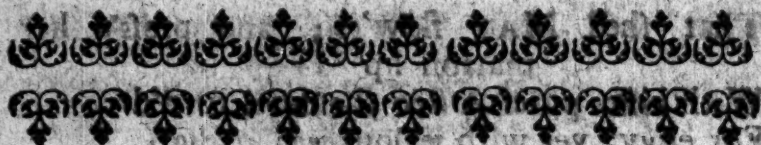
Sight hateful, light tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadis'd in one anothers arms,
(The happier EDEN) shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
(Among our other torments not the least)
Still unfullfill'd with pain of longing, pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From rheit own mouths; all is not theirs, it
seems.

One fatal Tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid, whereon to build
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might
exalt

Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue? &c.



LEONI-



LEONIDAS.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

Xerxes, King of Persia, having drawn together the whole force of his Empire, and pass'd over the Hellespont into Thrace, with a design to conquer Greece; the deputies from the several States of that country, who had, some time before, assembled themselves at the Isthmus of Corinth, to deliberate on proper measures for resisting the invader, were no sooner appris'd of his march into Thrace, than they determin'd, without further delay, to dispute his passage at the straits of Thermopylae, the most accessible part of Greece on the side of Thrace and Thessaly. Alpheus, one of the deputies from Sparta, repairs to that City, and communicates this resolution to his countrymen; who chanced that day to be assembled, in expectation of receiving an answer from Apollo, to whom they had sent a messenger, to consult about the event of the War. Leotyebides, one of their two Kings, counsels the people to advance no further, than the Isthmus of Corinth, which separates the Peloponnesus, where Lacedaemon was situated, from the rest of Greece; but Leonidas, the other King, dissuades them from it. Agis, the Messenger, who had been

de

deputed to Delphi, and brother to the queen of Leonidas, returns with the Oracle; which denounces ruin to the Lacedæmonians, unless one of their Kings lays down his life for the public. Leonidas offers himself for the victim. Three hundred Spartans are chosen to accompany him to Thermopylæ, and Alpheus returns to the Isthmus. Leonidas, after an interview with his queen, departs from Lacedæmon. At the end of six days he encamps near the Isthmus, when he is join'd by Alpheus, who describes the auxiliaries, that wait at the Isthmus, those who are already possess'd of Thermopylæ, as also the pass itself; and concludes with a relation of the captivity of his brother Polydorus in Persia.

Rehearse, O Muse, the deeds and glorious death
Of that fam'd Spartan, who withstood the
pow'r

Of Xerxes near Thermopylæ, and fell
To save his country. When from Asia's coast
With half the nations of the peopled globe
The Persian King the Hellespont had pass'd,
And now in Thrace his boundless camp was
spread;

Soon to the Isthmus, where th' assembled chiefs
Of Greece in anxious council long had sat,
How best their menac'd liberties to guard,
The dreadfull tidings reach'd. The near
approach

Of Asia's lord determines their resolves.
These they convey to all the Grecian States.
Back to Eurotas' shores, where Sparta rose,
Laconian Alpheus speeds: in council there
He finds the Spartan people with their Kings;
Their Kings, who boast an origin divine,
From Hercules descended. They the sons

OF

Of Lacedæmon had conven'd, to learn
 The sacred mandates of th' immortal gods,
 That morn expected from the Delphian dome;
 But in their presence Alpheus first appear'd,
 And thus address'd them: For immediate War
 Prepare, O Spartans. Xerxes' num'rous pow'rs
 Already fill the trembling bounds of Thrace.
 The Isthmian council hath decreed to guard
 The strait and rocky entrance into Greece,
 Thermopylæ; where ev'n a slender force
 May stem the torrent of unnumber'd foes.

He said, when Leotychides, who shar'd
 The rule with great Leonidas, bespake
 The Spartans thus: My countrymen, give ear.
 Why from her bosom should Laconia send
 Her valiant sons, to wage a distant war
 For others safety; why exhaust her strength,
 And thin her numbers in defence of those,
 Who far remote from Lacedæmon dwell
 Beyond the Isthmus? there the gods have plac'd
 Our native ramparts, there our empire's bound;
 And there alone our country claims our swords.

He ceas'd. The people with assenting shouts
 Replied, when thus Leonidas began:

O Most ungen'rous counsel! most unjust,
 And base desertion of the Grecian weal!
 What! shall th' Athenians, whose assiduous
 fleets
 Undaunted watch th' innumerable foes,
 Where'er they menace our affrighted shores,
 And trust th' impending dangers of the field
 To Sparta's well-known valour; shall they hear,
 That we, disowning thus the gen'ral cause,
 Maintain the Isthmus only, and expose

The

The rest of Greece, ev'n Athens, while the
guards

Our naked coasts, to all the waste of war,
Her walls to ruin, and her fields to flames,
Her sons, her matrons, and her hoary fires
To violation, servitude, and shame?

O should they hear, such counsels guide our
state,

Would they not court the first propitious gale
To waft them far from such perfidious friends,
And raise new seats in other climes remote,
Safe from insulting foes, and false allies?

Then should we soon behold the proud array
Of Xerxes' navy with their hostile beaks
Affront our shores, and deluge all our fields
With inexhausted numbers. Half the Greeks,
By us betray'd to bondage, would support
The Persian King, and lift th' avenging spear
For our destruction. But, my friends, reject
Such mean and dang'rous counsels, which will
blast

Your long establish'd glories, and assist
The proud invader. O eternal King
Of gods and mortals, elevate our minds!
Each low and partial passion thence dispel!
Till this great truth in ev'ry heart be known,
That none, but those, who aid the public cause,
Can shield their countries, or themselves from
chains.

He said, by shame suppress'd, each clam'rous
voice

Was lost in silence; till a gen'ral shout
Proclaim'd th' approach of Agis from the fane,
Where taught by Phoebus on the Delphic hill,
The Pythian maid his Oracles reveal'd.

He came; but discontent and grief o'ercast
His anxious brow. Reluctant he advanc'd,

And

And now prepar'd to speak, Th' impatient
throng

Was gather'd round him ; motionless they stood
With expectation ; not a whisper told
The silent fear, but all on Agis gaze,
And still as death attend the solemn tale,
As o'er the western waves, when ev'ry storm
Is hush'd within it's cavern, and a breeze
Soft-breathing lightly with it's wings along
The slacken'd cordage glides, the sailor's ear
Perceives no sound throughout the vast
expanse ;

None, but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which slowly parts the smooth and yielding
main :

So through the wide and listning croud no
sound,

No voice, but thine, O Agis, broke the air,
Declaring thus the Oracle divine :

I went to Delphi ; I enquir'd what fate
Was doom'd to Sparta from th' impending war ;
When thus th' all-seeing deity replied :

„ Inhabitants of Sparta, Persia's arms
„ Shall lay your proud and ancient seat in dust ;
„ Unless a King, from Hercules deriv'd,
„ Cause Lacedæmon for his death to mourn.

As, when the hand of Perseus had disclos'd
The snakes of dire Medusa, all, who view'd
The Gorgon features, were congeal'd to stone,
With ghastly eye-balls on the hero bent,
And horror living in their marble form ;
Thus with amazement rooted, where they stood,
And froze with speechless terrour, on their
Kings

All

The Spartans gaz'd: but soon their anxious
looks

All on the great Leonidas unite,
Long known his country's refuge. He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots: while his brow supports
Updaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:

Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour through the arduous paths,
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil;
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain.
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes,
To shake the firmness of the mind, which
knows,

That wanting virtue life is pain and woe,
That wanting liberty ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart exulting answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with
fame

The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing, Heav'n
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows:

He said: New wonder fix'd the gazing throng;
 In silence Joy and Admiration sat
 Suspending praise. At length with high acclaim
 The arch of heav'n resounded, when amid
 Th' assembly stood Dienece; and spake:

So from Thermopylae may Sparta's shouts
 Affright the ear of Asia! Haste, my friends,
 To guard the gates of Greece, which open
 stand

To Tyranny and Rapine. They with dread
 Will shrink before your standards, and again
 In servile Persia seek their native seats.
 Your wives, your sons, your parents, general
 Greece

Forbid delay: and equal to the cause
 A chief behold: can Spartans ask for more?

He ceas'd; when Alpheus thus: It well
 becomes
 The Spartans, held the chiefs of Greece, and
 fam'd

For dauntless courage, and unyielding hearts,
 Which neither want, nor pain, nor death can
 bend,

To lead the rest to battle. Then with speed
 From all your number form a chosen band,
 While I returning will my seat resume
 Among the Isthmian council, and declare
 Your instant march. Our brave allies, I deem,
 Now on the Isthmus wait the Spartan king:
 All, but the Locrian and Boeotian force,
 With Phocis' youth, appointed to secure
 Thermopylae. This said, not long he paus'd,
 But with unwearied steps his course renews.

Now from th' assembly with majestic steps
 Forth moves their godlike King, with conscious
 worth

His

His generous bosom glowing like his fire,
 Th' invincible Alcides, when he trod,
 With ardent speed to face, in horrid war,
 The triple form of Geryon, or against
 The bulk of huge Antæus match his strength.

Say, Muse, who next present their dauntless
 breasts

To meet all danger in their country's cause?

Dieneces advances sage, and brave,
 And skill'd along the martial field to range

The order'd ranks of battle; Maron next,

To Alpheus dear, his brother, and his friend;

Then rose Megistias with his blooming heir,

Joy of his age, and Menalippus call'd,

Megistias, wise and venerable seer,

Whose penetrating mind, as fame records,

Could, from the entrails of the victim slain

Before the altar, and the mystic flight

Of birds, foresee the dark events of time.

Though sprung a stranger on the distant shore

Of Acarnania, for his worth receiv'd,

And hospitably cherish'd, he the wreath

Pontific bore amid the Spartan camp;

Serene in danger, nor his sacred arm

From warlike toils secluding, nor unskill'd

To wield the sword, or poise the weighty spear.

Him Agis follow'd, brother to the queen

Of great Leonidas; his friend, in war

His try'd companion. Gracefull were his steps,

And gentle his demeanour. Still his soul

Preserv'd its rigid virtue, though refin'd

With arts, unknown to Lacedæmon's race.

High was his Office. He, when Sparta's weal

Their aid and counsel from the gods requir'd,

Was sent the sacred messenger, to learn

Their mystic will, in oracles declar'd

From rocky Delphi, and Dodona's shade,
 Or sea-encircled Delos, or the cell
 Of dark Trophonius, round Bceotia known,
 Three hundred more compleat th' intrepid band,

But to his home Leonidas retir'd.

There calm in secret thought he thus explor'd
 His mighty soul, while nature to his breast

A short liv'd terror call'd. - What sudden
 grief,

What cold reluctance thus unmans my heart,
 And whispers, that I fear? - Can death dismay
 Leonidas, so often seen and scorn'd,

When clad most dreadful in the battle's front?
 Or, to relinquish life in all it's pride,

With all my honours blooming round my head,
 Repines my soul? or rather to forsake,

Eternally forsake my weeping wife,
 My infant offspring, and my faithfull friends?

Leonidas awake! Shall these withstand
 The public safety? Do! thy country calls,

O sacred voice, I hear thee! At that sound
 Returning virtue brightens in my heart;

Fear vanishes before her. Death, receive
 My unreluctant hand, and lead me on.

Thou too, O Fame, attendant on my fall,
 With wings unwearied shalt protect my tomb,

Nor time himself shall violate my praise.

The hero thus confirm'd his virtuous soul,
 When Agis enter'd. If till now my tongue

(He thus began) O brother, has delay'd
 To pay it's grateful off'ring of the praise,

Thy merit claims, and only fill'd the cries
 Of general applause, forgive thy friend;

Since her distresses, her's, whom most you love,
 Detain'd me from thee. O unequall'd man!

Though

Though Lacedæmon call thy first regard,
 Forget not her, who now for thee laments
 In sorrows, which fraternal love in vain
 Hath strove to sooth: Leonidas embrac'd
 His gen'rous friend, and thus replied. Most dear
 And best of men I conceive not, but my heart
 Must still remember her, from whom my life
 It's largest share of happiness derives.
 Can I, who yield my breath, lest others mourn,
 Lest thousands should be wretched; when she
 pines,

More lov'd than any, though less dear than all,
 Can I neglect her griefs? In future days
 If thou with grateful memory record
 My name and fate, O Sparta, pass not this
 Unheeded by; the life, I gave for thee,
 Knew not a painfull hour to tire my soul,
 Nor were they common joys, I left behind.

So spake the Patriot, and his heart o'erflow'd
 With sondest passion: then in eager haste
 The faithfull partner of his bed he sought.
 Amid her weeping children sat the queen,
 Immoveable and mute; her swimming eyes
 Fix'd on the earth. Her arms were fold'd o'er
 Her lab'ring bosom, blotted with her tears,
 As, when a dusky mist involves the sky,
 The moon through all the dreary vapours
 spreads

The radiant vesture of it's silver light
 O'er the dull face of nature; so her charms,
 Divinely graceful, shone upon her grief,
 Bright'ning the cloud of woe. The chief
 approach'd.

Soon as in gentlest phrase his well-known voice
 Her drooping mind awaken'd, for a time

It's cares were hush'd: she lifts her languid head,
And thus gives utterance to her tender thoughts:

O thou, whose presence is my only joy,
If thus, Leonidas, thy looks and voice
Can dissipate at once the sharpest pangs;
How greatly am I wretched; who no more
Must hear that voice, which lulls my anguish
thus,
Nor see that face, which makes affliction smile!

This said, returning grief her breast invades.
Her orphan children, her devoted lord
Pale, bleeding, breathless on the field of death;
Her ever-during solitude of woe,
All rise in mingled horror to her sight;
When thus in bitt' rest agony she spoke:

O wither art thou going from my arms!
Shall I no more behold thee! Oh! no more
In conquest clad, and wrapt in glorious dust
Wilt thou return to greet thy native soil,
And make thy dwelling joyfull! Ah! too brave,
Why wouldst thou hasten to the dreary gates
Of death, uncall'd? Another might have fall'n,
Like thee a victim of Alcides' race,
Less dear to all, and Sparta been secure.
Now ev'ry eye with mine is drown'd in tears,
All, with these babes, lament their father lost.
But oh! how heavy is our lot of pain!
Our sighs must last, when ev'ry other breast
Exults with transport; and the public joy
Will but increase our anguish. Yet unmov'd,
Thou didst not heed our sorrows, didst not seek
A moment's pause, to teach us, how to bear
Thy endless absence, or like thee to die.

Unutterable sorrow here confin'd
Her voice. These words Leonidas return'd:

I see, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.

How had it stain'd the honours of my name,
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shamefull life, prefer'd
By my inglorious colleague, left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to shun.
Not virtue to accept? Then deem no more,
That of thy love, regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of Fate,
The gods, my fame, my country bid me bleed.

O! thou dear mourner! wherefore streams
That flood of woe? Why heaves, with sighs
renew'd

That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
Alas, far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and heav'n
Claim for my country; for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness be prov'd
Most warm and faithfull. When thy husband
dies

For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,
Alone intrusted by th' immortal gods

With pow'r to save a people, should my soul
 Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
 To sorrow, and to shame: for thou must weep
 With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
 Thy painful portion of oppression's weight,
 Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,
 And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must

pine
 In shame and bondage, and their youthful
 hearts

Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
 On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
 When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
 Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
 Their country's bulwark, and their mother's
 joy.

Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
 Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
 The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow:
 Ceas'd for a moment; soon again to stream,
 For now in arms before the palace rang'd
 His brave companions of the war demand
 Their leader's presence; then her griefs
 renew'd,

Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
 And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.
 In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
 She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
 Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd
 hand.

His soul no longer struggles to confine
 Its strong compunction. Down the hero's
 cheek,

Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe
 Amid his children, who inclose him round,
 He stands indulging tenderness and love

In graceful tears; when thus with lifted eyes
 Address'd to heav'n: Thou ever-living pow'r,
 Look down propitious, sire of gods and men!
 And to this faithful woman, whose desert
 May claim thy favour, grant the hours of
 peace.

And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
 O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
 But since that spirit, I from thee derive,
 Now bears me from them to resistless fate;
 Do thou support their virtue! be they taught,
 Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
 And from their father let them learn to die.

So saying, forth he issues, and assumes
 Before the band his station of command.
 They now proceed. So mov'd the host of
 heav'n

Down from Olympus in majestic march;
 On Jove attendant to the flaming plains
 Of Phlegra, there to face the giant sons
 Of Earth and Titan: he before them tow'r'd.
 Thus through the streets of Lacedæmon pass'd
 Leonidas. Before his footsteps bow
 The multitude exulting. On he treads
 Rever'd and honour'd. Their inraptur'd fight
 Pursues his graceful stature, and their tongues
 Extol and hail him as their guardian god.
 Firm in his nervous hand he grasps his spear;
 Down from his shoulders to his ankles hangs
 The massy shield, and o'er his burnish'd helm
 The purple plumage nods. Harmonious
 youths,
 Around whose brows entwining laurels play'd,
 In lofty-sounding strains his praise record;
 While snowy finger'd virgins all the ways
 With od'rous garlands strew'd. His bosom now

Was all possess'd with glory, which dispell'd
 Whate'er of grief remain'd, or fond regret
 For thole, he left behind. The rev'rend train
 Of Lacedæmon's senate now approach'd,
 To give their solemn, last farewell and grace
 Their hero's parting steps. Around him flow'd
 In civil pomp their venerable robes
 Mix'd with the blaze of arms. The radiant
 troop
 Of warriors press'd behind him: Maron here,
 With Menalippus warm in flow'ry prime,
 And Agis there with manly grace advanc'd,
 Dienece, and Acarnania's fear,
 Megillias sage. The Spartan dames ascend
 The loftiest domes, and, thronging o'er the
 roofs,
 Gazed on their sons and husbands, as they
 march.

So parted Argo from th' Iolchian strand,
 And plough'd the foaming surge: Thessalia's
 nymphs,
 Their hills forsaking, and their hallow'd groves,
 Rang'd on the cliffs, which overshade the deep,
 Still on the distant vessel fix'd their sight,
 Where Greece her chosen heroes had embark'd,
 To seek the dangers of the Chelchian shore.

Swift on his course Leonidas proceeds,
 Soon is Eurotas pass'd, and Lerna's banks,
 Where his unconquer'd ancestor subdu'd
 The many-headed hydra, and with fame
 Immortaliz'd the lake. Th' unwearied bands
 Next through the pines of Mænalus he led,
 And down Parthenius urg'd the rapid toil:
 Six days incessant thus the Spartans march,
 When now they hear the hoarse resounding
 tide,

Beat

Beat on the Isthmus. Here their tents they
 spread.
 Below the wide Horizon then the sun
 Had sunk his beamy head. The queen of night
 Gleam'd from the center of th' ethereal vault;
 And o'er the dusky robe of darkness shed
 Her silver light. Leonidas detains
 Dienece and Agis. Open stands
 The tall pavilion, and admits the moon,
 As here they sat conversing, from the hill,
 Which rose before them, one of noble port
 Appears with speed descending. Lightly down
 The slope he treads, and calls aloud. They
 heard,
 And knew the voice of Alpheus. From their
 seats
 They rose, and thus Leonidas began:

O thou, whom heav'n with swiftness hath
 To match the ardour of thy daring soul;
 What calls thee from the Isthmus? Do the
 Greeks
 Neglect to arm, nor face the public foe?

I come to meet thee (Alpheus thus return'd)
 A messenger, who glad some tidings bears,
 Through Greece the voice of Liberty is heard,
 And all unfold their banners in her cause,
 The Thebans only with reluctant hand.
 Arcadia's sons with morning shalt thou join,
 Who on the Isthmus wait thy great command.
 With Diophantus Mantinea sends
 Five Hundred spears; nor less from Tegea's
 walls
 With Hegesander move. A thousand more,

Who

Who in Orchomenus reside, who range
 Along Parrhasius, and Cyllene's brow,
 Or near the foot of Erymanthus dwell,
 Or on Alpheus' banks, with various chiefs
 Attend thy call; but most is Clonius fam'd
 Of stature huge: unshaken, as a rock;
 His giant bulk the line of war sustains.
 Four hundred warriors brave Alcmæon draws
 From stately Corinth's tow'rs. Two hundred
 march
 From Philius, whom Eupalamus commands.
 An equal number of Mycenæ's race
 Aristobolus heads. Through fear alone
 Of thee, and threatening Greece, the Thebans
 arm,
 To these inglorious Greeks myself repair'd
 Their dying sense of honour to recal.
 A few, corrupted by the Persian gold,
 Unjust dominion have usurp'd in Thebes:
 These in each bosom quell the gen'rous flame
 Of liberty. The eloquent they bribe;
 With specious tales the multitude they cheat;
 And prostitute the name of public good,
 To veil oppression. Others are immers'd
 In all the sloth of riches, and unmov'd
 In shamefull ease behold their country fall.
 I first implor'd their senate's instant aid,
 But they, with artfull wiles, demanding time
 For consultation, I address'd them thus:
 The shortest moment may suffice to know,
 If to die free be better than to serve;
 But if, deluding Greece by vain delays,
 You mean to shew your friendship to the foe,
 You cannot then deliberate too long,
 How to withstand her swift-avenging wrath,
 Approaching with Leonidas. This heard,
 Four hundred warriors they appoint to march.
 The

The wily Anaxander is their chief,
 With Leontiades. I saw their march
 Begun, then hasten'd to survey the straits,
 Which thou shalt render sacred to renown,
 Where, ever mingling with the crumbling soil,
 Which moulders round the Malian bay, the sea
 In slimy surges rolls; upon the rock,
 Which forms the utmost limit of the bay,
 Thermopylæ is stretch'd. Where broadest
 spread,

It measures threescore paces, bounded here
 By the deep ooze, which underneath presents
 Its dreary surface; there the lofty cliffs
 Of woody Oeta overlook the pass,
 And far beyond o'er half the surge below
 Their horrid umbrage cast. Across the straits
 An ancient bulwark of the Phocians stands,
 A wall with turrets crown'd. In station here
 I found the Locrians; and from Thespia's
 gates

Sev'n hundred more Demophilus hath led.
 His brother's son attends him to the camp,
 Young Dithyrambus greatly fam'd in war,
 But more for temperance of mind renown'd;
 Lov'd by his country, and with honours grac'd,
 His early bloom with brightest glory shines,
 Nor wantons in the blaze. Here Agis spake:

Well hast thou painted that illustrious
 youth.

He was my host at Thespia. Though adorn'd
 With highest deeds, by fame and fortune
 crown'd,

His gentle virtues take from Envy's mouth
 Its blasting venom, and her baneful face
 Strives on his worth to smile. In silence all
 Again remain, and Alpheus thus pursues:

A

A chosen troop hath bold Plataea sent,
 Small in it's numbers, but unmatch'd in arms.
 Above the rest Diomedon their chief
 Excels in prowess, signal were his deeds
 Upon that day of glory, when the fields
 Of Marathon were hid with Persian slain.
 These guard Thermopylae. Among the hills
 A winding path, to stranger's feet unknown,
 Affords another entrance into Greece.
 This by a Thousand Phocians is secur'd.

Here Alpheus paus'd. Leonidas embrac'd
 The noble Spartan, and rejoin'd: Thou know'st,
 What fate to me th' immortal gods ordain;
 Frame now thy choice. Accompany our
 march,
 Or go to Lacedaemon; and relate,
 How thy discerning mind, and active limbs
 Have serv'd thy country. From th' impatient
 mouth

Of Alpheus freight these fervent accents broke.
 I have not measur'd such a tract of land
 Nor look'd unwearied on the setting Sun,
 And through the shade of midnight urg'd my
 steps
 To rouse the Greeks to battle; that my self
 Might be exempted from the glorious toil.
 Return? Oh! no. A second time my feet
 Shall visit thee, Thermopylae, and there
 With great Leonidas shall Alpheus find
 An honourable grave. And oh! amid
 His country's danger if a Spartan breast
 May feel a private sorrow, not alone.
 For injur'd Greece I hasten to revenge,
 But for a brother's wrongs. A younger
 hope

Than

Than I, or Maron, blest'd our father's years,
 Child of his age, and Polydorus nam'd.
 His mind, while tender in it's op'ning prime,
 Was bent to rigid virtue. Gen'rous from
 Of pain and danger taught his early strength
 To struggle patient with severest toils,
 Oft, when inclement winter chill'd the
 air,

And frozen show'rs had swoln Eurotas'
 stream,

Amid th' impetuous channel would he plunge,
 And breast the torrent. On a fatal day,
 As in the sea his active limbs he bath'd,
 A servile corsair of the Persian king
 My brother, naked and defenceless, bore
 Ev'n in my sight to Asia, there to waste
 With all the promise of it's growing worth
 His youth in bondage. Never can my tongue
 My pains recount, much less my father's
 woes;

The days he wept, the sleepless nights he
 beat

His aged bosom. And shall Alpheus Ipear
 Be absent from Thermopylae, nor claim,
 O Polydorus, vengeance for thy bonds
 In that first slaughter of the barb'rous foe?

Here interpos'd Dienece. The hands
 Of Alpheus and Leonidas he grasp'd,
 And joyfull thus: Your glory wants no
 more,

Than that Lycurgus should himself arise,
 To praise the virtue, which his laws inspire.

Thus

Thus pass'd these heroes, till the dead of
night,

The hours in friendly converse, and enjoy'd
Each other's virtue; happiest of men!

At length with gentle heaviness the hand
Of sleep invades their eyelids, On the ground,
Oppress'd with slumber, they extend their
limbs;

When, sliding down the hemisphere, the
moon

Now plung'd in midnight gloom her silver
head.

End of the First Book.



LEONI-

LEONIDAS.

The First Part

of the V BOOK.

Amid the van of Persia was a youth,
 Nam'd Teribazus; not for golden stores,
 Not for wide pastures, travers'd o'er with
 herds,

With bleating thousands, or with bounding
 steeds,

Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours fam'd.
 Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
 And through the paths of science had he
 walk'd

The votary of wisdom. In the years,
 When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
 He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
 Of Zoroastres; then his tow'ring soul
 High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
 And from the lofty Babylonian fane
 With learn'd Chaldeans trac'd the mystic
 sphere;

There number'd o'er the vivid fires, that
 gleam

Upon the dusky bosom of the night.

Nor on the sand of Ganges were unheard

The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,

Tom. II.

H h

While

While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd,
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The fertile plains, where great Sesostris reign'd,
Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
Precipitates his waters, to the sea,
Which far below receiv's the sev'nfold stream.
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd, nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once inraptur'd heard
The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the feat
Of Pittacus along the Lesbian shore.
Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ear,
Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
And thee, O father of immortal verse,
Mæonides, whose strains through ev'ry age
Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.
Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
His wandering steps. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes generous and good.
And Ariana, from Darius sprung
With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race,
Which rul'd the extent of Asia, in disdain
Of all her greatness oft an humble ear
To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
To love, nor lov'd he sooner, than despair'd.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shun'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame

Rag'd

Rag'd in his bosom, and it's peace consum'd:
His heart still brooding o'er these mournful
thoughts:

Can I, O wisdom, seek relief from thee;
Who dost approve my passion? From the pow'r
Of beauty only thou wouldst guard my heart.
But here thy self art charm'd, where softness,
And ev'ry virtue dignify desire;
Yet thus to love despairing is to prove
The sharpest sorrow, which relentless Fate
Can from her store of woes inflict on life:
But dost not thou this moment warn my soul,
To fly the fatal charmer? Do I pause?
Back to the wise Chaldeans will I go,
Or wander on the Ganges; where to heav'n
With thee my elevated soul shall tow'r,
With thee the secrets of the earth unveil.
There no tumultuous passion shall molest
My tranquil hours, and ev'ry thought be calm.
O wretched Teribazus! all conspires
Against thy peace. Our mighty lord prepares
To overwhelm the Grecians. Ev'ry youth
Attends the war, and I, who late have pois'd
With no inglorious arm the soldier's lance,
And near the side of Hyperanthes fought,
Must join the throng. How therefore can I fly
From Ariana! who with Asia's queens
The splendid camp of Xerxes will adorn.
Then be it so. Again I will adore
Her gentle virtue. Her delightful tongue,
Her graceful sweetness shall again diffuse
Resistless magic through my ravish'd heart;
And thus when love, with double rage inflam'd,
Swells to distraction in my tortur'd breast,

H h 2

Then-

Then - But in vain through darkness do I search
My fate: despair and fortune be my guides.

The hour arriv'd, when Xerxes first advanc'd
His arms from Susa's gates. The Persian dames
(So were accusom'd all the eastern fair)
In sumptuous cars accompanied his march;
And Ariana grac'd the beauteous train.
From morn till ev'ning Teribazus guards
Her passing wheels: his arm her weight sustains
With trembling pleasure, often, as she mounts
The imperial chariot; his assiduous hand
From each pure fountain wafts the living flood,
Nor seldom, by the fair one's soft commands,
Would he repose him, at her feet reclin'd,
While, o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow'd,
Won with his grateful eloquence, that looth'd
With sweet variety the tedious march
Beguiling time. He too would then forget
His cares awhile, in raptures vain intranc'd,
Delusion all, and fleeting rays of joy,
Soon overcast with more intense despair;
Like wintry clouds, which, op'ning for a time,
Tinge their black skirts with scatter'd beams
Of day; then, swiftly closing, on the brows of Morn
Condense their horrors; and in thickest gloom
The ruddy beauty veil. Such woes oppress'd
The Persian's heart, not soften'd; for this day
His daring valour from the bleeding van
Oppos'd the frown of adamantin' Mars.
With no tiara were his temples bound,
The slender lance of Asia he disdain'd,
And her light target. Eminent he mov'd
In Grecian arms, the wonder of his foes.
Among th' Ionians had his strenuous limbs
In war been practic'd. A resplendent casque
Then - Flam'd

Flam'd on his head. Before his face and chest
Down to the knees his ample shield was spread.
A pond'rous ash with skilful hands he grasp'd.
Thus arm'd, tremendous in the front he stood,
Beneath his might two bold Phliatians died,
And three Tegeans, whose indignant chief,
Brave Hegesander, vengeance breath'd in vain,
With streaming wounds repuls'd. Thus far
unmatch'd

His strength prevail'd, when Hyperanthes'
voice

Recall'd his fainting legions. Now each band
Their languid courage reinford'd with rest.

Mean time with Teibazus thus confer'd
The godlike prince. Thou much deserving
youth!

O had thy deeds with emulation warm'd
The frozen hearts of Persia, Greece had wept
Her prostrate ranks, not triumph'd in our
shame.

Relaxing now the wearied fight, I wait,
Till from the camp with Abradates strong
The brave Pharnuchus and Mazæus move,
And with fresh powr's renew the drooping
war.

For since surpass'd in valour, we must waste,
By endless numbers, and continual toil,
The matchless ardour of our gallant foes.

He said. Immers'd in sadness, scarce replied,
But to himself, thus plain'd the am'rous youth.

Still do I languish, mourning o'er the fame,
My arm acquires. O wretched heart! thou seat
Of constant sorrow, what deceitful smiles
Yet canst thou borrow from illusive hope,
To flatter life? At Ariana's feet

What if with supplicating knees I bow'd,
 Implor'd her pity, and reveal'd my love?
 Wretch! canst thou climb to yon effulgent orb,
 And share the splendours, which irradiate
 heav'n?

Dost thou aspire to that exalted maid,
 Great Xerxes' sister, rivalling the hopes
 Of Asia's purpled potentates and Kings?

Unless within her bosom I inspir'd

A passion fervent as my own, nay more,

Such as might dissipate each virgin fear,

And unrestrain'd disclose it's fond desire;

My hopes are fruitless. Flung'd in black despair,

He thus resolv'd, when suddenly the cries

Of Aribæus smote his pensive ear.

By mutual danger, and by Friendship join'd,

They had been long Companions in the toils

Of war. Together with victorious steps

The sons of Nile they chac'd, when Egypt's
 pride

Before the arms of Hyperanthes fell.

Stretch'd on the plain, and cover'd o'er with
 wounds,

By all abandon'd, Teribazus views

His gallant friend. His languid soul awakes,

And forth he issues from the Persian line.

The bleeding warrior in his strong embrace

Swift he conveys. By indignation fir'd,

Fierce from the Grecians Diophantus rush'd

With loud defiance. Teribazus leaves

His rescu'd friend. His massy targe he rears,

Advances high his formidable spear,

And turns intrepid on the approaching foe,

Amazement follow'd. On he strode, and shook

The plumed honours of his shining crest.

Th' ill-fated Greek awaits th' unequal fight.

Pierc'd

Pierc'd in the throat, with sounding arms he
falls.

Through ev'ry band the Mantineans mourn.
Upon the slain the victor fix'd his sight,
And thus reflected : By thy splendid arms
Thou art a Greek of no ignoble rank
And from thy fall perhaps am I adorn'd
With more conspicuous lustre. What if heav'n
Should add new victims, like thy self, to grace
My undeserving hand, who knows but she
Might smile upon my trophies. Ah! vain
thought!

Disperse ye phantome hopes! Too long, my
heart,

Hast thou in vain contended with thy woes!
I stand this moment on the verge of life,
By fame invited, by despair impell'd
To pass th' irremeable bound. No more
Shall Teribazus backward turn his steps,
But here decide his fate. Then beat no more,
Thou troubled heart, and ev'ry grief be still
Now at th' approach of everlasting peace.

He ended; when a mighty foe drew nigh;
Not less than Dithyrambus. E'er they join'd,
The Persian thus the Thespian youth address'd :
Say, art thou not th' unconquerable Greek,
Whole dauntless Valour mow'd our battle
down,

And scatter'd nations? To attempt thy force
This day I purpos'd, when our chiefs from
fight

Their host withdrew. That now my single
arm

Thou deign'st to meet, receive my thanks, and
know,

The thought of conquest less employs my mind,

Than that by thee I cannot fall with shame.

He ceas'd. These words the Thespian chief
return'd:

Of all the praises from thy gen'rous mouth,

The only share, which justice bids me claim,

Is, that I here adventure to confront

Thy matchless strength. Believe not, that

unmark'd

Were thy great deeds. From yon unbounded

camp

None yet hath equall'd thy victorious hand,

But whence thy armour of the Grecian form?

Whence thy tall spear? thy helmet? whence

the weight.

Of that strong shield unlike thy eastern friends?

O if thou be'st some fugitive, who, lost

To liberty and virtue, art become

A tyrant's vile stipendiary; with grief

That valour, thus triumphant, I behold,

Which, after all it's danger, and brave toil,

Deserves no honour from the gods, or men.

Here Teribazus with a sigh return'd.

I am to Greece a stranger, and a wretch

To thee unknown, who seek, this hour, to die,

Though not ignobly, but in death to raise

My name from darkness, while I end my

woes.

The Grecian then. I view thee, and I mourn:

A dignity, which virtue only bears,

And resolution, on thy brow enthron'd,

(Though grief hath dim'd thy drooping eye)

demand

My veneration; and whatever be

The malice of thy fortune, what the cares,

Which

Which thus infect thy quiet, they create
 Within my breast the pity of a friend:
 Why hast thou then compell'd me to oppose
 My arm against thee, while thy might supports
 Th' unjust ambition of malignant kings,
 The foes to virtue, liberty, and peace?
 Yet free from rage, or enmity I lift
 My adverse javelin. Victory I ask;
 Thy life may fate for happier hours reserve I

This said, their beaming lances they protend,
 Of hostile hate, or fury, both devoid,
 As on the Isthmian, or Olympic sand
 For fame alone contending. Either host,
 Pois'd on their spears, in silent wonder gaz'd.
 The fight begins, when soon the Grecian
 lance,
 Which, all the day in constant battle worn,
 Unnumber'd shields and corselets had transfix'd,
 Against the Persian target, shiv'ring, breaks,
 Its master's hand disarming. Then began
 The sense of honour, and the dread of shame
 To swell in Dithyrambus. Undismay'd
 He grapples with the foe, and instant seiz'd
 The threatening javelin, e'er th' uplifted arm
 Could execute the meditated wound:
 The weapon burst betwixt their struggling
 hands.

They loose their grasp, and bare their shining
 swords.

With equal swiftness to defend, or charge,
 Each active youth advances, or recedes.
 On ev'ry side they traverse, now direct,
 Obliquely now the wheeling blades descend.
 Still is the conflict dubious, when the Greek
 Dissembling points his falchion to the earth,
 His arm depress'd, as overcome with toil;

While with his buckler cautious he repels
 The blows repeated from th' exulting foe.
 Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades
 The Asian ranks, and Hyperanthes strides
 Before the line, preparing to receive
 His friend triumphant. Teribazus now
 Press'd with redoubled efforts. Still the Greek
 Sustains th' assault, defensive, and at last,
 As with unguarded fury of his strokes
 Th' unwary Persian sideways swung his targe,
 The fatal moment Dithyrambus watch'd,
 And, darting forward with his feet outstretch'd,
 His falchion buries in th' obnoxious side.
 Affection, grief, and terror wing the speed
 Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe
 The Greek retires, not distant, and awaits
 The eastern prince. But he with wat'ry cheeks,
 And dumb with sorrow clasps his dying friend,
 From whose cold lip with interrupted phrase
 These accents broke: O dearest, best of men!
 My heart is fruitful with ten thousand thoughts
 Of gratitude and love to thee, but fate
 Denies my voice the utterance. O my friend
 O Hyperanthes! hear my tongue unfold,
 What thou shouldst ne'er have known before
 this hour;

When, as I open all my secret soul,
 I may at once retire, and veil my eyes
 In endless night: nor thou presumption deem,
 What with my dying breath I here divulge.
 I love thy sister. With despair I lov'd,
 And thence perhaps untimely is my fate,
 Though, witness heav'n, without regret I bleed
 With honour thus in Persia's fight and thine.

He ceas'd: th' inexorable hand of Fate
 Weigh'd down his eyelids, and the gloom of
 death

His

His fleeting light eternally o'er shades.
 Him on Choaspes o'er the blooming verge
 His frantic mother shall bewail and strew
 Her silver tresses in the crystal tide;
 While all the shore re echoes to the name
 Of Teribazus lost. TH' afflicted prince,
 The pallid corse contemplating with tears,
 Thus in the bitterness of grief exclaims

Oh! Teribazus. Oh! my friend, whose loss
 I will deplore for ever. Oh! what pow'r,
 To me and thee averse, thus clos'd thy breast
 To Hyperanthes with distrust unkind.
 She should, she must have lov'd thee. Now no
 more
 Thy friendly aspect shall delight my eyes,
 While in remembrance thy unequal'd worth
 Will live for ever to remind my grief
 Of what I lost: O Sula, if again
 Thee I revilit from this hostile land,
 Far from the clamours of tumultuous war,
 Then shall my hours be vacant to complaint,
 Whole years shalt thou be witness, while I
 mourn,
 And Ariana shall assist my woes.
 Let fiercest vengeance now possess my soul: &c.

A M A T

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE between the *S O U L*,
RICHES, FAME, and *PLEASURE.*

by *Ms. Eliz. Rowe.*

RICHES.

Deluded mortal, turn and view my store,
 While all my glitt'ring treasures I explore.
 The gold of both the *Indian* world is mine,
 And gems that in the eastern quarries shine.
 For me advent'rous men attempt the main;
 And all the fury of its waves sustain;
 For me all toils and hazards they disdain.
 For me their country's fold, their faith
 They betray'd; all for my sake they sell.
 The voice of interest ne'er was disobey'd.

S O U L.

Yet I thy tempting offers can despise,
 Nor lose a wish on such a worthless prize.
 When yonder sparkling stars attract my sight,
 Thy gold, thy boasted gems, lose all their light,
 My daring thoughts above these trifles rise,
 And aim at glorious Kingdoms in the skies.
 I there expect celestial diadems,
 Out-shining all thy counterfeited gems.

F A M E.

'Tis nothing strange that thy ambitious mind
 In sordid wealth should no temptation find:
 But I have terms, which thy acceptance claim,
 Heroic glory, and a mighty name!
 To these the greatest souls on earth aspire,
 Souls most endow'd with the celestial fire;

Whom

Whom neither wealth, nor beauty can enflame,
These hazard all for an illustrious name.

S O U L.

And yet thou art a mere fantastic thing,
Which can no solid satisfaction bring.
Should I in costly monuments survive;
And, after death, in men's applauses live;
What profit were their vain applause to me,
If doom'd below to endless infamy?
Sunk in reproach, and everlasting shame
With God, and angels, where's my promis'
fame?

But if their approbation I obtain,
And deathless wreaths, and heav'nly glories gain,
I may the world's false pageantry disdain.

P L E A S U R E.

But where the baits of wealth and honour
fail,

Th' enchanting voice of pleasure may prevail:
The lewd and virtuous, both my vassals prove:
No breast so guarded, but my charms can move.
All, that delights mankind, attends on me,
Beauty, and youth, and love, and harmony.
I wing the smiling hours, and gild the day,
My paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my way.

S O U L.

But, ah! these paths to black perdition tend,
There soon thy lost, deluding visions end.
Those smooth, those flow'ry ways, lead down
to hell,

Where all thy slaves in endless night must
dwell.

The road of virtue far more rugged is;
But, oh! it leads to everlasting bliss.
And all beyond the thorny passage lies

The

494 On the Death of Mr. Rowe.

The Realm of light, discover'd to mine eyes;
 Gay bow'rs, and streams of joy, and light some
 fields,
 With happy shades, the beauteous prospect
 yields;
 Those blissful regions I shall shortly gain,
 Where peace, and love, and endless pleasures
 reign.

On the death of Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

by Mrs. Eliz. Rowe.

In what soft language shall my thoughts get
 free,
 My dear *Alexis*, when I talk of thee?
 Ye muses, graces, all ye gentle train
 Of weeping loves, assist the pensive strain!
 But why should I implore your moving art?
 'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart;
 And all, that knew the charming youth, will
 join
 Their friendly sighs, and pious tears to mine;
 For all, that knew his merit, must confess,
 In grief, for him, there can be no excels.
 His soul was form'd to act each glorious
 part
 Of life, unstain'd with vanity, or art.
 No thought within his gen'rous mind, had
 birth,
 But what he might have own'd to heav'n and
 earth.
 Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
 And shone with more than its own native
 light.
 Whatever noble warmth could recommend
 The just, the active, and the constant friend,
 Was

Was all his own----but, oh! a dearer name,
 And softer ties my endless sorrow claim:
 Lost in despair, distracted, and forlorn,
 The lover I, and tender husband mourn.
 Whate'er to such superior worth was due,
 Whate'er excess the fondest passion knew,
 I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
 My pray'rs themselves were thine, and only,
 where
 Thou was concern'd, my virtue was sincere.)
 Whene'er I begg'd for blessings on thy head,
 Nothing was cold, or formal, that I said;
 My warmest vows to heav'n were made for
 thee,
 And love still mingled with my piety.
 O Thou wast all my glory, all my pride!
 Thro' life's uncertain paths, my constant
 guide:
 Regardless of the world, to gain thy praise,
 Was all that could my just ambition raise.

Why has my heart this fond engagement
 known?
 Or why has heav'n dissolv'd the tie so soon?
 Why was the charming youth so form'd to
 move?
 Or why was all my soul so turn'd for love?
 But virtue here a vain defence had made,
 Where so much worth and eloquence could
 plead.

For he could talk ---- 'twas ecstasy to hear,
 'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear!
 Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,
 Soft and transporting as the muses song:
 List'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to
 rest,

And

And love, and silent rapture fill'd my breast;
 Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
 And time was only measur'd by delight.
 I hear the lov'd the melting accents still,
 And still the kind, the tender transport feel:
 Again I see the sprightly passions rise,
 And life and pleasure sparkle in his eyes.
 My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace;
 But, ah! the dear delusion mocks my fond
 embrace;
 The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,
 And scenes of horror swim before my sight.
 Grief, and despair, in all their terrors rise,
 A dying lover pale and gasping lies.
 Each dismal circumstance appears in view,
 The fatal Object is for ever new.
 His anguish, with the quickest sense, I feel,
 And hear this sad, this moving language still:

My dearest wife! my last, my fondest care!
 Sure heav'n for thee will hear a dying pray'r:
 Be thou the charge of sacred providence,
 When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
 Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy
 head,
 When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
 Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry just,
 My future fame and honour are thy trust.
 From all engagements here I now am free,
 But that, which keeps my ling'ring soul with
 thee.
 How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
 Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting
 feel:
 But haste to meet me on those happy plains,
 Where mighty love in endless triumph reigns.

He

He ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,
 And fell a blooming sacrifice to death:
 But, oh! what words, what numbers can express,
 What thought conceive the height of my distress?
 Why did they tear me from thy breathless clay?
 I should have staid, and wept my life away.
 Yet, gentle shade, whether thou now dost rove
 Thro' some blest vale, or ever-verdant grove;
 One moment listen to my grief, and take
 The softest vows, that constant love can make.

For thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego,
 For thee my tears shall never cease to flow;
 For thee at once I from the world retire,
 To feed, in silent shades, a hopeless fire.
 My bosom all thy image shall retain,
 The full impression there shall still remain.
 As thou hast taught my constant heart to prove
 The noblest height and elegance of love;
 That sacred passion I to thee confine,
 My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.

S O L I L O Q V Y XV.

by the Same.

Come, gentle death, release my struggling
 soul
 From thole dull fetters, which her flight
 controull
 Lets eagerly the hireling waits the close
 Of the long, tedious day, to find repose.
 A pilgrim here in this detested clime,
 I rove and sigh away the ling'ring time.
 O come, thou wish'd for messenger of peace!
 The pris'ner longs not more for a release;
 The wretch, that under painful bondage groans,
 With less concern his misery bemoans.
 How shall I bless the hour, that sets me free,
 And gives my soul her native liberty!

Tom. II.

li

With

With eager joy I'd bid the world adieu,
 And with contempt it's parting glories view;
 To mortal vanities I'd close mine eyes,
 Led on by sacred love I'd upward rise
 And in a moment reach the blissful skies.

S O L I L O Q V Y. X V I.

On *Libya's* burning sands, and trackless waste,
 Or *Zembla's* icy coast let me be cast;
 On some bleak shore, or solitary den,
 Far from the path, and chearful haunt of men:
 However sad and glomy be the place,
 Let me but there behold thy smiling face;
 The wildest cave a paradise would be,
 Celestial plains, and blissful groves to me.
 Danger, and solitude, and lonesome night,
 At thy propitious presence take their flight.
 Beauty in all its soft variety,
 And love, and crowding joys attend on thee.
 Immortal life springs up, where e'er thou art,
 And heavn'ly day breaks in from ev'ry part.
 Thou moon, ye stars, and thou, fair sun, adieu!
 I ask no more thy rising beams to view;
 For oh! the light himself, with rays divine,
 Breaks in, and God's eternal day is mine.

On the Death of Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

by *Mr. Theophilus Rowe.*

Much honour'd shade! while sorrowing o'er
thy urn,

The friend, the sister, and the saint I mourn;
O that my lays each tuneful grace could boast,
Sweet as the strains, that wept *Alexis* lost;
That, while I sigh thy fate, and sing, thy name,
My alter'd verse might catch thy heav'nly
flame!

Then with my theme my numbers should agree,
Inspir'd by ev'ry muse, and worthy thee.

Fair shone thy form; how fitted to impart
Joy to the eye, and passion to the heart!
Yet was, thy sex's pride, to lure the gaze
With radiant beauty, but thy smallest praise:
Exalted goodness, and a soul divine,
(Immortal charms by seraphs lov'd) were thine.
So 'midst the blooming race, the spring supplies,
Smiles some fair flow'r, deck'd with distinguish'd
dies,

Nor sooths the sight with painted pride alone,
But wond'rous virtues it's gay honours crown;
Potent to heal, the sacred plant contains
Balm for our wounds, and med'cine for our
pains.

O Fav'rite of the nine! in whom conspire
The *Sapphic* sweetness, and *Pindaric* fire,
What various beauty decks thy happy song!
Soft as thy form, and as thy virtue strong;
Smooth as the gliding stream, that o'er the plain,
With stealing lapse, rolls on his watry train;
And softly murmur'ring winds its gentle way,
While vernal hours the temp'rate season sway:
Yet strong, as when the wintry tempests pour
The gushing rains t'augment the liquid store;

When swoln to rage, it foams, and roars, and
 raves,
 And rolls resistless violence of waves,
 Bursts, like a swelling ocean, o'er the plain,
 And thund'ring pours along impetuous to the
 main.

Whene'er thy *Doric* lays delight the grove
 With gen'rous friendship, or with guiltless love;
 O solitude! how smiles thy calm retreat,
 The mules haunt, and virtue's best lov'd seat!
 Courts lure no more, the blaze of grandeur
 fades,

And ev'ry heart sighs for thy peaceful shades.
 If plaintive of *Alexis'* early doom,
 We hear thee mourning o'er a husband's tomb,
 Kind, wife, and good, snatch'd from thy widow'd
 arms

In all the blooming pride of manly charms;
 What bosom bleeds not at thy moving strains?
 What eye the tributary tear refrains?
 Or if thy muse, warm'd with diviner flame,
 Scorns mortal themes, and sings th' Almighty's
 name;

Taught by thy verse celestial heights to soar,
 Earth lessens to our view, and charms no more;
 Our raptur'd breasts thy sacred ardours share,
 Heav'n all our hope, and virtue all our care:
 While wond'ring angels from the skies bend
 down,

To hear the song, they scarce would blush to
 own.

O Born to bless, adorn, and mend the age!
 Thou dar'dst for friendless piety engage;
 Yet too well-natur'd for satiric rhymes,
 (Thy part to weep, not lash licentious times)
 Thy gentle Muse *Iambic* rage declin'd,
 And chose a talk more suited to thy mind;
 To paint what woe to guilty joy succeeds,

To

And fire the breast with love of godlike deeds.
But ev'ry godlike deed, thy page displays,
Shone in thy living worth with rival grace.
O happy work ! which ev'ry bosom charms,
That wit allures, or sacred virtue warms.

The libertine, who, lost in guilty joys,
Scorns heav'n's just love, and shuns the preacher's
voice,

Won by thy artful tales of gen'rous deeds,
Shall feel the wish to copy what he reads:
No more by vice enslav'd, th' unfetter'd youth,
Freed by thy hand, shall find the paths of truth;
And form'd by thee, his better hopes shall rite
On virtue's solid base, and reach the skies.

So charm thy works ! whose lasting fame shall
shed

Unblasted laurels on thy honour'd head ;
No vulgar boast ! yet nobler is the praise
Of angel goodness, than of angel lays :

Parnassian wreaths with faded lustre shine,
While palms celestial round thy temples twine.

Reclus'd from all the world, and worldly care,
Thy life's sole bus'ness charity and pray'r ;
Gold's tempting charms ne'er gave thy breast
to glow,

Who knew no use of wealth, but to bestow
The store, heav'n lent, thy lib'ral bounty spread,
Cloath'd were the naked, and the famish'd fed ;
Sav'd by thy hand, the widow wip'd her eye,
And orphans breasts forgot the frequent sigh:
Parent to pity, patron to relieve,
Merit ne'er mourn'd, while you had more to
give.

Be witness, O thou charitable door,
Which, ever op'd, receiv'd the crowding poor,
That never suff'r'd virtue's weeping train
Before thy threshold breath'd their wants in vain.

Assist me, O celestial muse, to paint
 The holy fervors of th' adoring saint !
 Her hours of heav'nly converse, pray'r and praise,
 (The largest, best lov'd portion of her days)
 When prostrate low she pour'd her soul to God
 All rapt to heav'n, and like a seraph glow'd ;
 But cease, my lays, nor dare the subject try,
 Guess it, ye saints, if thought can reach so high !

Ye ministers of heav'n, whose guardian
 grace,
 Attends the good, witness her pray'r and praise ;
 Say, if from mortal tongue ye e'er have known
 Pray'rs more sincere, or praise more like your
 own.

Those joys, that Virtue only can bestow,
 Crown'd with eternal peace her open brow ;
 The tranquil mind, from fav'ring heav'n serene,
 Transpierc'd her frame, and shone upon her
 mien :

Such sweetness decks a smiling angel's face,
 Breathing around benevolence and grace.

Blest in thy life and genius ! blest in death !
 Allow'd without a pang to yield thy breath ;
 Unfelt the stroke, and spar'd the painful strife
 Of nature struggling, e'er she parts with life,
 One hour in blooming health, the next, the skies
 Receive the saint to ever during joys.

Thy gracious God thus heard thy favour'd
 vows,
 And crown'd thy virtue with the death, you
 chose.

Such fate, if heav'n approves, my pray'ers
 implore,

Such be my life, and such it's latest hour !
 Blest hour ! that shall returning peace decree,
 And bid this bosom bleed no more for thee.

Dear

Dear to the wise and good! but dear in
vain!

Not HERTFORD'S tears recall the saint
again.

O friend! O sister! to this bosom dear,
By ev'ry name, that prompts the sigh sincere,
Torn from my longing hope, in thee I mourn
Life's fondest joy - - ah! never to return!
No more these eyes on thy lov'd form shall
gaze,

Where more than beauty glow'd in ev'ry
grace.

No more, while envious shades unhceded rise,
And summer suns too soon forsake the skies,
My ravish'd soul shall hang upon thy voice,
Imparadis'd in more than mortal joys.

O with what transport did my list'ning ear
Thy converse, like an angel's rev'renc'd, hear!
While sacred truths in softest accents flow'd,
Breath'd heav'n around, and rapt my soul to
God.

Ye hours of heav'n (if ought beneath the skies
Can boast resemblance to celestial joys)

Why will your mem'r'y wound my tortur'd
thought?

Ne'er to return, can ye be ne'er forgot?
So fate ordains! thro' future life to me
No joy shall smile sincere from grief for thee.

Yet not eternal absence shall divide

Those virtuous hearts, which gen'rous friendship
ty'd,

If following thee my feet shall learn to tread
That arduous way, from which you never
stray'd,

The path shall guide me to thy blest abode,
And oh! perhaps few steps remain untrod.

There tho' high thron'd, and to thy God more
near,

Sublime thou shin'st in thy exalted sphere;
Yet may I, distant, on thy glories gaze,
And hear thee hymn thy God in heav'nly lays:
There (lower far my seat, my robe less white)
Bliss, tho' unequal, shall our souls unite.

Yes, we shall meet again, no more to part!
Hope, at the sound, awakes, and sooths my
heart.

Blest hope! that aids with strengthen'd step to
tend

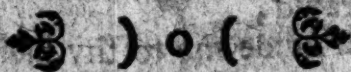
O'er life's rough road, while heav'n and thou
the end.

Tho' sunk in woe, with years of sickness
worn,

I languish in decay, of joy forlorn,
And thou art lost; yet welcome ev'ry ill,
My life has felt, or future hours shall feel,
If virtue, weak like mine, may hope to share
Thy heav'n, and find the meanest mansion
there.

Mean time, O ever honour'd shade, farewell!
'Tis thine, in everlasting joys to dwell;
'Tis mine, the loss of angel worth to sigh,
Ne'er to be found again beneath the sky.
Ah friend! how sad, how slow shall roll the
hours,

'Till Heaven my soul to thee and bliss restores.



The COMPLAINT: Or, Night
Thoughts &c.

Life makes the Soul dependent on the Dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the
Spheres;

Thro' Chinks, styl'd Organs, dim Life peeps at
light;

Death bursts th' involving Cloud, and all is
Day:

All Eye, all Ear, the disembod' d Power.

Death has feign'd Evils, Nature shall not feel;

Life, ill's substantial, Wisdom cannot shun;

Is not the mighty Mind, that Son of Heaven!

By Tyrant Life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?

By Death enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?

Death but entombs the Body; Life the Soul.

" Is Death then Guiltless? How he marks
his Way,

" With dreadfull Waste of what deserves to
shine?

" Art, Genius, Fortune, elevated Pow'r!

" With various Lustres these light up the
World,

" Which Death puts out; and darkens hu-
man Race.

I grant, Lorenzo! this Indictment just:

The Sage, Peer, Potentate, King, Conqueror!

Death humbles these; more barbarous Life,
the man:

Life is the Triumph of our mouldering Clay;

Death, of the Spirit Infinite! Divine!

Death has no dread, but what frail Life
imparts;

Nor Life true Joy, but what kind Death
improves.

No bliss has Life to boast, till Death can give

Far greater; Life's a Debtor to the Grave;
Dark Lattice! Letting in Eternal Day.

Lorenzo! blush at Fondness for a Life,
Which sends celestial Souls on errands vile,
To cater for the Sense; and serve at Boards,
Where every Ranger of the Wilds, perhaps,
Each Reptile justly claims our upper Hand;
Luxurious Feast! a Soul, a Soul immortal,
In all the Dainties of a Brute bemin'd!
Lorenzo! blush at Terror for a Death,
Which gives thee to repose in festive Bowers,
Where Nectars sparkle, Angels minister,
And more than Angels share, and raise, and
crown,
And eternize, the Birth, Bloom, Bursts of
Bliss.

O Feast indeed Luxurious! Earth, vile Earth!
In all the Glories of a God array'd,
And beaming inextinguishable Bliss!
What need I more? O Death! the Palm is
thine.

Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded Har-
bingers,
Age, and Disease; Disease! tho' long my
Guest;
That plucks my Nerves, those tender Strings
of Life,
Which pluckt a little more, will toll the Bell,
That calls my few Friends to my Funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a Tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the Dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is Victory;
It binds in chains the raging Ills of Life:
Lust and Ambition, Wrath and Avarice,
Dragg'd at his chariot wheel, applaud his
Power.

That

That Ills corrosive, Cares importunate,
Are not Immortal too, O Death! is Thine.
Our Day of Dissolution? --- Name it right;
'Tis our great Pay-day; 'Tis our Harvest, rich
And ripe: what tho' the sickle, sometimes keen,
Jult scars us, as we reap the golden Grain;
More than thy Balm, O Gilead, heals the
Wound.

Birth's feeble Cry, and Death's deep dismal
Groan,

Are slender Tributes, low-taxt Nature pays,
For mighty Gain: The Gain of each, a Life!
But O, the Last the Former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd: Life lives beyond the
Grave.

And feel I, Death! no joy from thought of
Thee?

Death, the great Counsellor, who Man inspires,
With every nobler Thought, and fairer Deed!
Death, the Deliverer, who rescues man!
Death, the Rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
Death, that absolves my Birth; a curse without
it!

Rich Death, that realizes all my Cares,
Toils, Virtues, Hopes; without it, a Chimæra!
Death, of all Pain the Period, not of Joy;
Joy's Source, and Subject, still sublist unhurt,
One in my Soul, and one, in her great Sire,
Tho' the four Winds were warring for my
Dust.

Yes, and from Winds, and Waves, and central
Night,

Tho' prison'd there my Dust too I reclaim,
(To Dust when drop proud Nature's proudest
Spheres)

And live Entire. Death is the Crown of Life;
Was Death deny'd, poor Man would live in vain;

Was

Was Death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Was Death deny'd, even Fools would wish to
die.

Death wounds, to cure; We fall; we rise; we
reign!

Spring from our Fetters; fasten in the Skies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our Sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.

This king of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.

When shall I die to Vanity, Pain, Death?

When shall I die? - - - When shall I live for
ever?



Part of the second Canto
of HUDIBRAS.

Tis strange how some Men's Tempers suit
 (Like Bawd and Brandee) with dispute,
 That for their own Opinions stand fast,
 Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
 That keep their Consciences in Cases,
 As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bases,
 Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent,
 To play a Fit for Argument;
 Make true and false, unjust and just,
 Of no Use, but to be discut;
 Dispute and set a Paradox,
 Like a strait Boot, upon the Stocks,
 And Stretch it more unmercifully,
 Than Helmont, Mountaign, White, or Tully.
 So th' Ancient Stoicks in their Porch
 With fierce Dispute maintain'd their Church,
 Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,
 To prove that Virtue is a Body;
 That Bonum is an Animal,
 Made good with stout Polemick Brail:
 In which some Hundreds on the Place
 Were slain outright, and many a Face
 Retrench'd of Nose, and Eyes, and Beard,
 To maintain what their Sect averr'd.
 All which the Knight and Squire in Wrath
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their Faith;
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the Sequel shall be shown.
 The Sun had long since in the Lap
 Of Thetis taken out his Nap,
 And, like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
 From Black to Red began to turn;

When

When Hudibras, whom Thoughts and Aking
 'Twixt sleeping kept all Night, and waking,
 Began to rub his drousy Eyes,
 And from his Couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the Deed,
 He vow'd to do with trusty Speed :
 But first, with knocking loud and bauling,
 He rous'd the squire, in Truckle lolling,
 And, after many Circumstances,
 Which vulgar Authors in Romances
 Do use to spend their Time and wits on,
 To make impertinent Description,
 They got (with much ado) to Horse,
 And to the Cattle bent their Course,
 In which, he to the Dame before
 To suffer Whipping duly swore :
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
 To carry on the Work in earnest ;
 He stopt, and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious Forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said ;
 Whether it be direct infringing
 An Oath, if I shou'd wave this swinging,
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
 And so b' Equivocation swear ;
 Or whether 't be a lesser Sin
 To be forsworn, than act the the thing,
 Are deep and subtil Points; which must,
 T' inform my Conscience, be discust,
 In which to err a little may
 To Errours infinite make way :
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy Judgment, e'er we farther go

Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin 't,
 I shall enlarge upon the point,
 And, for my own part, do not doubt,

Th'

Th' Affirmative may be made out;
 But first to state the Case aright,
 For best advantage of our Light;
 And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a Sin
 To claw and curry your own Skin,
 Greater, or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.
 But first, o' th' first: The Inward Man,
 And outward, like a Clan and Clan,
 Have allways been at Daggers Drawing,
 And one another Clapper clawing;
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,
 But in a spiritual Mystick sense;
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
 In literal Fray's abominable.
 'Tis Heathenish, and in frequent use
 With Pagans, and Apostate Jews,
 To offer Sacrifice of Bridewells,
 Like Modern Indians to their Idols,
 And mungrill Christians of our times,
 That exp'ate less with greater Crimes;
 And call the foul Abomination
 Contrition, and Mortification.
 Is't not enough, we're bruis'd and kicked
 With sinful Members of the wicked;
 Our Vessels, that are sanctify'd,
 Profan'd and curry'd, back and side;
 But we must claw our selves with shameful
 And Heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is Impious, because they did it,
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd
 A Heinous Sin. Now to the second,
 That Saints may claim a Dispensation
 To swear and forswear on Occasion;
 I doubt not, but it will appear
 With pregnant Light: The Point is clear:

Oaths

Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind ;
Too feeble Implements to bind ;
And hold with Deeds proportion, so
As Shadows to a Substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit,
The Weaker Vessel shou'd submit :
Although your Church be opposite
To ours, as Black-Friars are to White,
In Rule and Order ; yet I grant
You are a Reformato Saint ;
And what the Saints do claim as due ,
You may pretend a Title to :
But Saints, whom Oaths or Vows oblige,
Know little of their Privilege ;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own :
For if the Dev'l, to serve his turn,
Can tell Truth ; why the Saints shou'd scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why :
Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere Impiety to say ;
W'are not commanded to forbear
Indef'nitely at all to swear ;
But to swear only, and in vain,
Without Self-Interest, or Gain ;
For breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self denying,
A Saint-like Vertue, and from hence
Some have broke Oaths by Providence ;
Some to the Glory of the Bord ,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their Word :
And this the constant Rule and Practice
Of all our late Apostles Acts is.
Was not the Cause at first begun
With Perjury, and carry'd on ?
Was there an Oath the Godly took,

But

But in due time and place they broke?
 Did we not bring our Oaths in first,
 Before our Plate, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter Models, for
 The present use of Church and War?
 Did not our Worthies of the House,
 Before they broke the Peace, break Vows?
 For having freed us, first, from both
 Th' Allegiance and Supremac' Oath:
 Did they not next compel the Nation,
 To take and break the Protestation?
 To swear, and after to recant
 The solemn League and Covenant?
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it?
 Did they not swear at first to fight
 For the KING's Safety, and His Right;
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with Horse and Foot;
 But yet still had the Confidence,
 To swear, it was in his defence?
 Did they not swear to live and dye
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?
 If that were all; for some have swore
 As false as they, if th' did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
 In which that swearing made a Flaw?
 For Protestant Religion vow,
 That did that vowing disallow?
 For Privilege of Parliament,
 In which that swearing made a Rent?
 And since of all the three not one
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not swear, in express Words,
 To prop and back the House of Lords?
 And after turn'd out the whole House-full
 Of Peers, as dang'rous, and unusefull?

So Cromwell, with deep Oaths and Vows,
 Swore all the Commons out o'th' House,
 Vow'd that the Red coats would disband,
 Ay marry would he, at their Command.
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
 Till th' Army turn'd 'em out of Door;
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 Thar Oaths and Swearing go for nought,
 And that by them th' were only meant
 To serve for an Expedient;
 What was the Publick Faith found out for,
 But to slur Men of what they fought for?
 The Publick Faith, which ev'ry one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
 And if that go for nothing, why
 Shou'd Private Faith have such a Tie? &c.

A Description

of Madness by Nath. LEE.

TO my charmd ears no more of woman
 tell;

Name not a Woman, and I shall be well.

Like a poor Lunatick, who makes his Moan,

And, for a while, beguiles his lookers on; *Speaker*

He reasons well, his Eyes their wildness lose, *now lying*

now lies He vows the keepers his wrong'd sense abuse:

But if you hit the cause, that hurt his Brain,

Then his Teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes
 his chain,

His Eye-Balls rowl, and He is Mad again.

A Description

of Night by Dryden.

All things are hush'd, as Nature self lay dead ;
 The Mountains seem to nod their drowzy
 head ;
 The little Birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 And drooping Flowers beneath the Night dew
 sweat :
 Even Lust and Envy sleep.

The same Thought Burlesqu'd,

All things are hush'd, as when the Drawers
 tread
 Softly, to steal the key from Master's head.
 The dying snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,
 As 't were the socket, not the candle, burns ;
 The little Foot-boy snoars upon the stair
 And greasy cook-maid sweats in Elbow - chair ;
 No Coach, nor Link is heard.

A Description of Death,

by Dr. G A R T H.

T'is to the vulgar, Death so harsh appears ;
 The Ill, we feel, is only in our fears.
 To Die is landing on some silent shoar,
 Where billows never break, nor Tempests roar ;
 E're well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o're.
 The Wise through Thought th' Insults of Death
 defy ;
 The Fools through blest Insensibility.
 'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave,
 K k 2 Sought

Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the
Brave;

It eases Lovers, sets the Captives free,
And, though a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

Like leaves on Trees the Race of Man is found,
Now green in Youth, now withering on the
ground:

An other Race the following spring supplies,
They fall, successive, and successive rise,
So Generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.

P O P E.

Ah Traitors! Ah Ingrate! Ah faithless mind!
Ah Sex invented first to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dress you up in sin,
Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within:
Hence by no Judgement you your Love direct,
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong
affect.

So much self love in your composure's mixt,
That Love to others still remains unfixt:
Greatness and noise and show are your delight,
Yet wise Men Love you in their own despite
And, finding in their native Wit no ease,
Are forc'd to put your Follies on to please.

DRYDEN.

Our Grand Sire ADAM, e're of EVE possess
Alone, and even in PARADISE Unblest,
With mournfull looks the blissfull scene survey'd,
And wanderd in the solitary shade.
The MAKER saw, took pity, and bestow'd
WOMAN, the last, the best Reserve of God.

2 AP 57

P O P E.

E N D.

Errata. T. A.

- pag. 12. lin. 7. hat. read. had.
 - 32. he — the.
 20 7. mas — was.
 22 7. minurnæ — minturnæ.
 28 19. Chrit — Christ.
 29 7. the — that.
 31 22. outh — out
 40 31. bekome — become.
 41 9. loose — lose.
 45 10. foveraing — fovereign.
 52 7. O — of.
 31. upport — support.
 56 21. withoud — without.
 64 16. Sings — Signs.
 70 35. blurr'd — blurr'd.
 82 7. him remember — him : remember.
 84 22. condemns — condemns.
 94 17. beign — being
 97 23. greator — greater
 99 32. dreath — dread
 100 13. Degere — Degree
 138 20. ther — their
 145 8. Nay, says, Eugenius, fince — Nay.
 says Eugenius, fince.
 147 7. hand — band
 12. illustra — illustrat
 148 22. Complement — Compliment
 150 1. greteft — greateft
 32. Georgons — Gorgons
 151 16. put — but
 180 4. forward — forward
 15. Inrodes — Inrodes
 30. bufy — busy
 181 2. firnamed — furnamed
 182 17. Gevernment — Government
 33. his — this
 183 9. firnamed — furnamed
 184 16. of — of.
 185 12. Notwifstanding — Notwithstanding
 191 8. rtceived — received

pag. 194 lin. 11 Prisoner in Roan — Prisoner, who
died not long after in Roan.

- | | | |
|-----|----|-------------------------------|
| 198 | 15 | refusing — refusing |
| 208 | 26 | he — he. ibid. he — be |
| 238 | 14 | descended. read descended |
| 259 | 28 | hy — by. ibid. Rabbe — Rabble |
| 260 | 23 | soon they — soon as they |
| 269 | 2 | in — is. |
| 294 | 4 | an — and |
| 296 | 6 | vvo — vwho |
| 317 | 11 | mathemathical — mathematical. |
| 329 | 28 | Conscience — Confidence |
| 343 | 7 | know God — know not God |
| 357 | 24 | wordly — worldly |
| 359 | 4 | is refer'd — it refers |
| 372 | 26 | the great — of the great |
| 381 | 25 | an — on. |
| 425 | 10 | reconcited — reconciled |
| 437 | 9 | exaltation — exultation. |
| 478 | 21 | Piliteness — Politeness |
| | 23 | Persual — Perusal |
| 520 | 18 | smoth — smooth. |



Errata. T. II.

pag. 7. lin. 4. is read. it. ibid, l. 32. perhaps — perhaps.

- | | | |
|-------|---------|---|
| 22 | 28 | pent — spent. |
| 41 | 8 | ad — and |
| 44 | 12 | Cheisnut — Chesnut. |
| 55 | 9 | succubuti — succubui. |
| 79 | 12 | hove — have. |
| 83 | 26 | designs — designs |
| 87 | 5 | female — female. |
| | 29 | comfort, is no — comfort is, no? |
| 97 | for 67. | read 97. for 68. read 98. and
so on to page 210. |
| 70 | 13 | is a — is as |
| 161 | 14 | this — his |
| 168 | 11 | hypocrisy's — hypocrisy's |
| 176 | 16 | They, 're — They're |
| | 25 | devide — divide. |
| 179 | 1 | Why shou'd I mention Juba's Over-
throw. |
| | 26 | O — or. |
| 182 | 29 | it, — it. |
| 183 | 2 | honours, — honours. |
| ibid. | 7 | conditions, — conditions. |
| 186 | 30 | forrow — sorrow. |
| 207 | 13 | therrest — the rest |
| 242 | 11 | Numidsau — Numidian |
| 250 | 11 | Courle — Corle |
| 254 | 7 | crnsh — crush. |
| 272 | 8 | them — then |
| | 14 | deubless — doubtless. |
| 274 | 2 | lvo'd — lov'd |
| | 21 | This — 'Tis. |
| 295 | 6 | hand — and |
| 309 | 35 | on, Phrygian — on Phrygian |
| 313 | 1 | Vild — wild. |
| 329 | 23 | know — knew |
| 338 | 9 | importan — important. |
| 369 | 3 | burn — burns |

pag.	lin.	
371	14.	Insolence with — Insolence! with
373	5	stragnate — stagnate
384	35	fighs. that — fighs, that
388	10	suck — suck
421	8	sublimier — sublimier
424	20	but & — but let
429	6	bene read bend.
433	26	inciining — inclining
438	16	comlng — coming
	25	falsly — falsly
447	7	the — thee
458	8	woofe — whose
476	8	Alemæon — Alcmæon
	16	repaerd — repaired.

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